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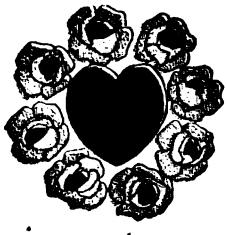
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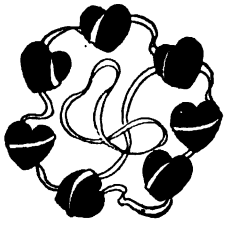
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Hamill


Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts
by
Katharine Forrest Hamill



Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts



Hamill

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HER PICTURE TAKEN IN THIS SELFSAME GOWN.

Rhymes for Wee Sweethearts

by

Katharine Forrest Hamill

Illustrations by

Curtis Wager-Smith

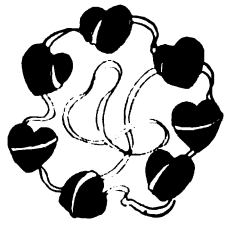


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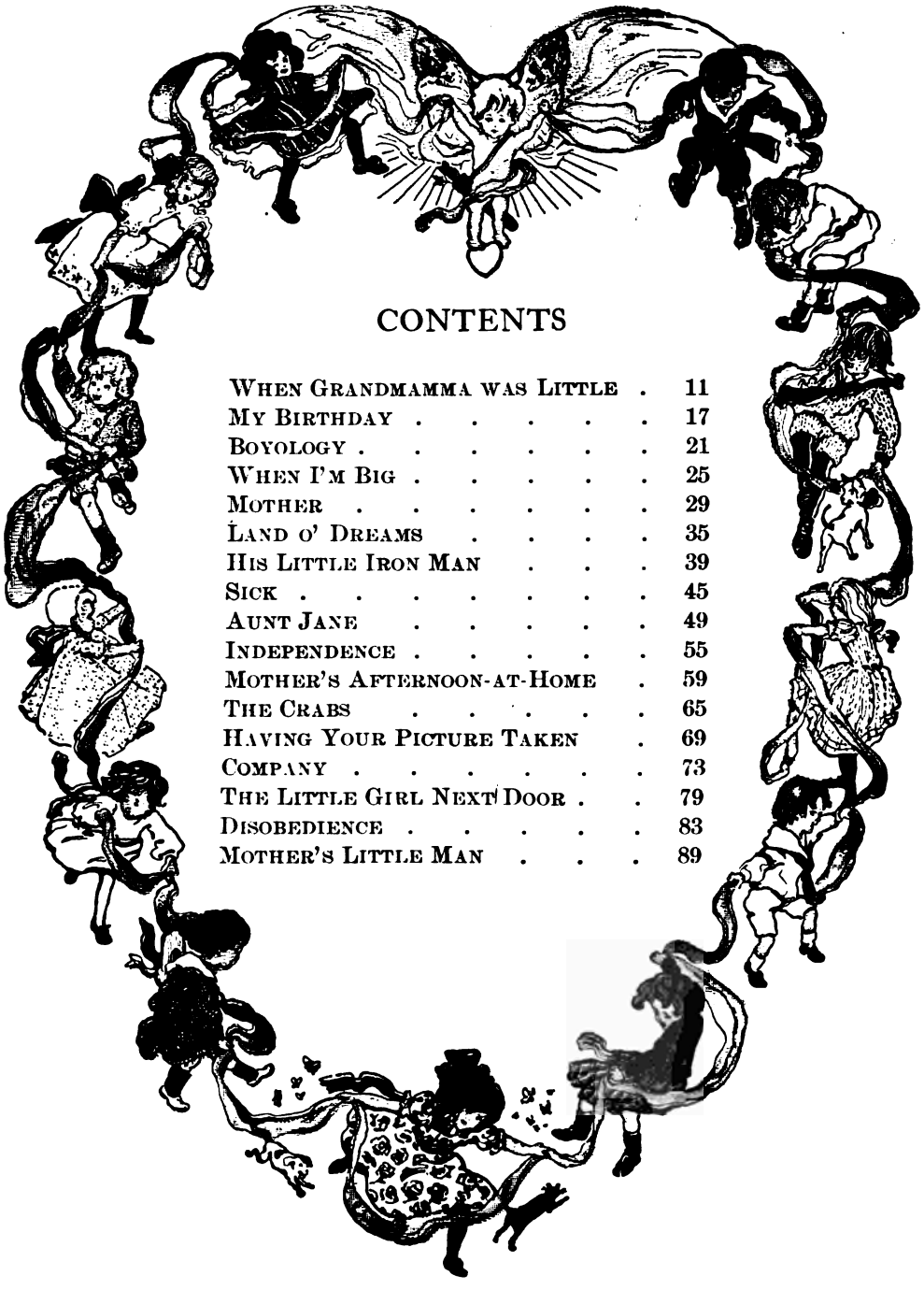
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To
HAROLD and STUART

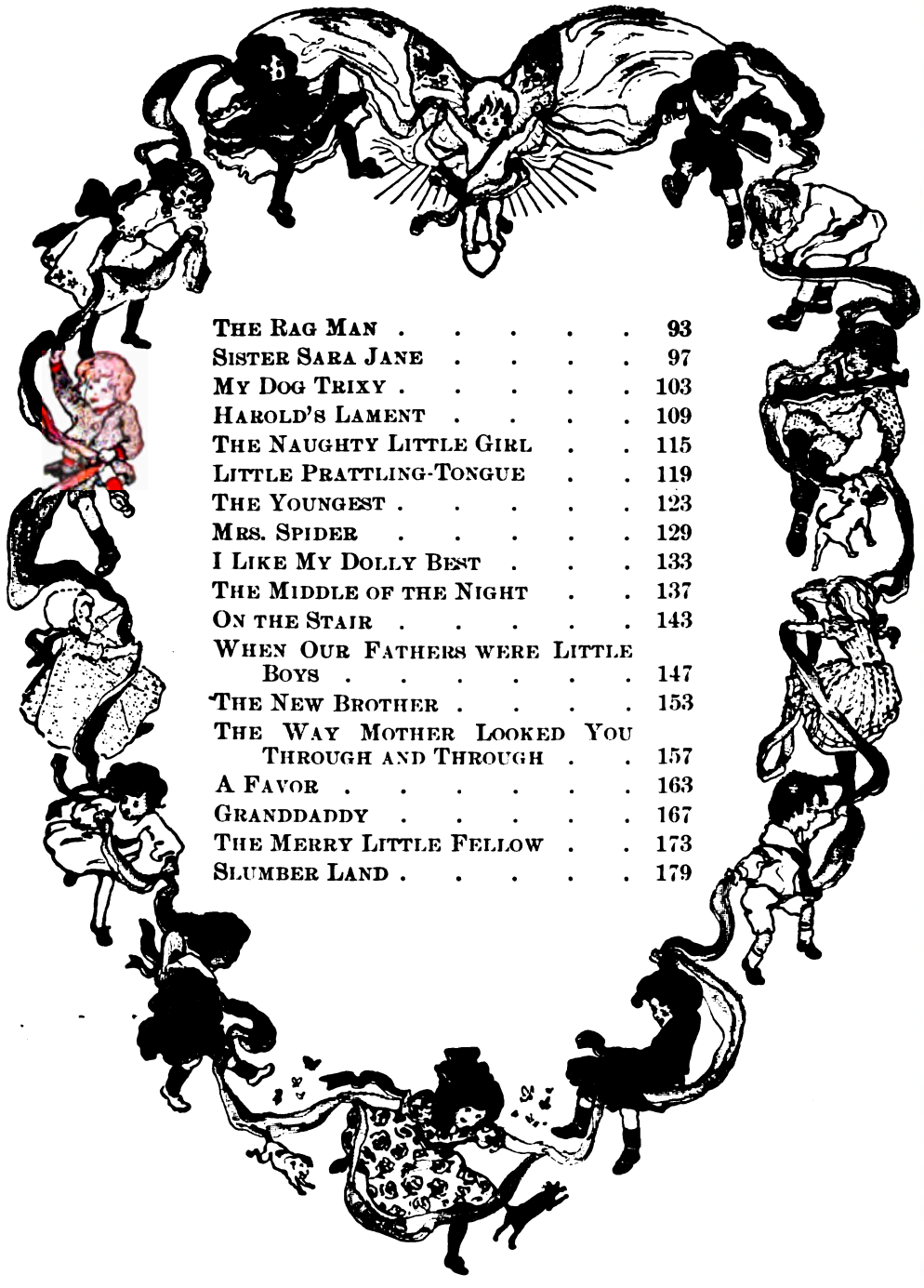
My Two Wee Men, with love most true
These Rhymes I dedicate to you.
Enjoy them, then, while yet you may
Throughout your childhood's happy day,
And when your little feet shall roam
To distant places far from home,
Let not the love you then may know
Exclude that of the long ago;—
Within your hearts e'er keep a place,
That Mother's memory may grace.





CONTENTS

When Grandmamma was Little	11
My Birthday	17
Boyology	21
When I'm Big	25
Mother	29
Land o' Dreams	35
His Little Iron Man	39
Sick	45
Aunt Jane	49
Independence	55
Mother's Afternoon-at-Home	59
The Crabs	65
Having Your Picture Taken	69
Company	73
The Little Girl Next Door	79
Disobedience	83
Mother's Little Man	89



THE RAG MAN 93
SISTER SARA JANE 97
MY DOG TRIXY 103
HAROLD'S LAMENT 109
THE NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL . . 115
LITTLE PRATTLING-TONGUE . . 119
THE YOUNGEST 123
MRS. SPIDER 129
I LIKE MY DOLLY BEST . . . 133
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT . . 137
ON THE STAIR 143
WHEN OUR FATHERS WERE LITTLE BOYS 147
THE NEW BROTHER 153
THE WAY MOTHER LOOKED YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH . . 157
A FAVOR 163
GRANDDADDY 167
THE MERRY LITTLE FELLOW . . 173
SLUMBER LAND 179



ILLUSTRATIONS

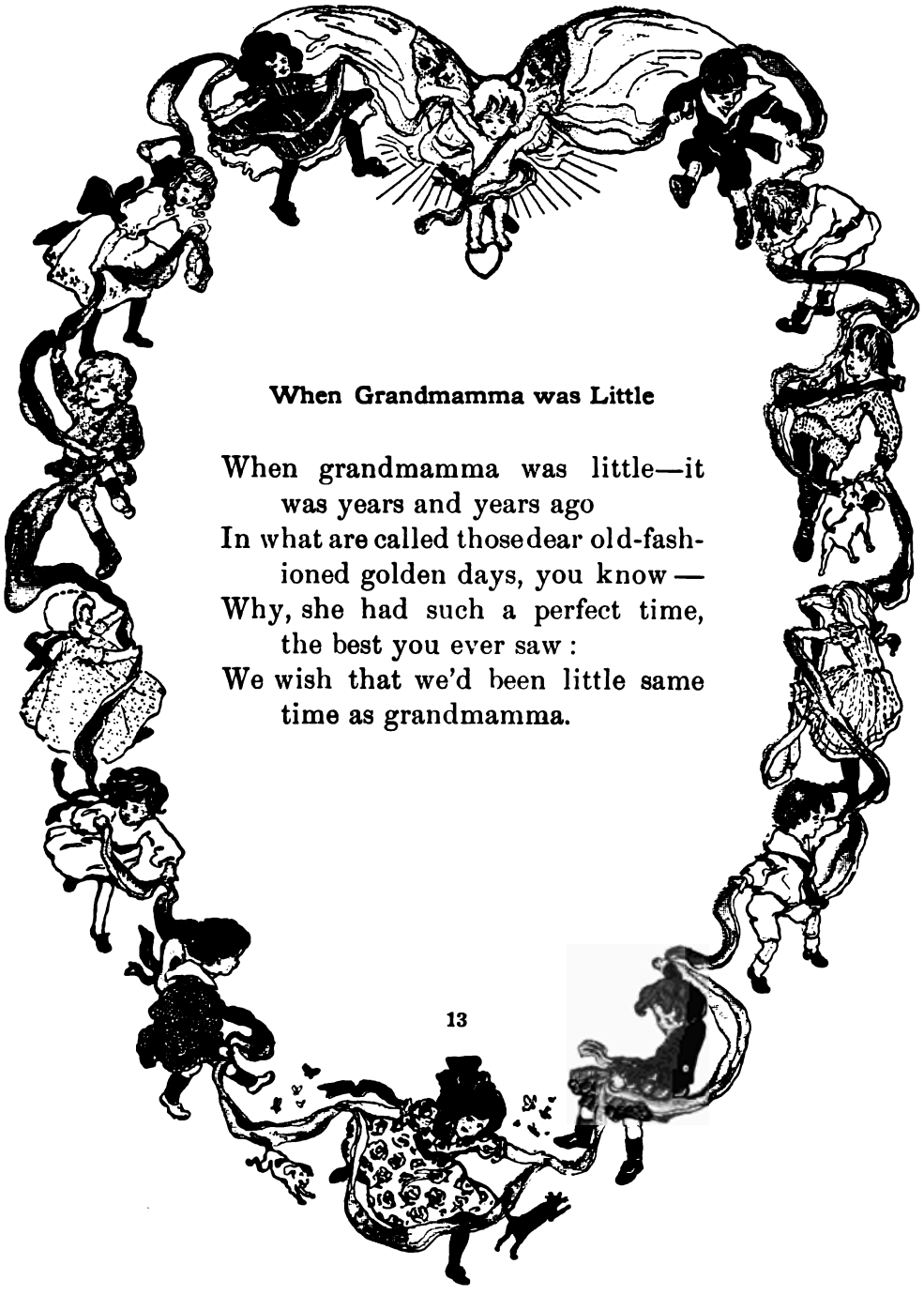
Her picture taken in the selfsame gown . .	*Frontispiece*
And lets us have, what do you think? A *real* cup of tea	*Facing page* 62
She comes right out and stays till noon . .	" " 100
We watched but didn't see him come . . .	" " 130
As he slings o'er my shoulder the old canteen .	" " 170





When Grandmamma Was Little

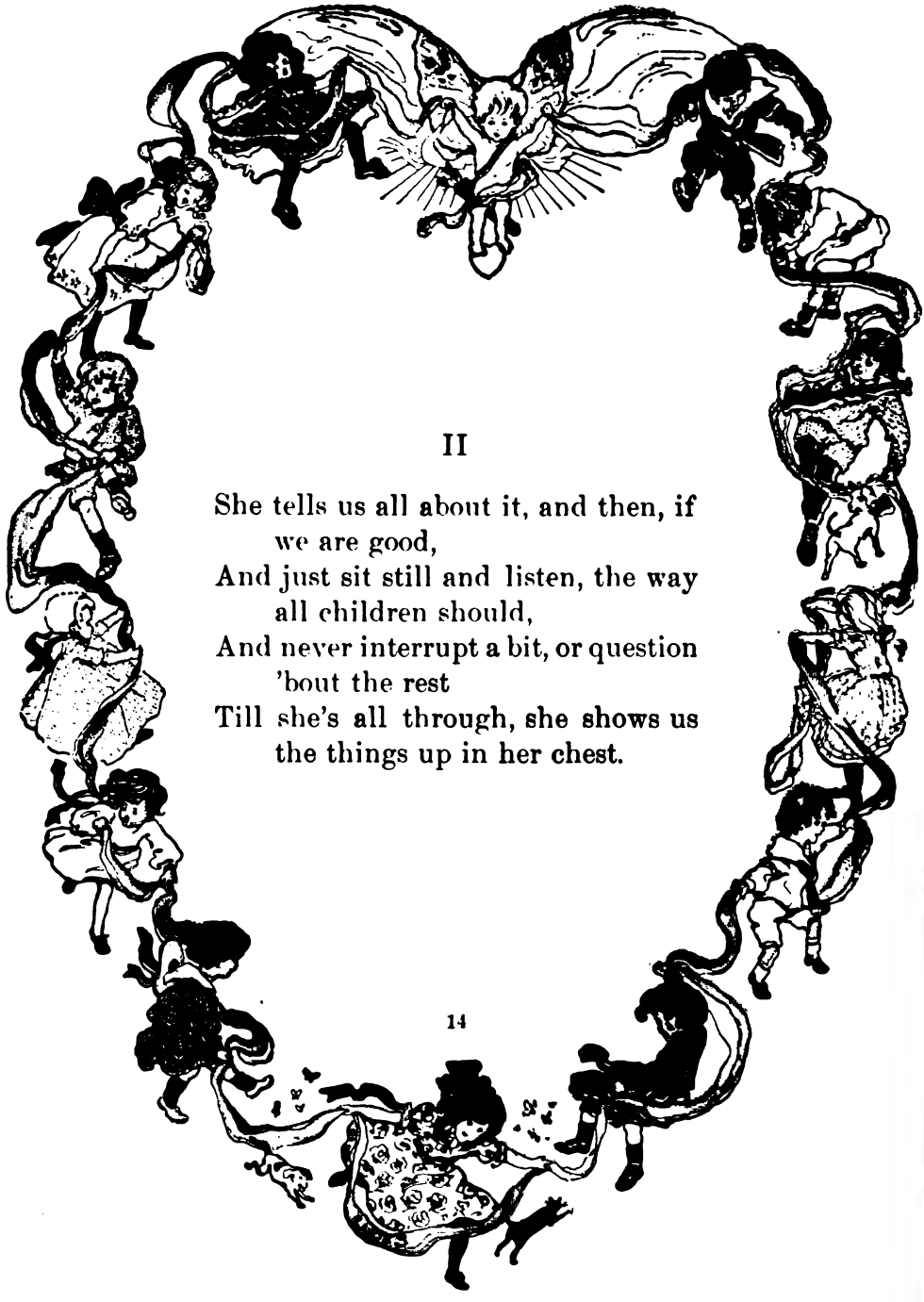




When Grandmamma was Little

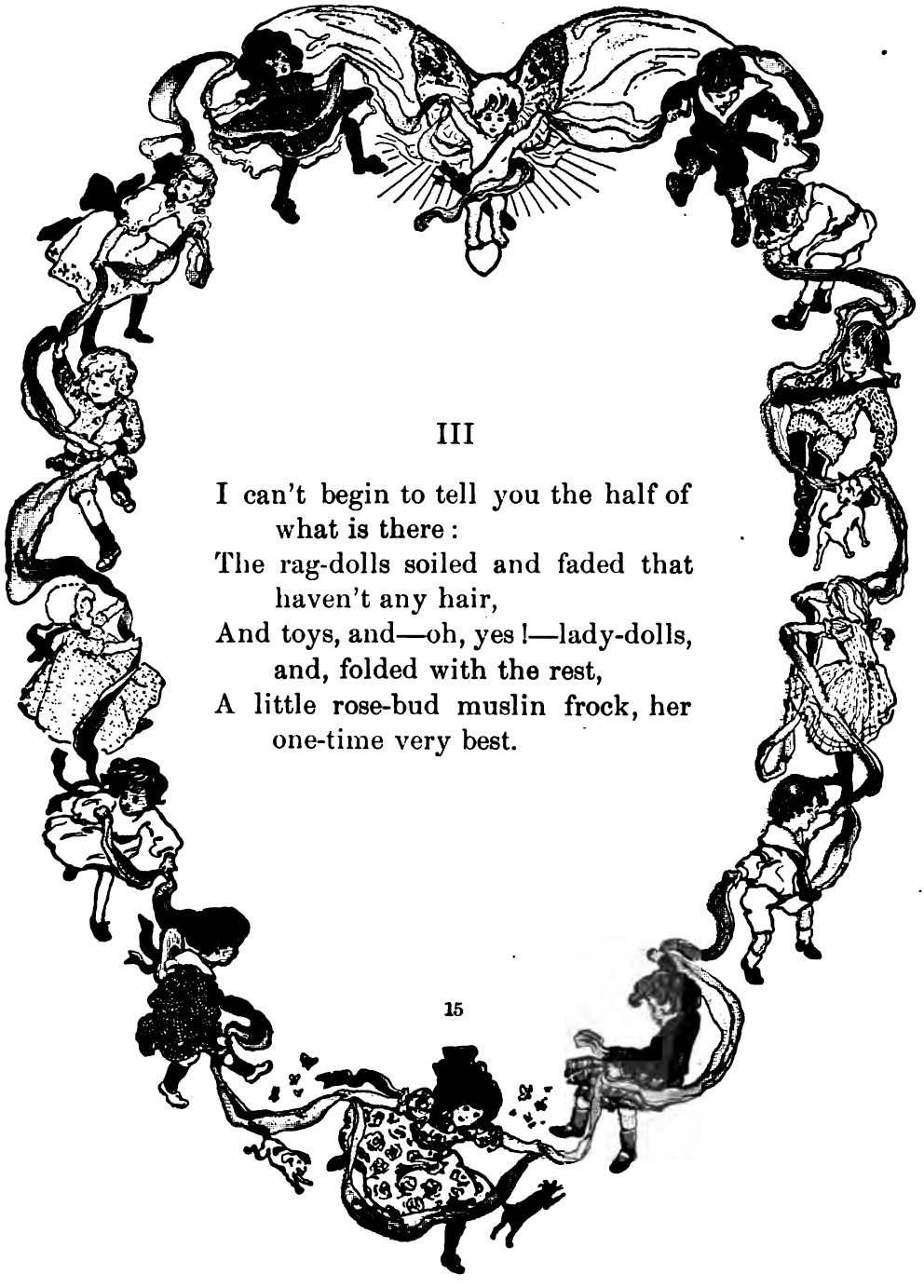
When grandmamma was little—it
was years and years ago
In what are called those dear old-fash-
ioned golden days, you know —
Why, she had such a perfect time,
the best you ever saw :
We wish that we'd been little same
time as grandmamma.

N Y P L



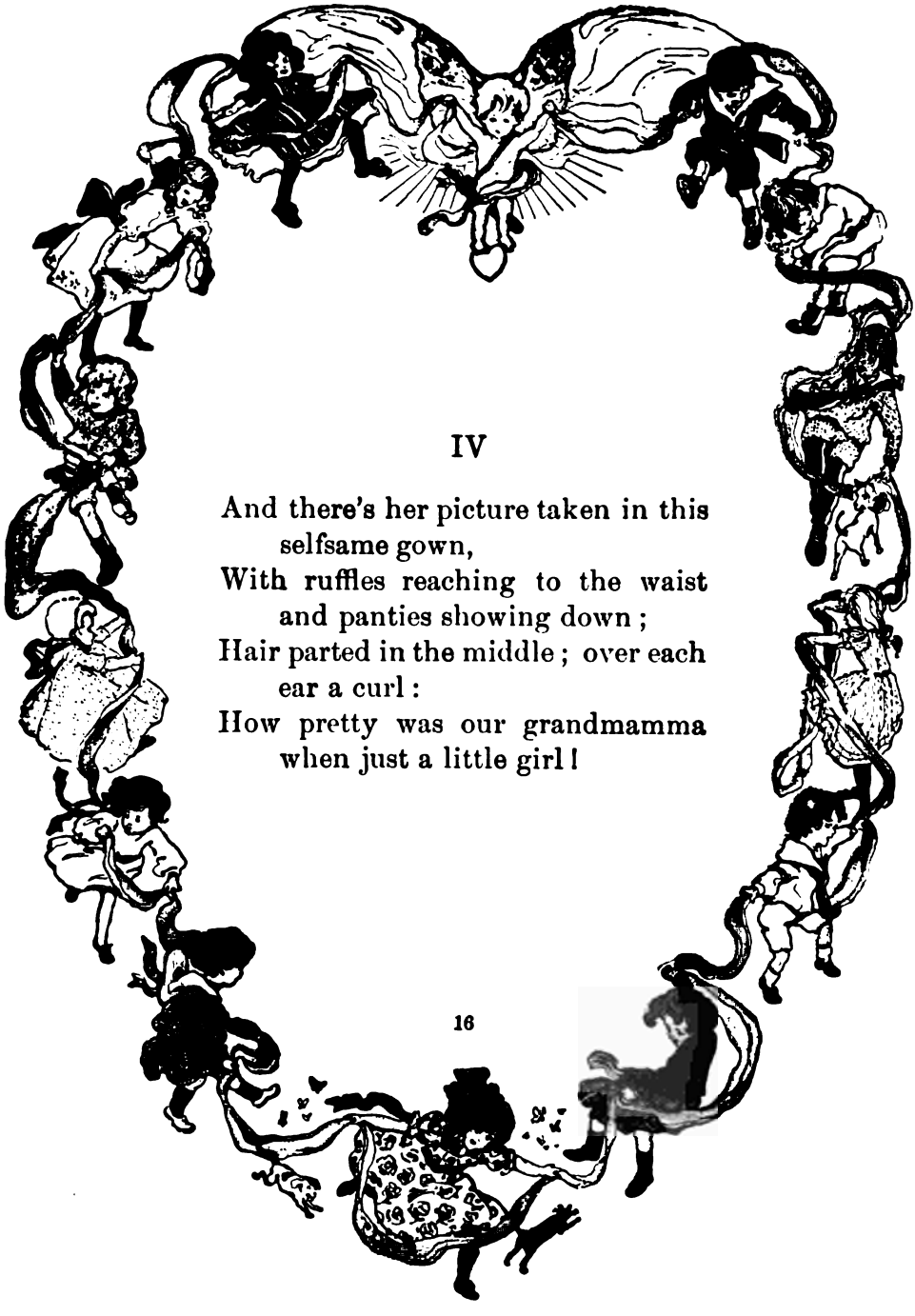
II

She tells us all about it, and then, if
we are good,
And just sit still and listen, the way
all children should,
And never interrupt a bit, or question
'bout the rest
Till she's all through, she shows us
the things up in her chest.



III

I can't begin to tell you the half of
what is there:
The rag-dolls soiled and faded that
haven't any hair,
And toys, and—oh, yes!—lady-dolls,
and, folded with the rest,
A little rose-bud muslin frock, her
one-time very best.



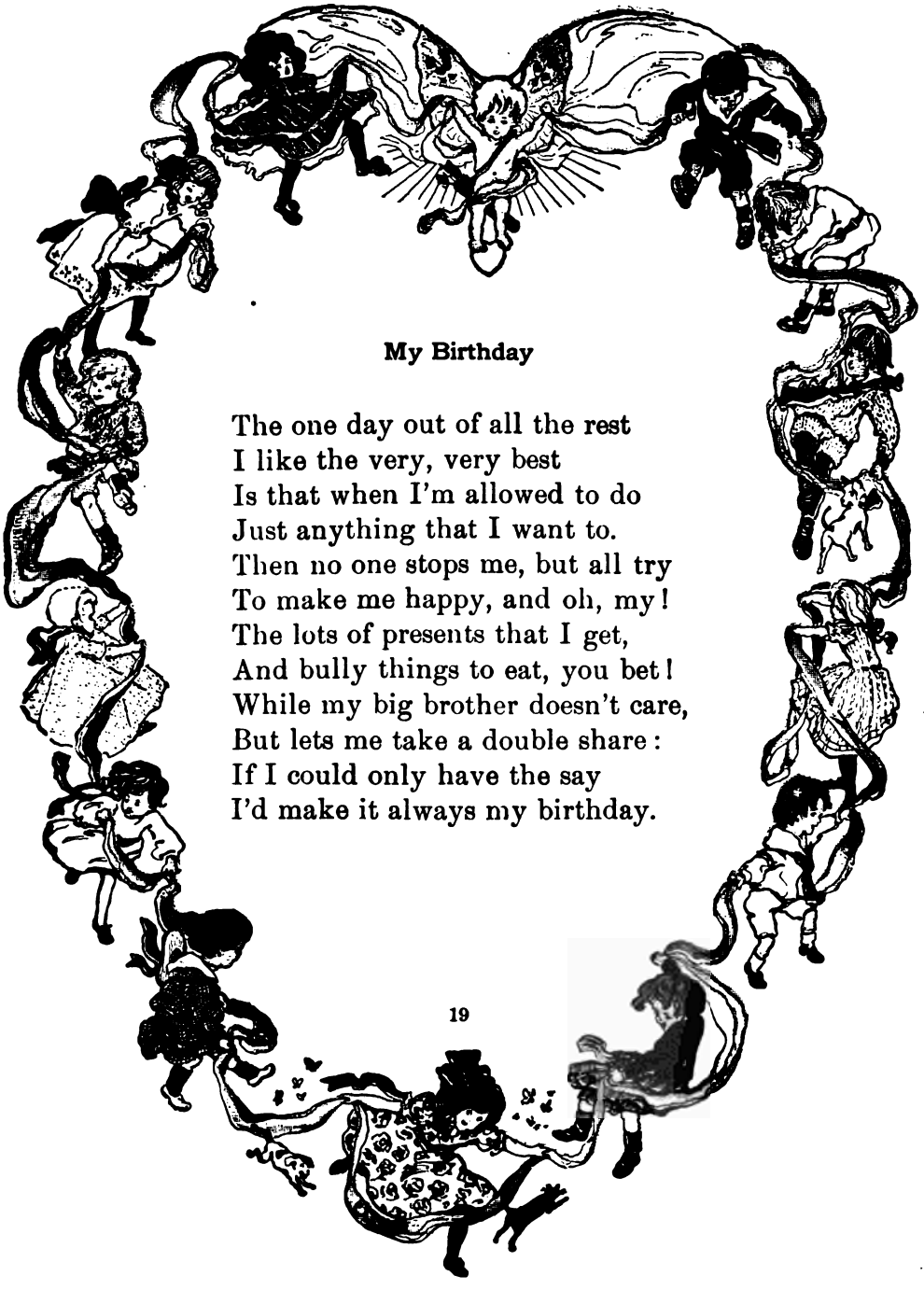
IV

And there's her picture taken in this
selfsame gown,
With ruffles reaching to the waist
and panties showing down;
Hair parted in the middle; over each
ear a curl:
How pretty was our grandmamma
when just a little girl!



My Birthday





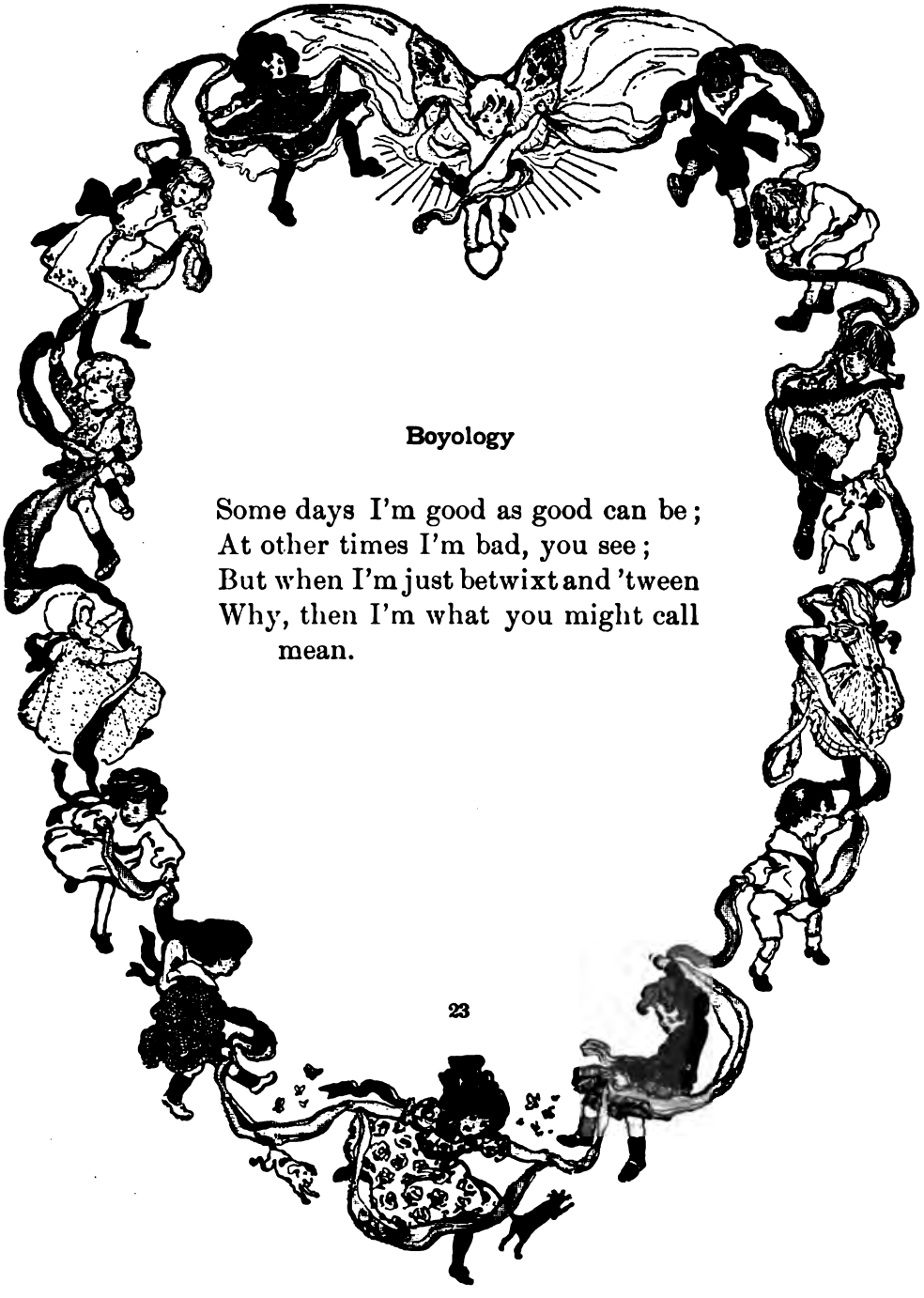
My Birthday

The one day out of all the rest
I like the very, very best
Is that when I'm allowed to do
Just anything that I want to.
Then no one stops me, but all try
To make me happy, and oh, my!
The lots of presents that I get,
And bully things to eat, you bet!
While my big brother doesn't care,
But lets me take a double share:
If I could only have the say
I'd make it always my birthday.



Boyology





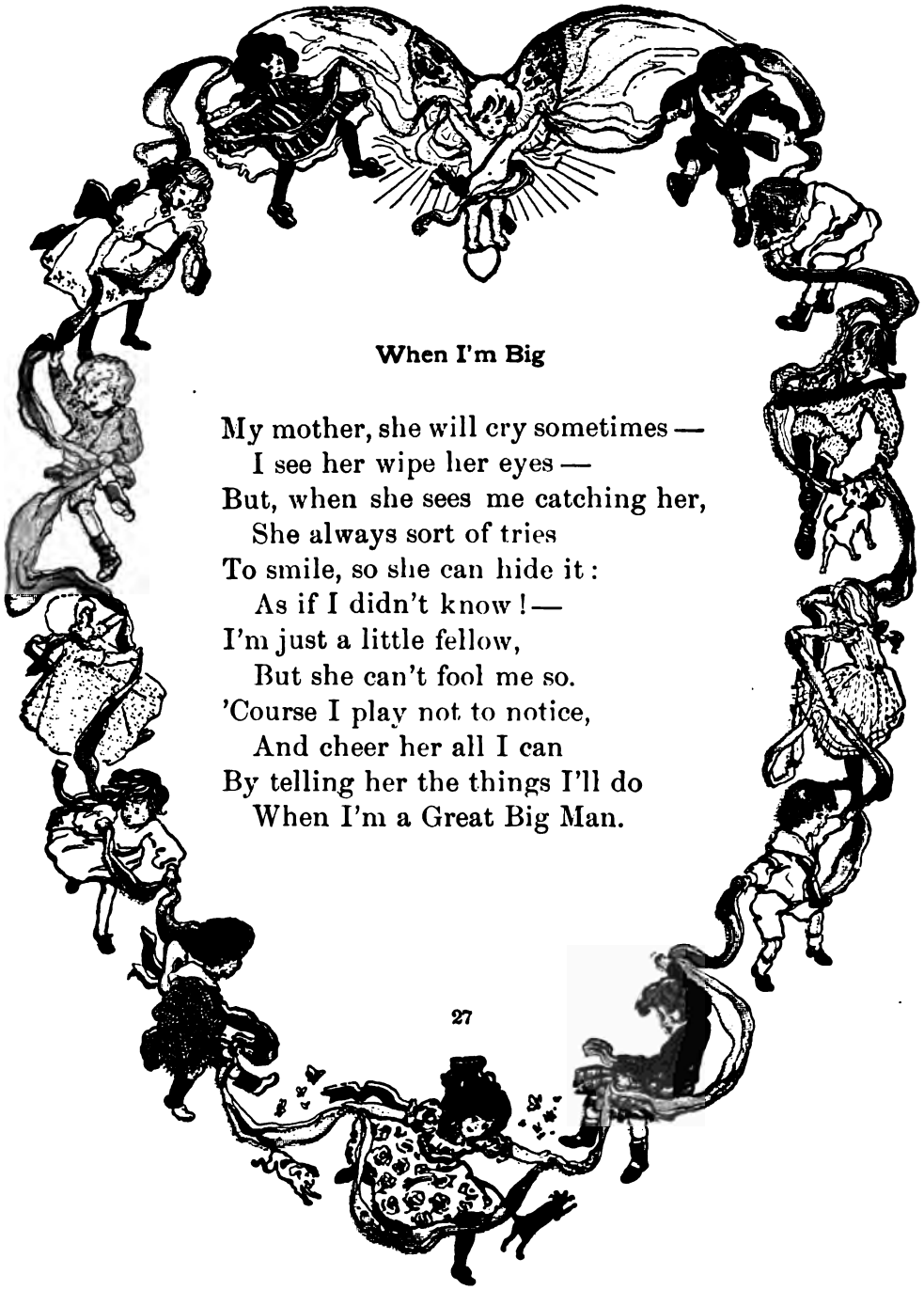
Boyology

Some days I'm good as good can be;
At other times I'm bad, you see;
But when I'm just betwixt and 'tween
Why, then I'm what you might call
mean.



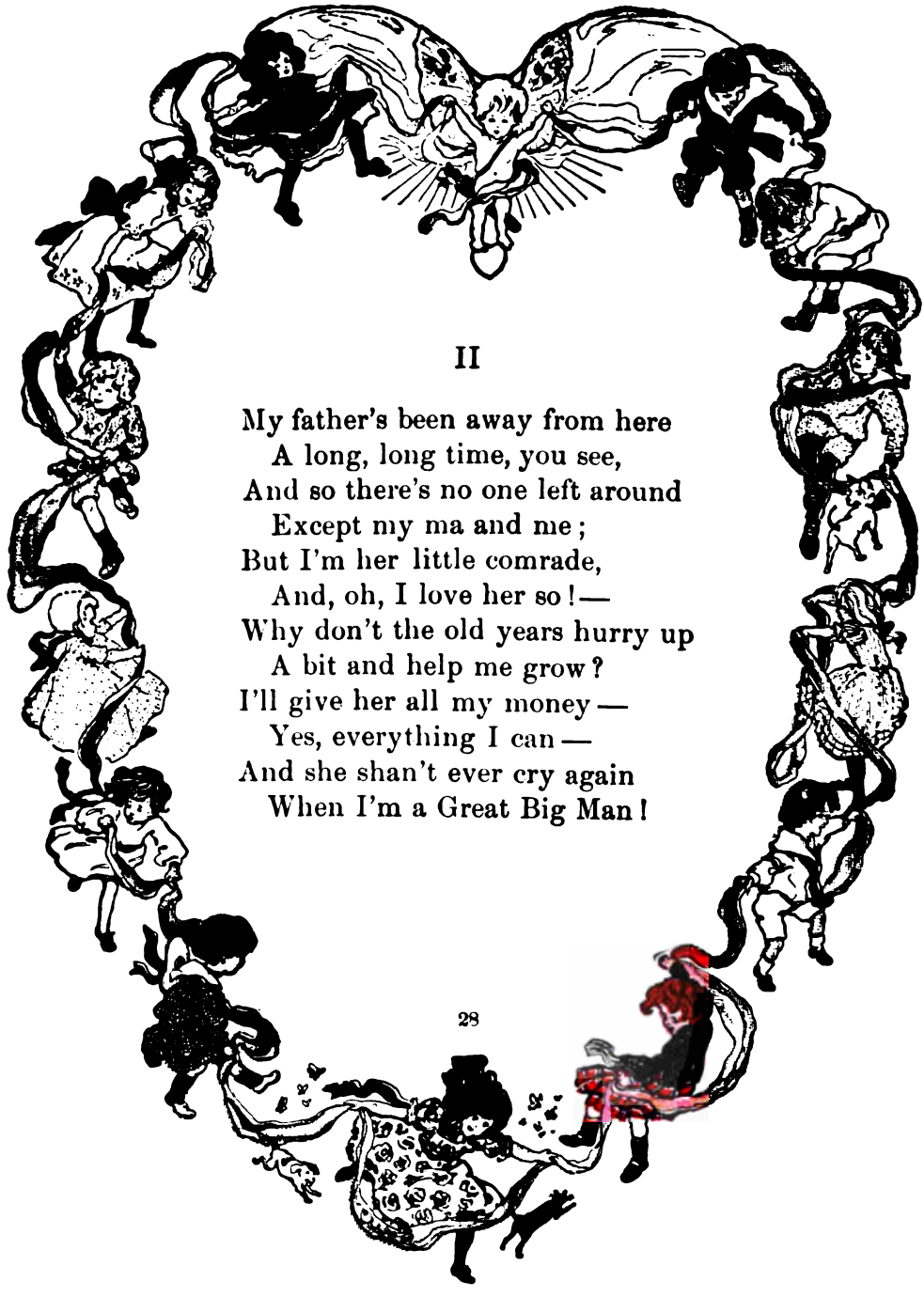
When I'm Big





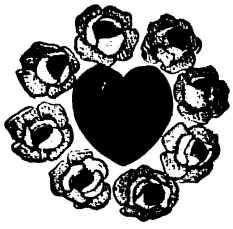
When I'm Big

My mother, she will cry sometimes —
  I see her wipe her eyes —
But, when she sees me catching her,
  She always sort of tries
To smile, so she can hide it:
  As if I didn't know! —
I'm just a little fellow,
  But she can't fool me so.
'Course I play not to notice,
  And cheer her all I can
By telling her the things I'll do
  When I'm a Great Big Man.

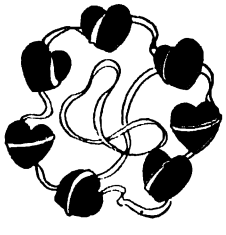


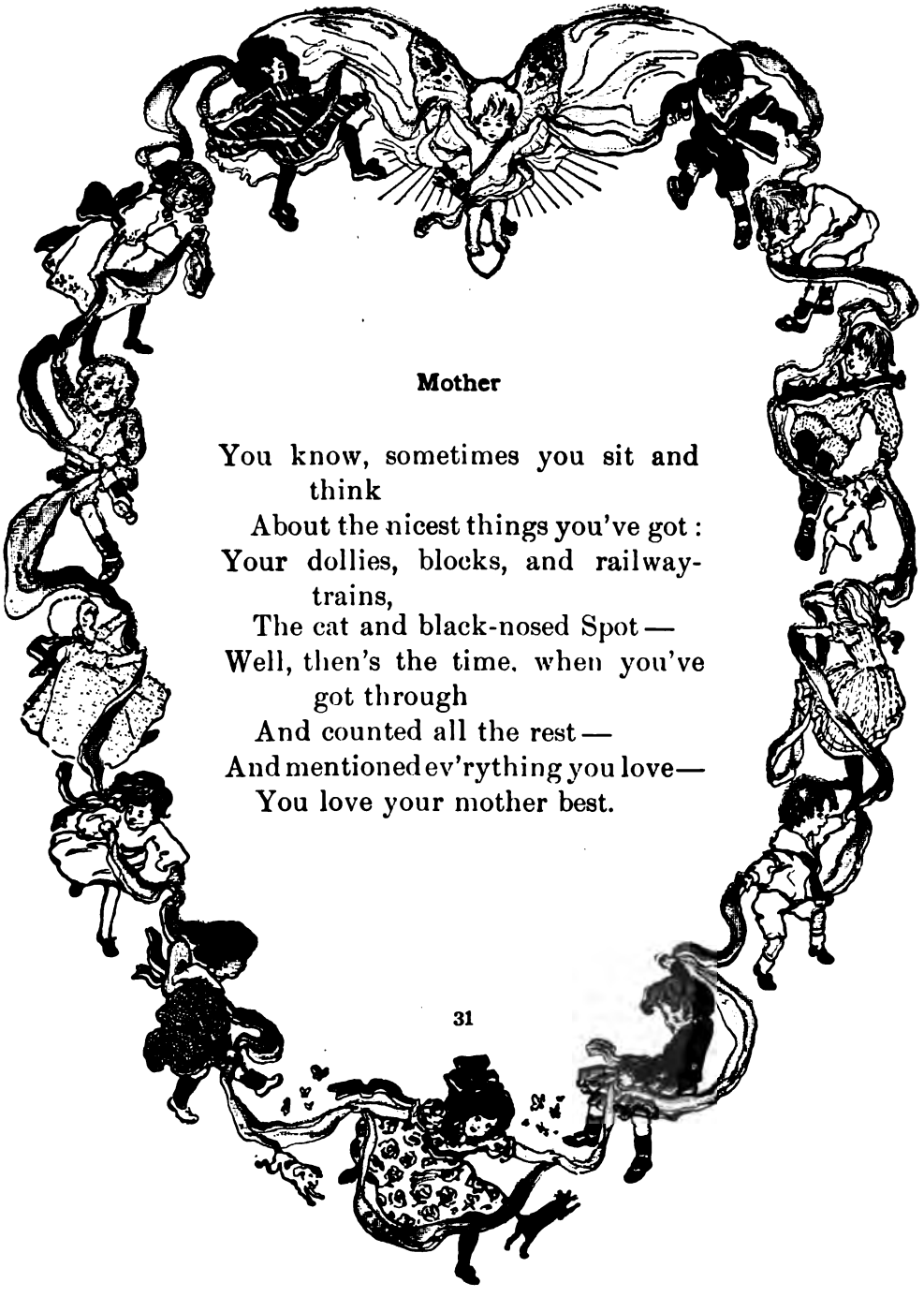
II

My father's been away from here
  A long, long time, you see,
And so there's no one left around
  Except my ma and me;
But I'm her little comrade,
  And, oh, I love her so!—
Why don't the old years hurry up
  A bit and help me grow?
I'll give her all my money—
  Yes, everything I can—
And she shan't ever cry again
  When I'm a Great Big Man!



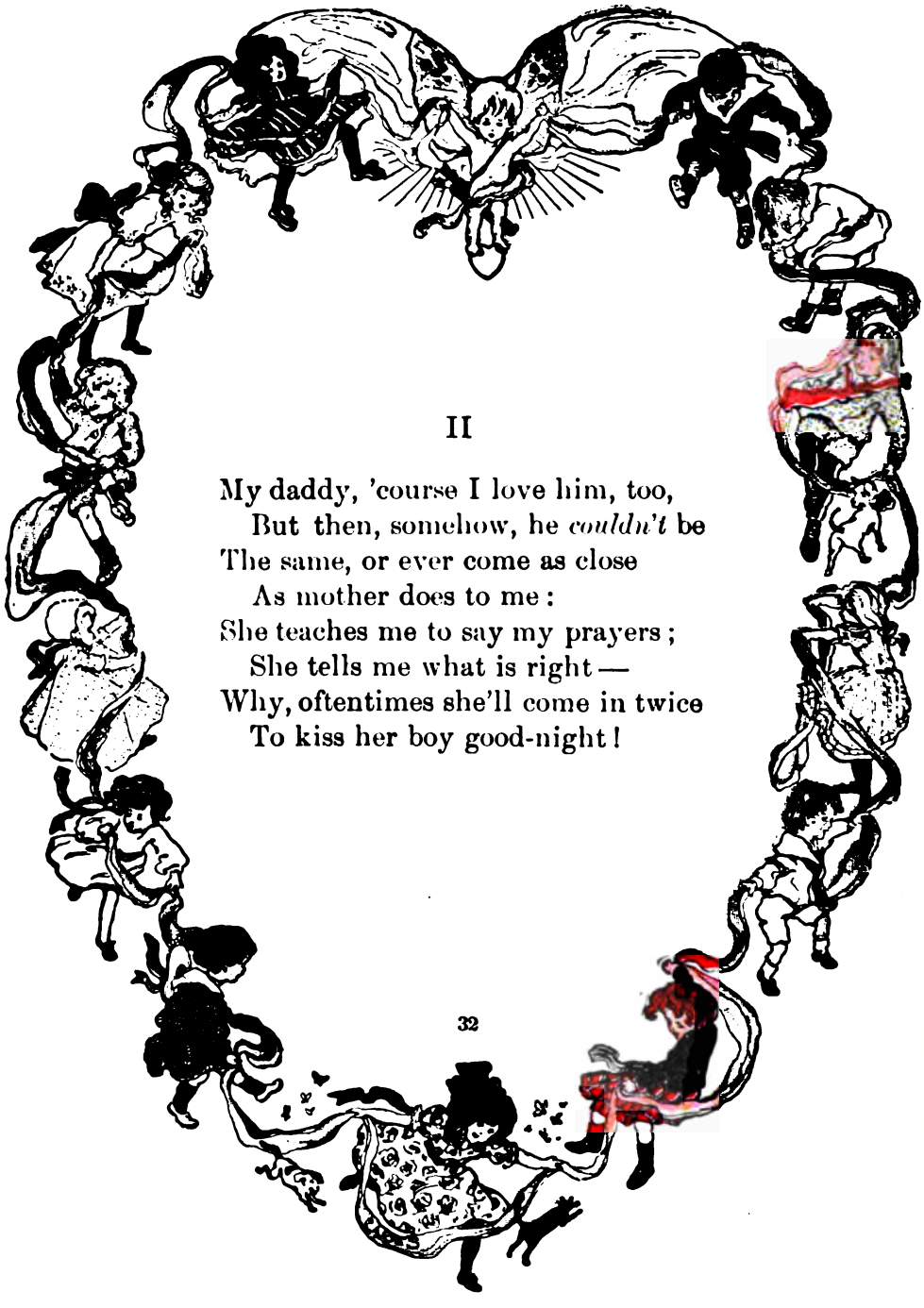
Mother





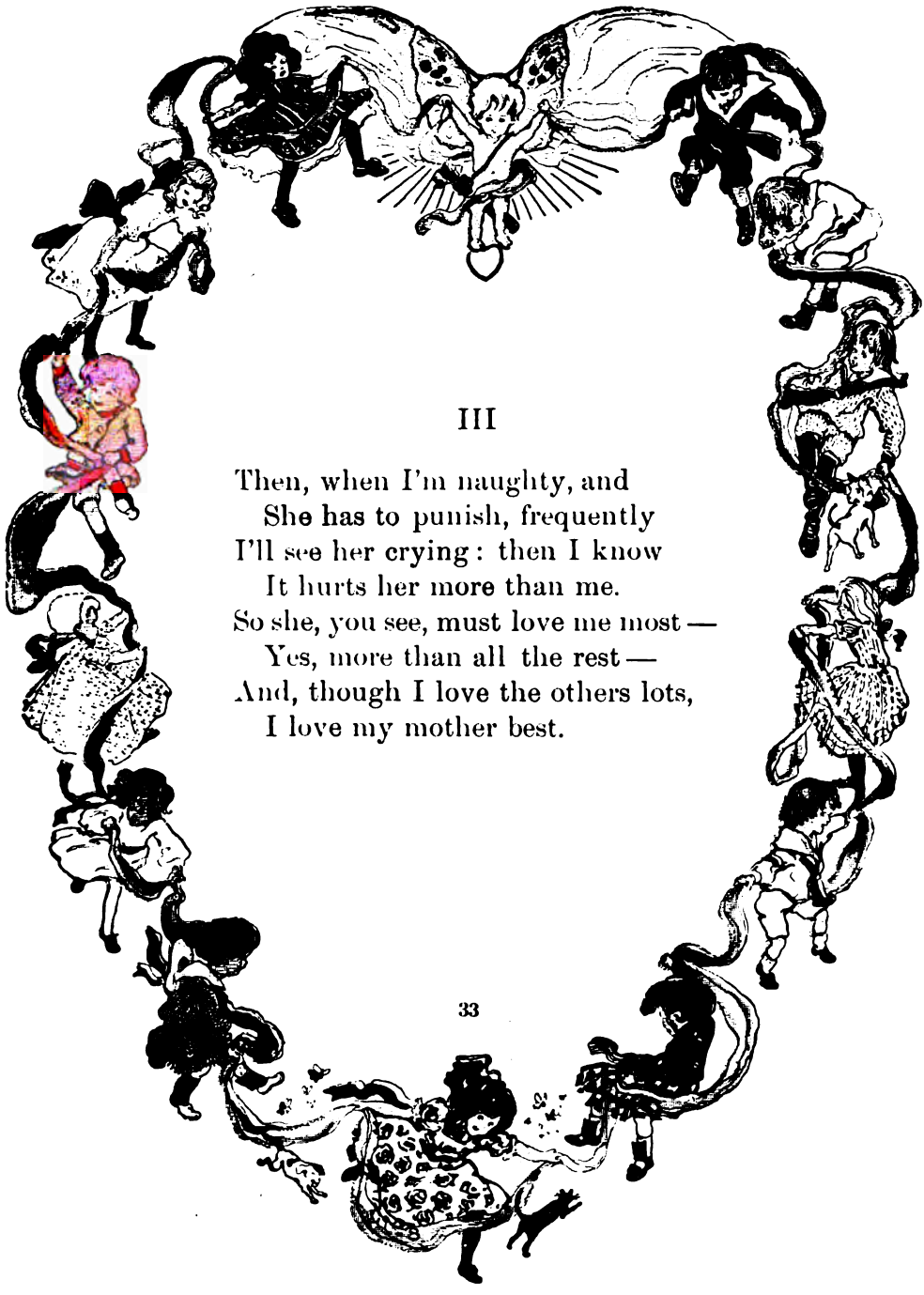
Mother

You know, sometimes you sit and think
About the nicest things you've got:
Your dollies, blocks, and railway-trains,
The cat and black-nosed Spot—
Well, then's the time, when you've got through
And counted all the rest—
And mentioned ev'rything you love—
You love your mother best.



II

My daddy, 'course I love him, too,
But then, somehow, he *couldn't* be
The same, or ever come as close
As mother does to me:
She teaches me to say my prayers;
She tells me what is right —
Why, oftentimes she'll come in twice
To kiss her boy good-night!



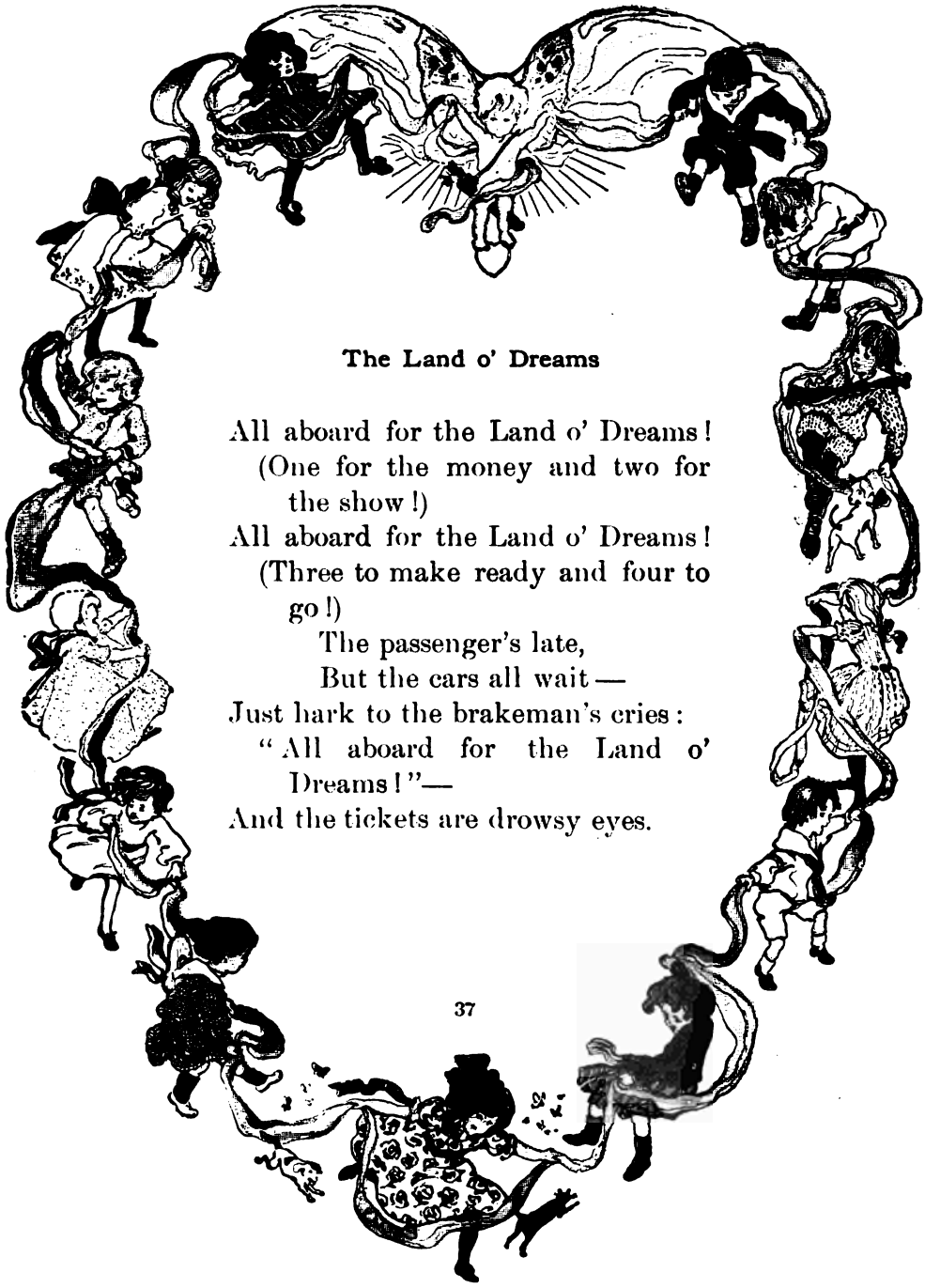
III

Then, when I'm naughty, and
  She has to punish, frequently
I'll see her crying: then I know
  It hurts her more than me.
So she, you see, must love me most —
  Yes, more than all the rest —
And, though I love the others lots,
  I love my mother best.



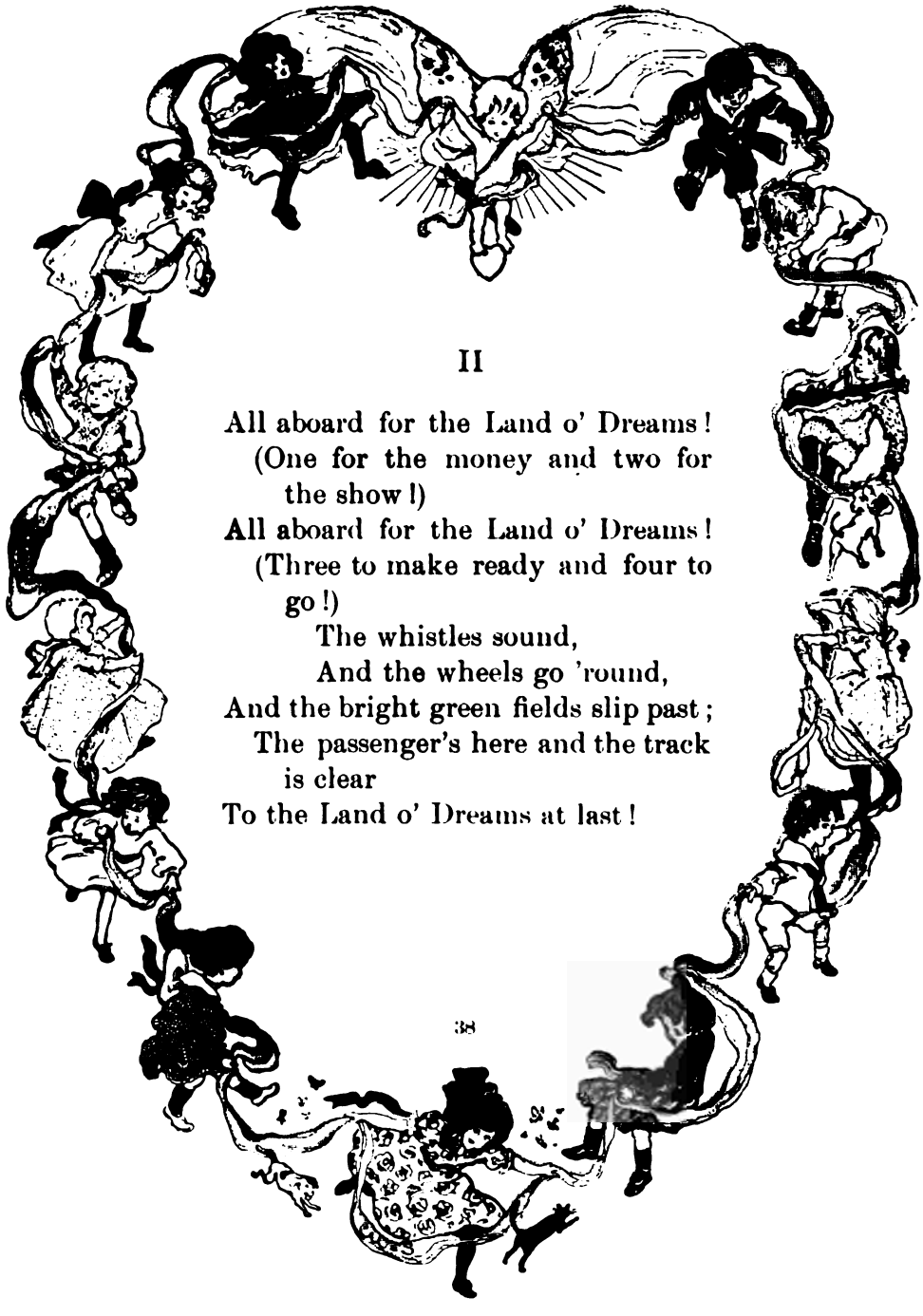
The Land o' Dreams





The Land o' Dreams

All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(One for the money and two for the show!)
All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(Three to make ready and four to go!)
The passenger's late,
But the cars all wait —
Just hark to the brakeman's cries:
"All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!"—
And the tickets are drowsy eyes.



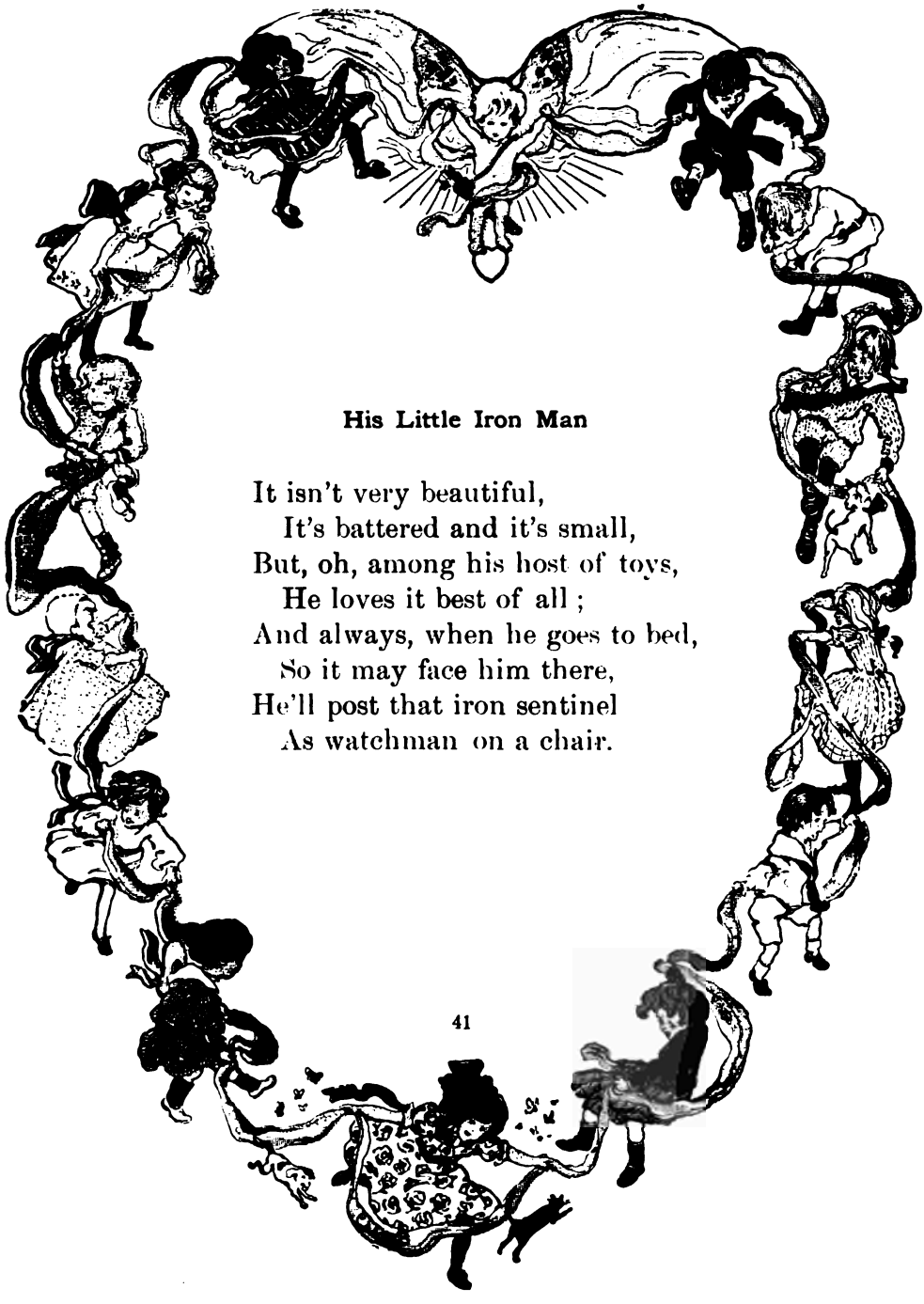
II

All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(One for the money and two for the show!)
All aboard for the Land o' Dreams!
(Three to make ready and four to go!)
The whistles sound,
And the wheels go 'round,
And the bright green fields slip past;
The passenger's here and the track is clear
To the Land o' Dreams at last!



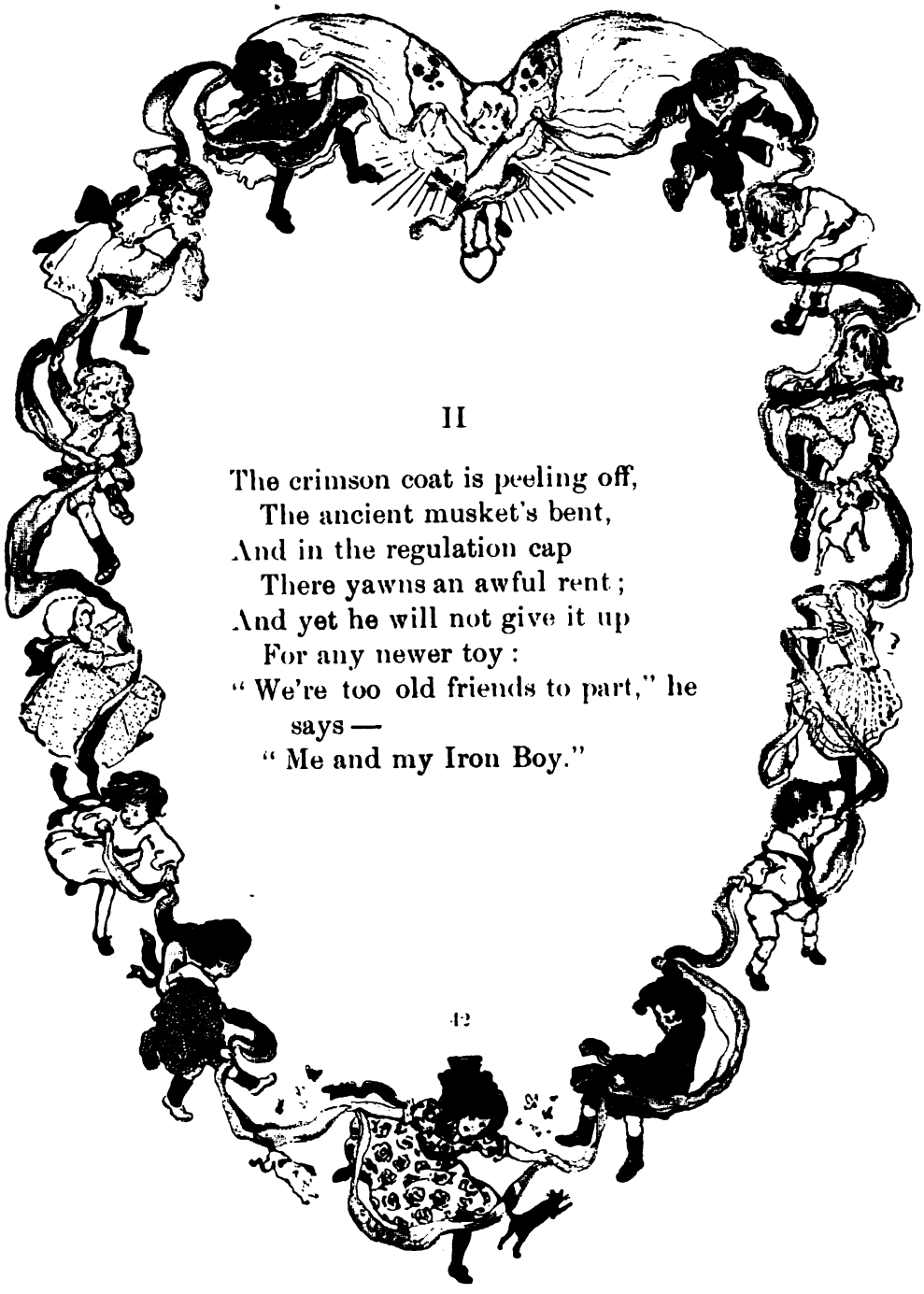
His Little Iron Man





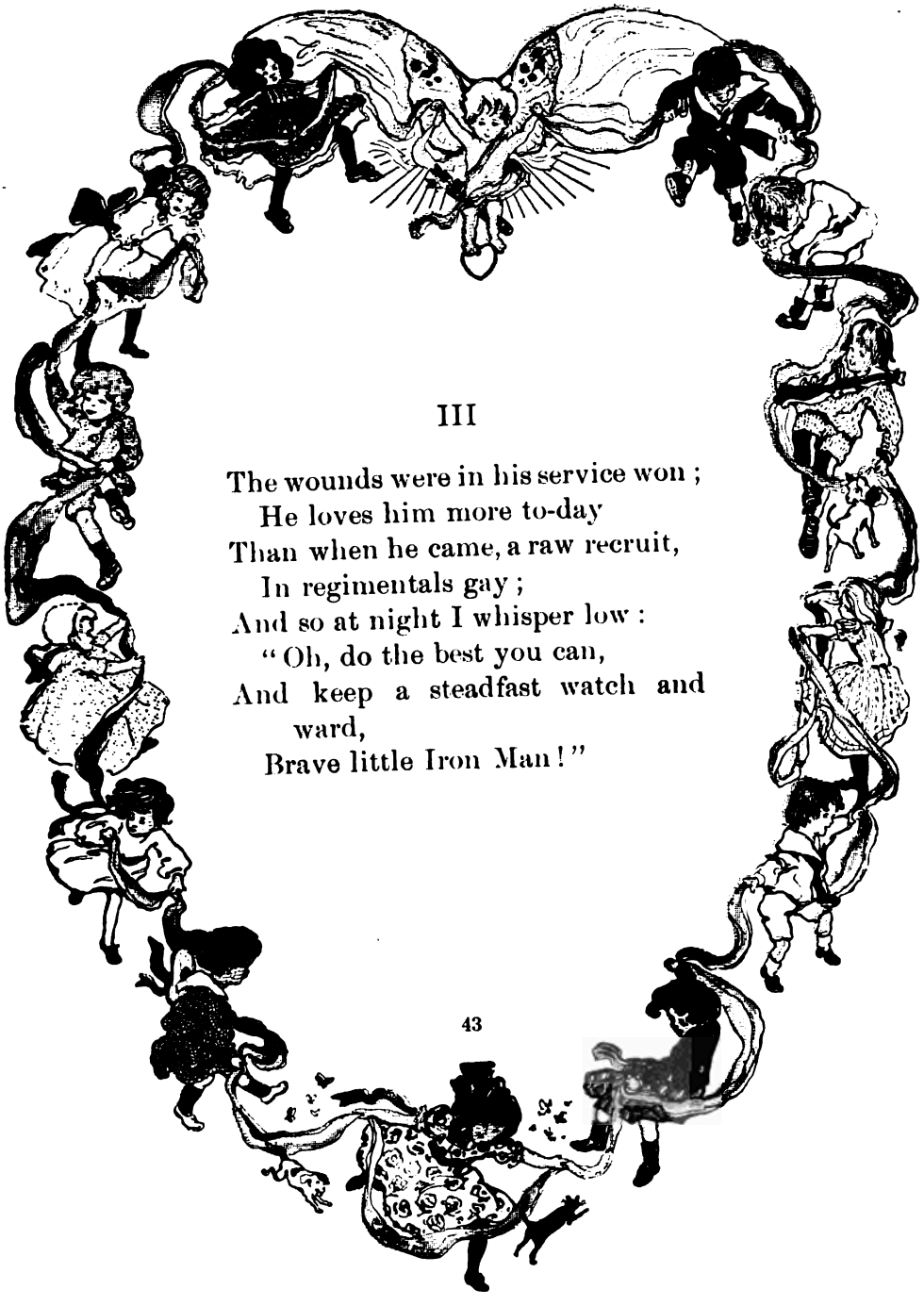
His Little Iron Man

It isn't very beautiful,
  It's battered and it's small,
But, oh, among his host of toys,
  He loves it best of all;
And always, when he goes to bed,
  So it may face him there,
He'll post that iron sentinel
  As watchman on a chair.



II

The crimson coat is peeling off,
  The ancient musket's bent,
And in the regulation cap
  There yawns an awful rent;
And yet he will not give it up
  For any newer toy:
"We're too old friends to part," he
    says —
  "Me and my Iron Boy."



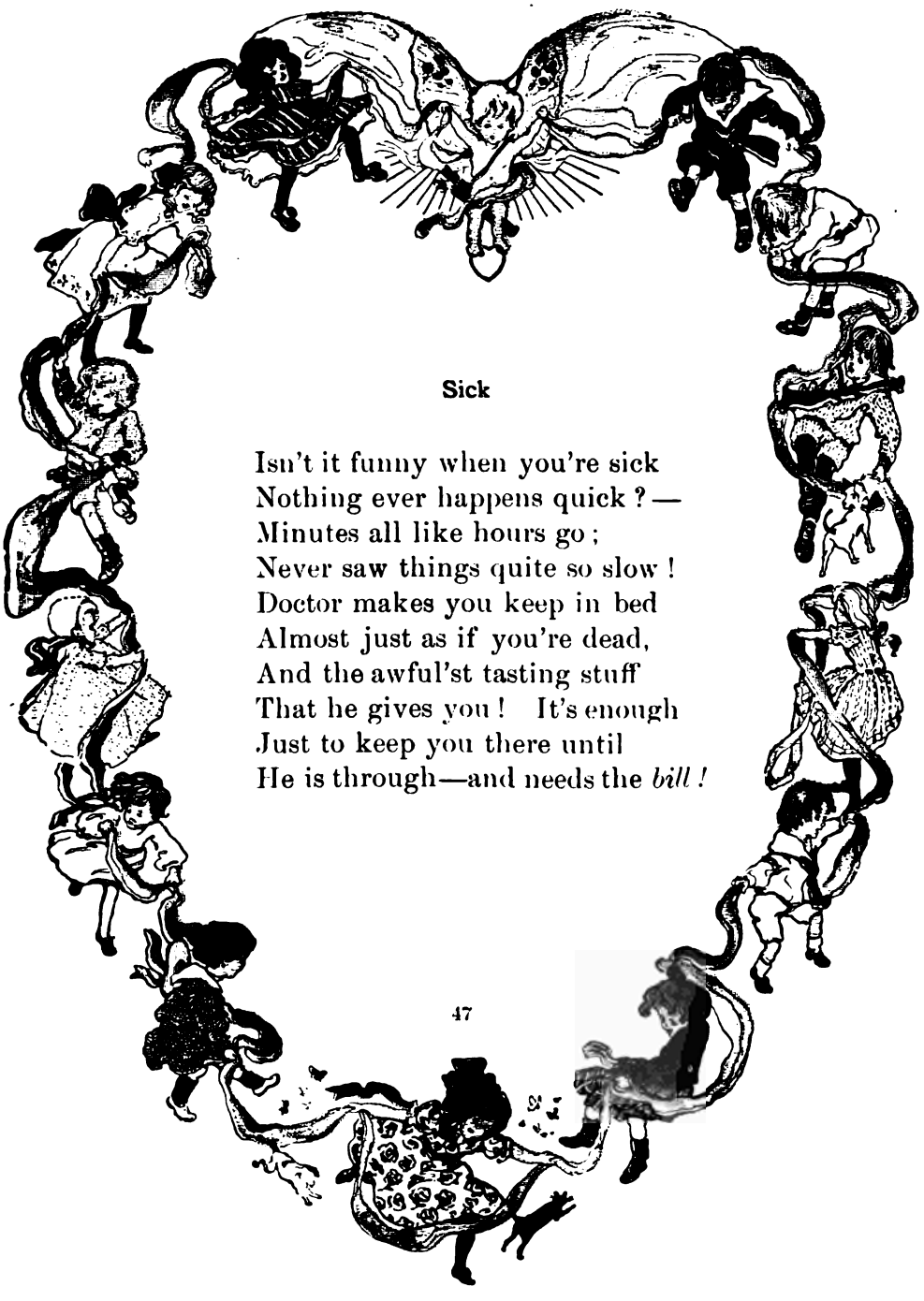
III

The wounds were in his service won ;
He loves him more to-day
Than when he came, a raw recruit,
In regimentals gay ;
And so at night I whisper low :
"Oh, do the best you can,
And keep a steadfast watch and ward,
Brave little Iron Man!"



Sick





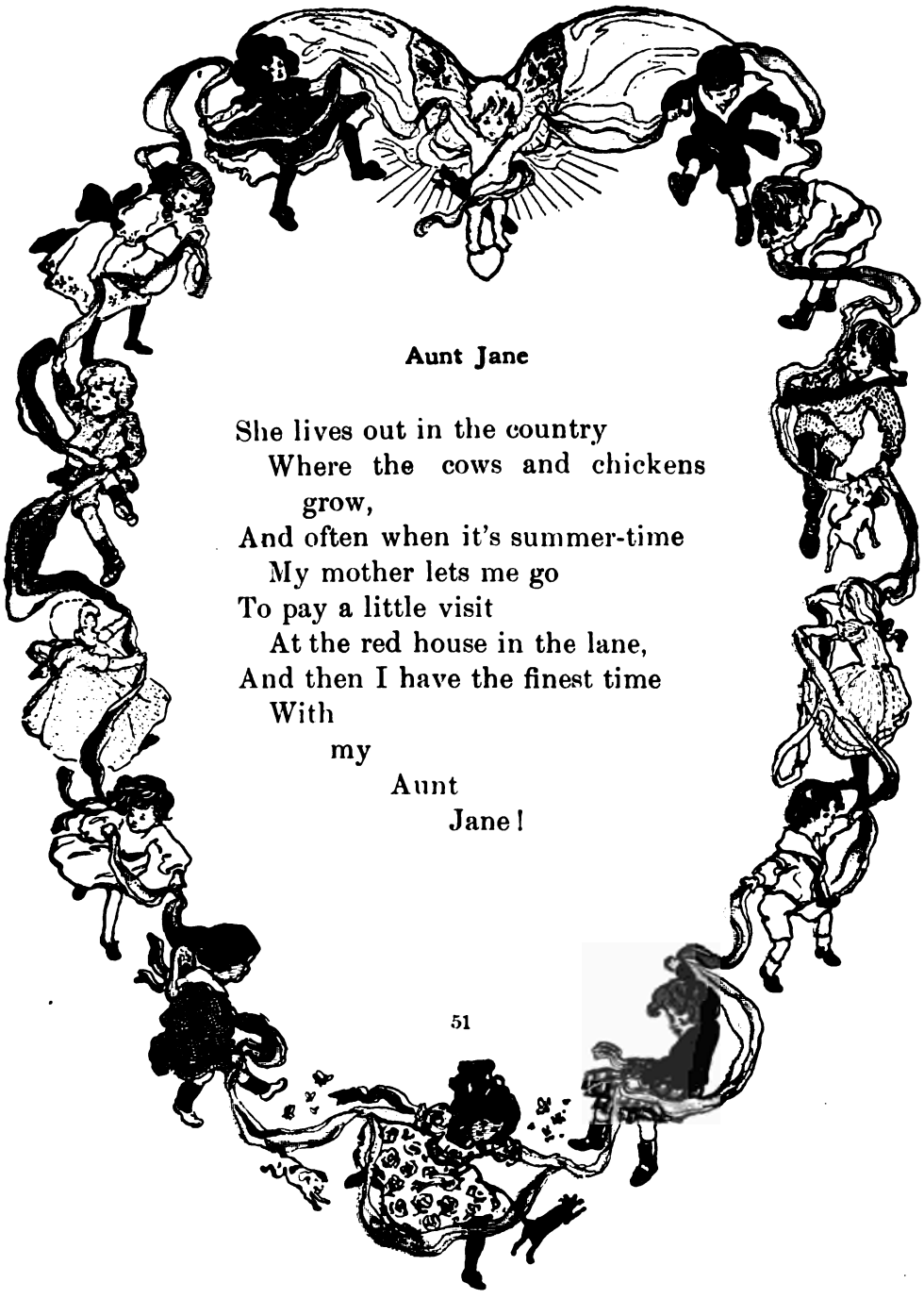
Sick

Isn't it funny when you're sick
Nothing ever happens quick?—
Minutes all like hours go;
Never saw things quite so slow!
Doctor makes you keep in bed
Almost just as if you're dead,
And the awful'st tasting stuff
That he gives you! It's enough
Just to keep you there until
He is through—and needs the *bill!*



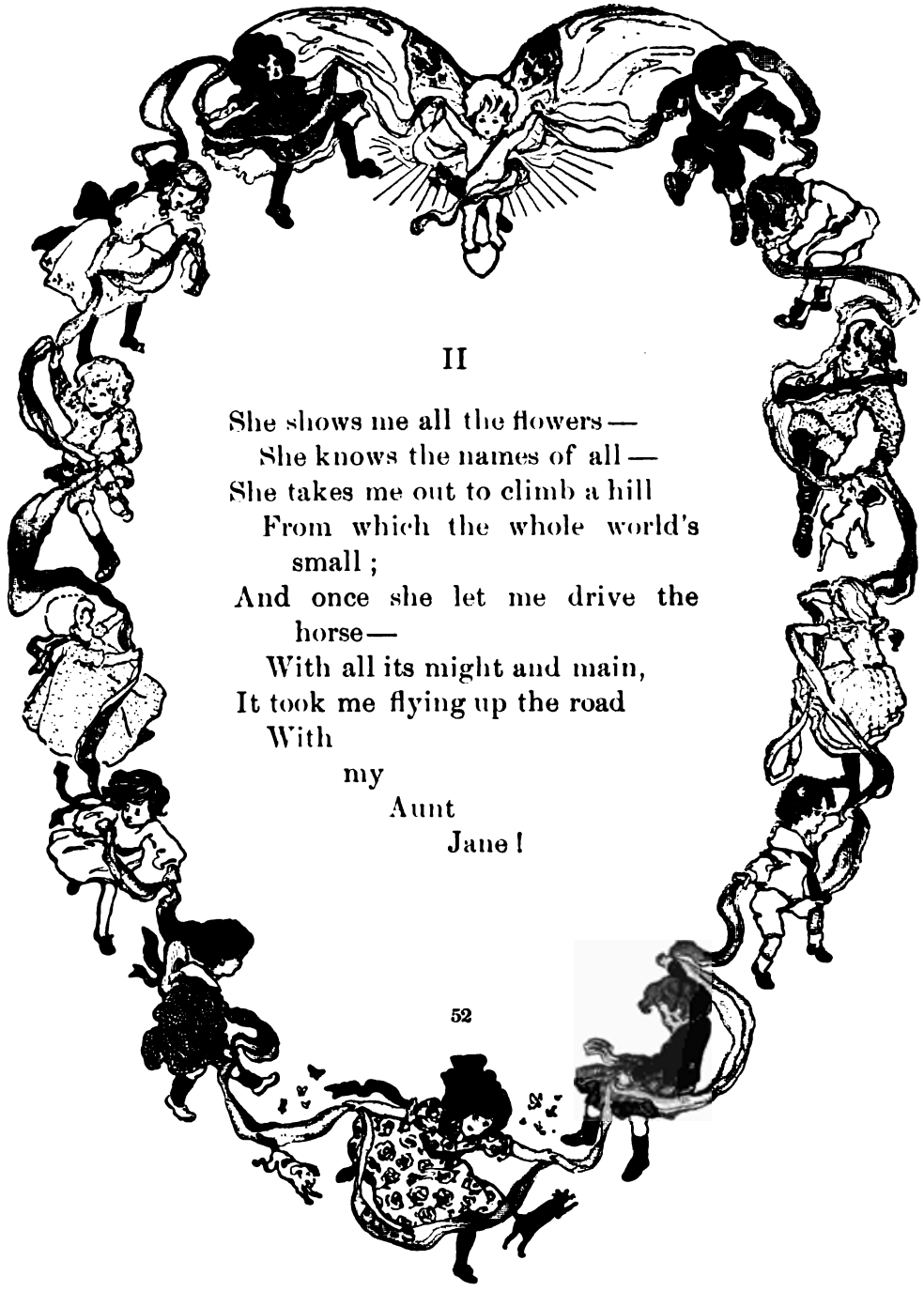
Aunt Jane





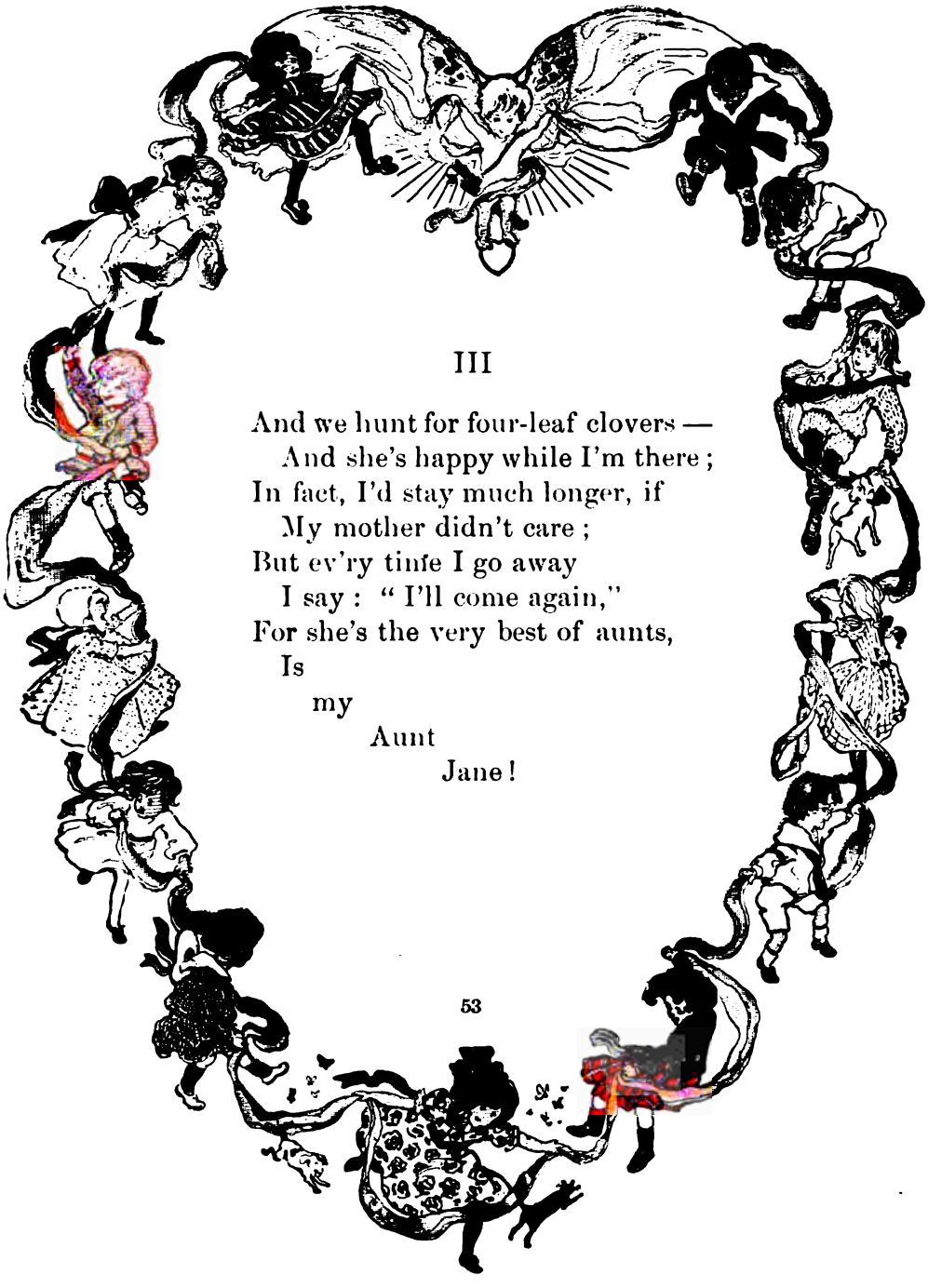
Aunt Jane

She lives out in the country
  Where the cows and chickens
    grow,
And often when it's summer-time
  My mother lets me go
To pay a little visit
  At the red house in the lane,
And then I have the finest time
  With
      my
          Aunt
              Jane!



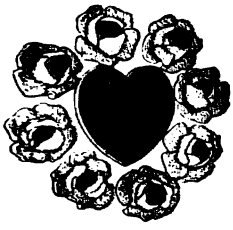
II

She shows me all the flowers —
  She knows the names of all —
She takes me out to climb a hill
  From which the whole world's
    small ;
And once she let me drive the
    horse —
  With all its might and main,
It took me flying up the road
  With
      my
        Aunt
          Jane !

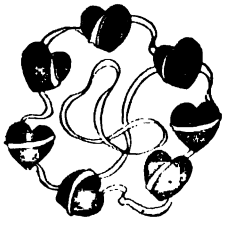


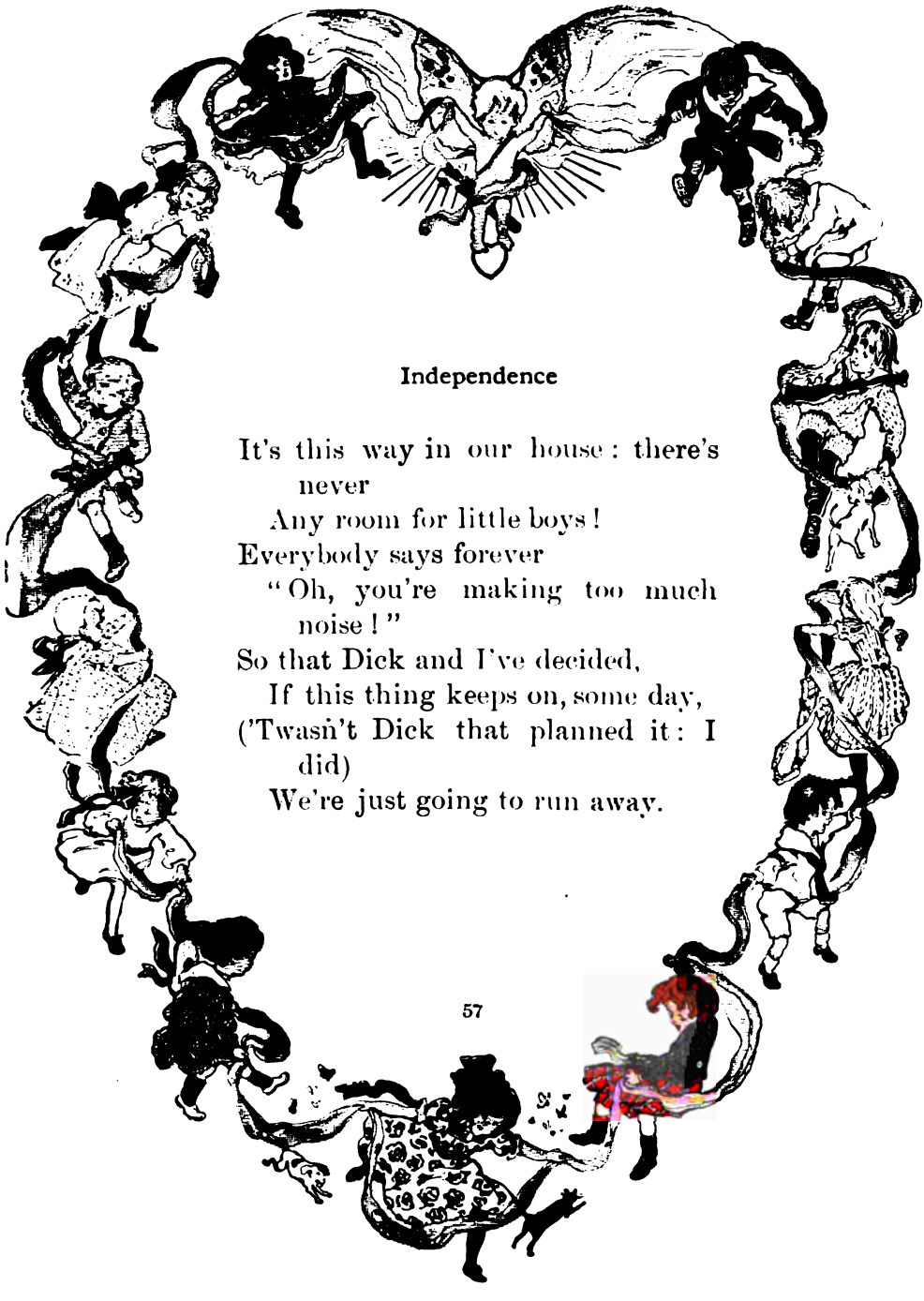
III

And we hunt for four-leaf clovers —
And she's happy while I'm there;
In fact, I'd stay much longer, if
My mother didn't care;
But ev'ry time I go away
I say: "I'll come again,"
For she's the very best of aunts,
Is
my
Aunt
Jane!



Independence





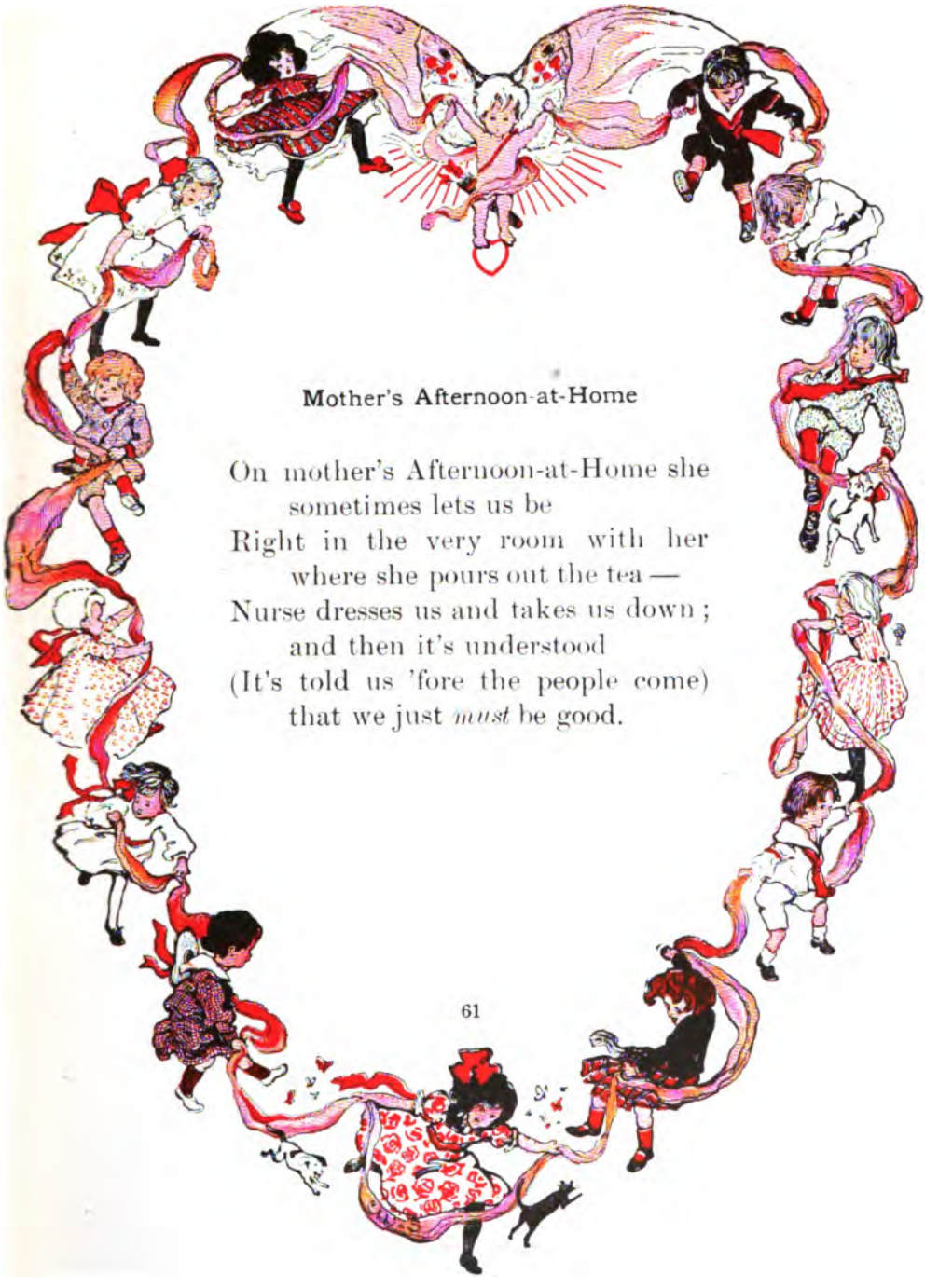
Independence

It's this way in our house: there's never
Any room for little boys!
Everybody says forever
"Oh, you're making too much noise!"
So that Dick and I've decided,
If this thing keeps on, some day,
('Twasn't Dick that planned it: I did)
We're just going to run away.



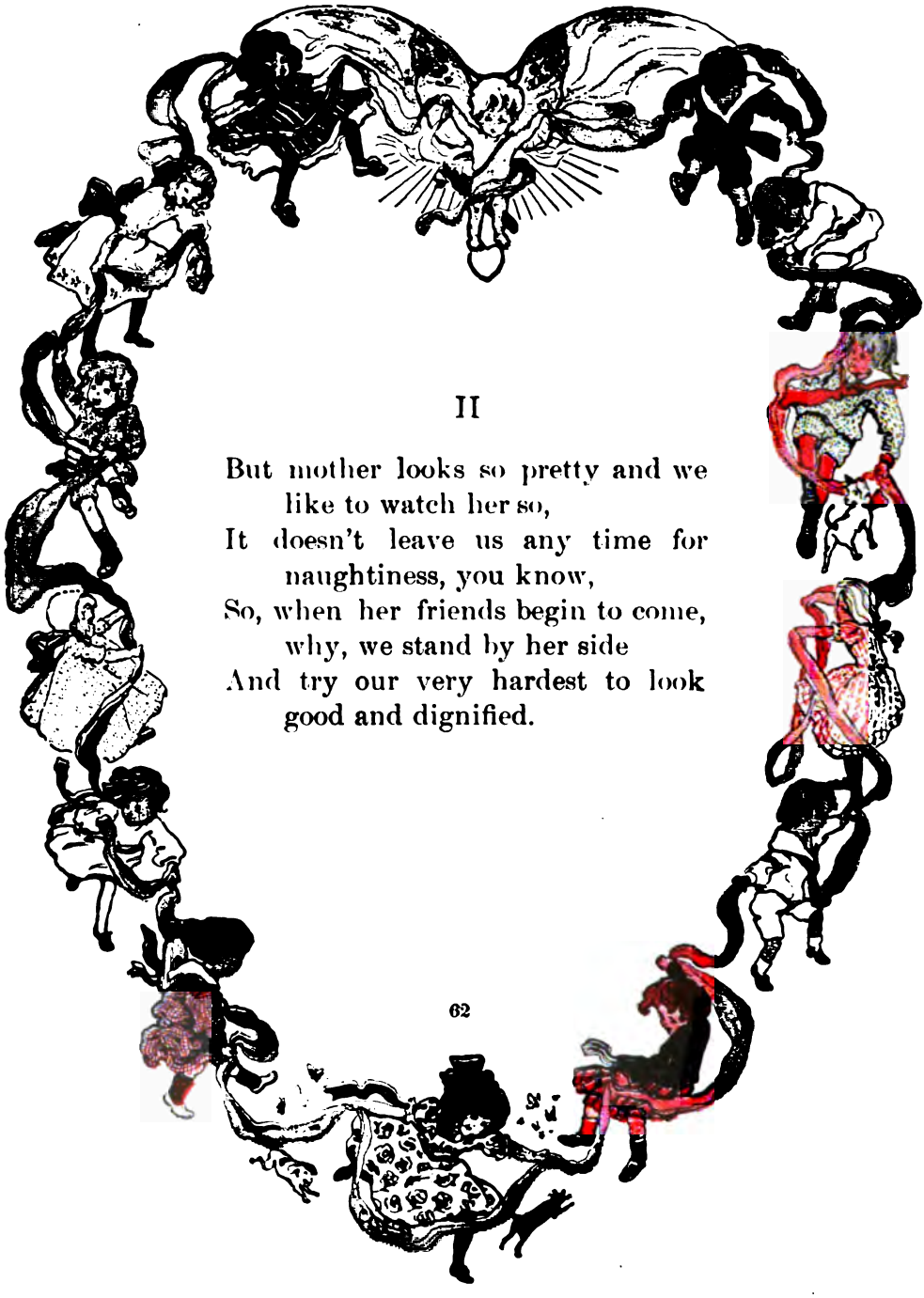
Mother's Afternoon-at-Home





Mother's Afternoon-at-Home

On mother's Afternoon-at-Home she
sometimes lets us be
Right in the very room with her
where she pours out the tea —
Nurse dresses us and takes us down;
and then it's understood
(It's told us 'fore the people come)
that we just *must* be good.

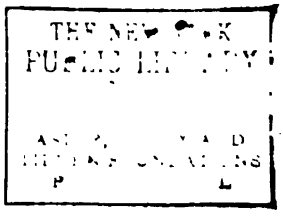


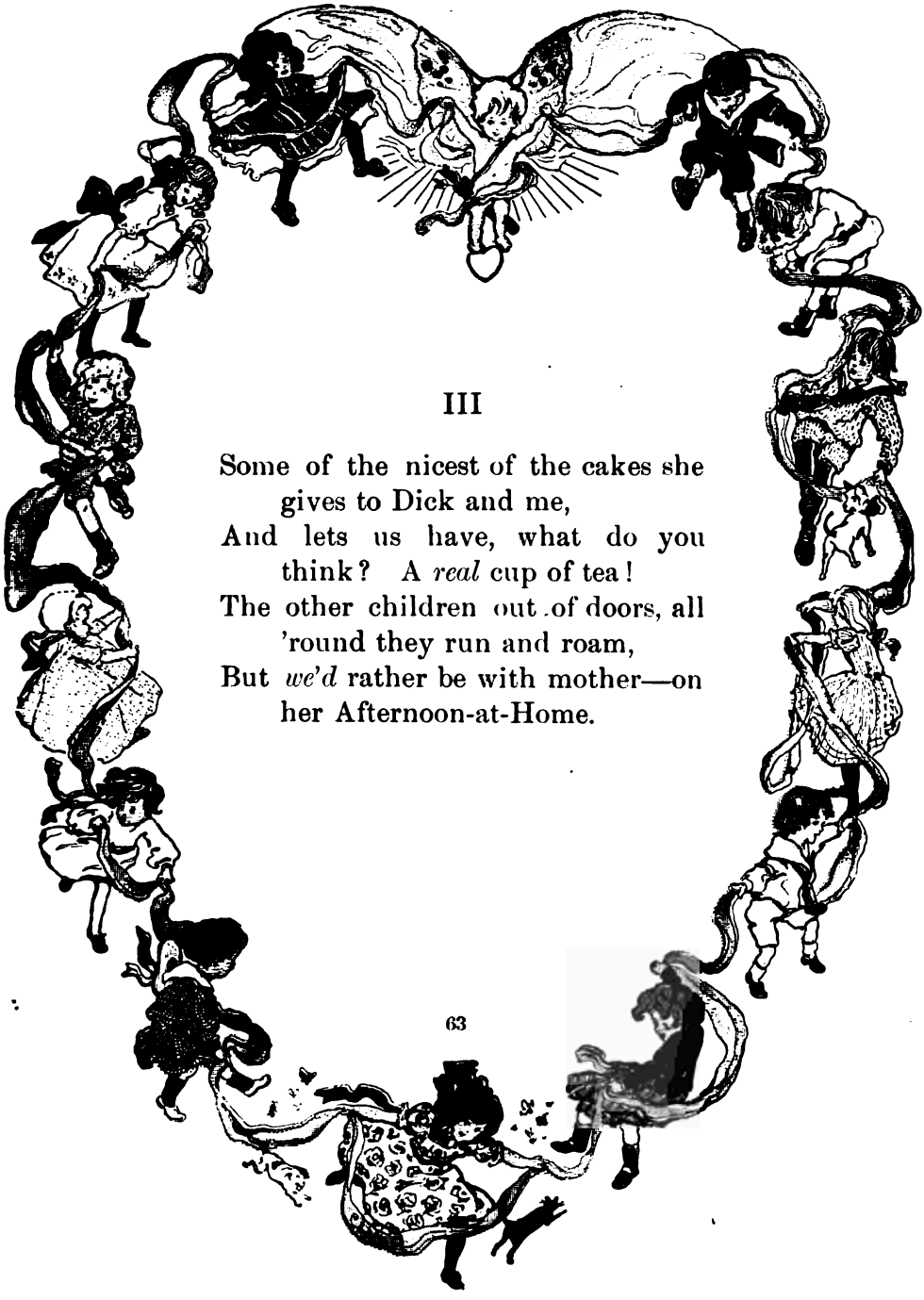
II

But mother looks so pretty and we
like to watch her so,
It doesn't leave us any time for
naughtiness, you know,
So, when her friends begin to come,
why, we stand by her side
And try our very hardest to look
good and dignified.



AND LETS US HAVE, WHAT DO YOU THINK? A *REAL* CUP OF TEA.


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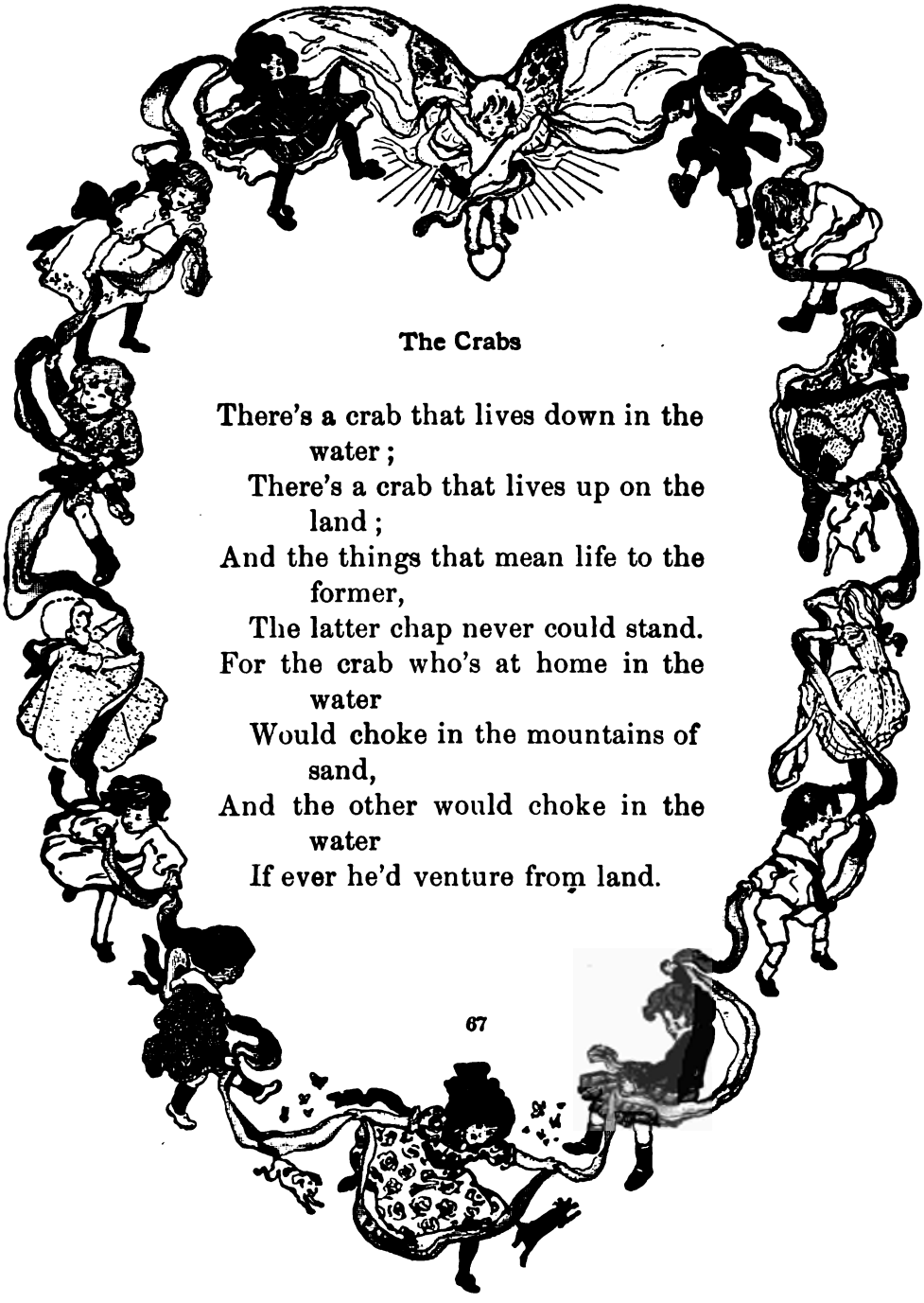
III

Some of the nicest of the cakes she
gives to Dick and me,
And lets us have, what do you
think? A *real* cup of tea!
The other children out of doors, all
'round they run and roam,
But *we'd* rather be with mother—on
her Afternoon-at-Home.



The Crabs





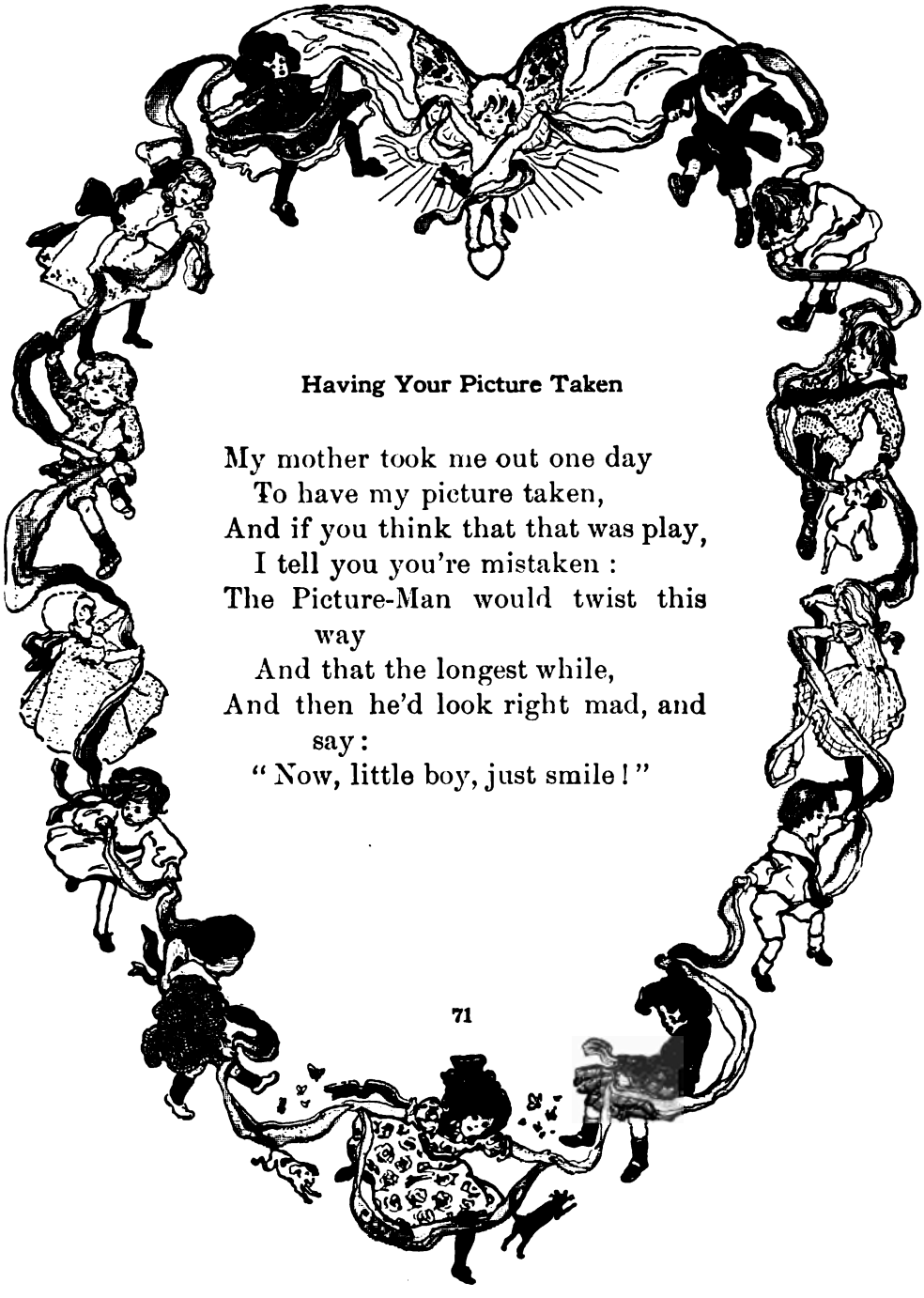
The Crabs

There's a crab that lives down in the water;
There's a crab that lives up on the land;
And the things that mean life to the former,
The latter chap never could stand.
For the crab who's at home in the water
Would choke in the mountains of sand,
And the other would choke in the water
If ever he'd venture from land.



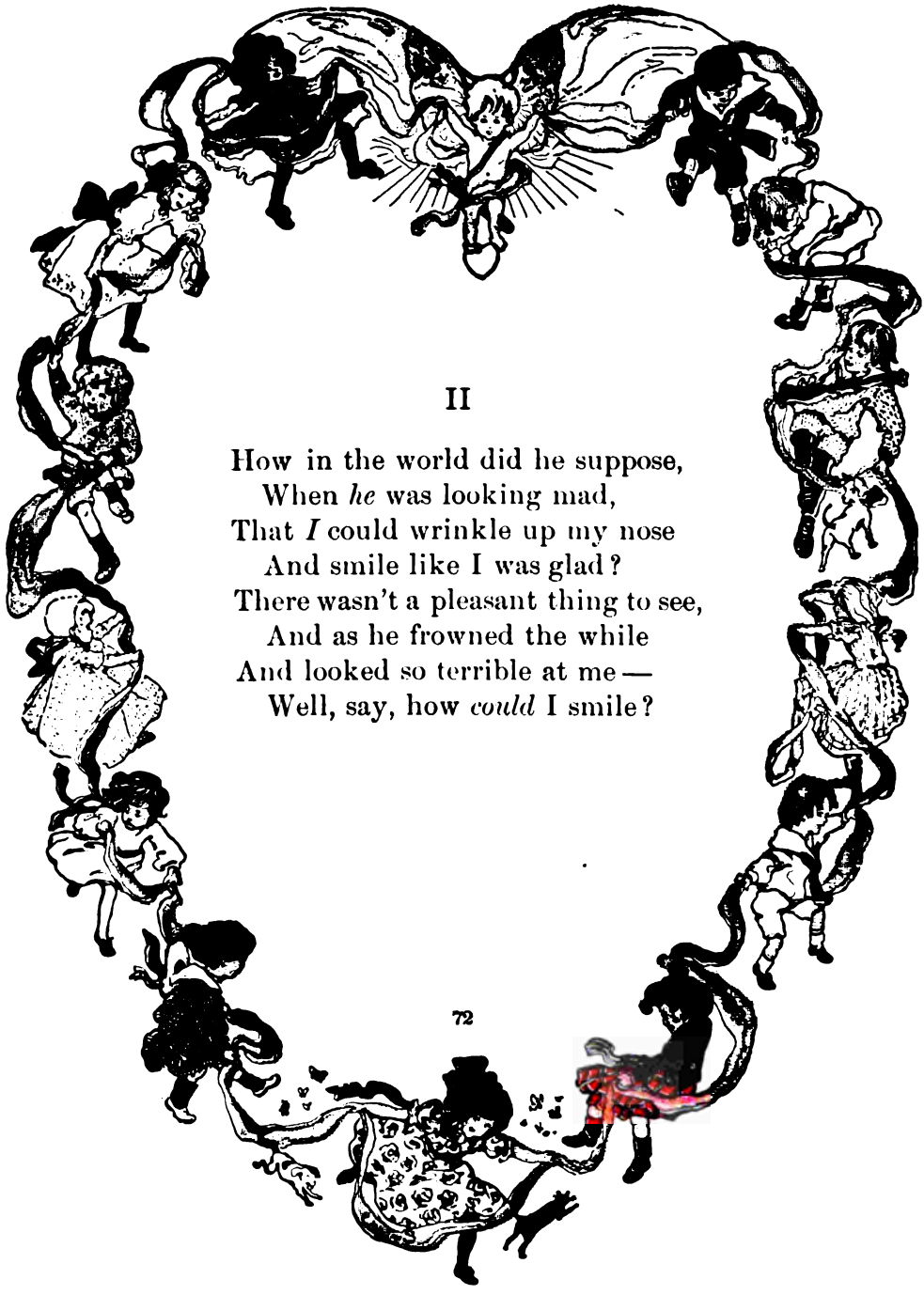
Having Your Picture Taken





Having Your Picture Taken

My mother took me out one day
To have my picture taken,
And if you think that that was play,
I tell you you're mistaken :
The Picture-Man would twist this way
And that the longest while,
And then he'd look right mad, and say :
"Now, little boy, just smile!"



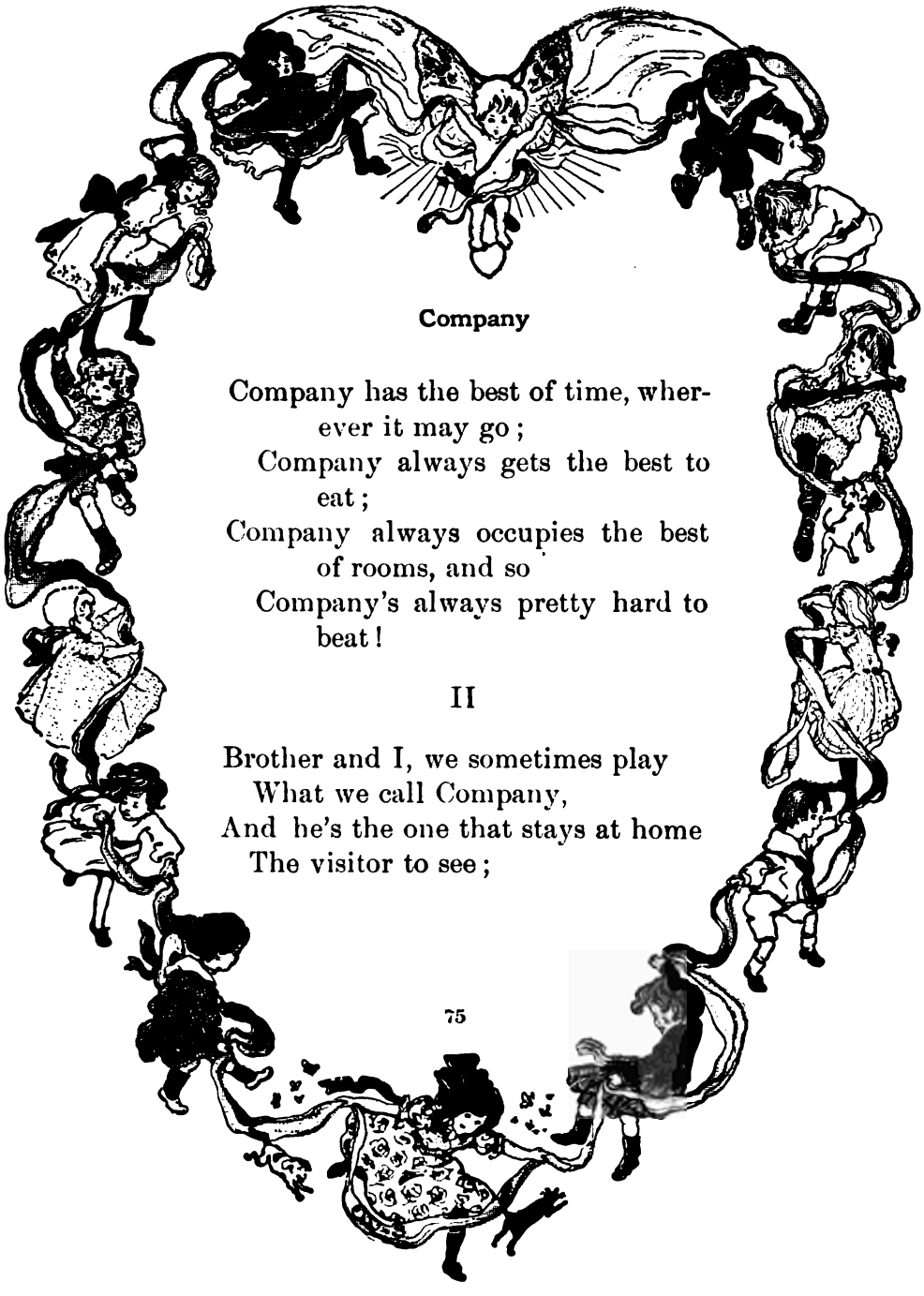
II

How in the world did he suppose,
When *he* was looking mad,
That *I* could wrinkle up my nose
And smile like I was glad?
There wasn't a pleasant thing to see,
And as he frowned the while
And looked so terrible at me —
Well, say, how *could* I smile?



Company



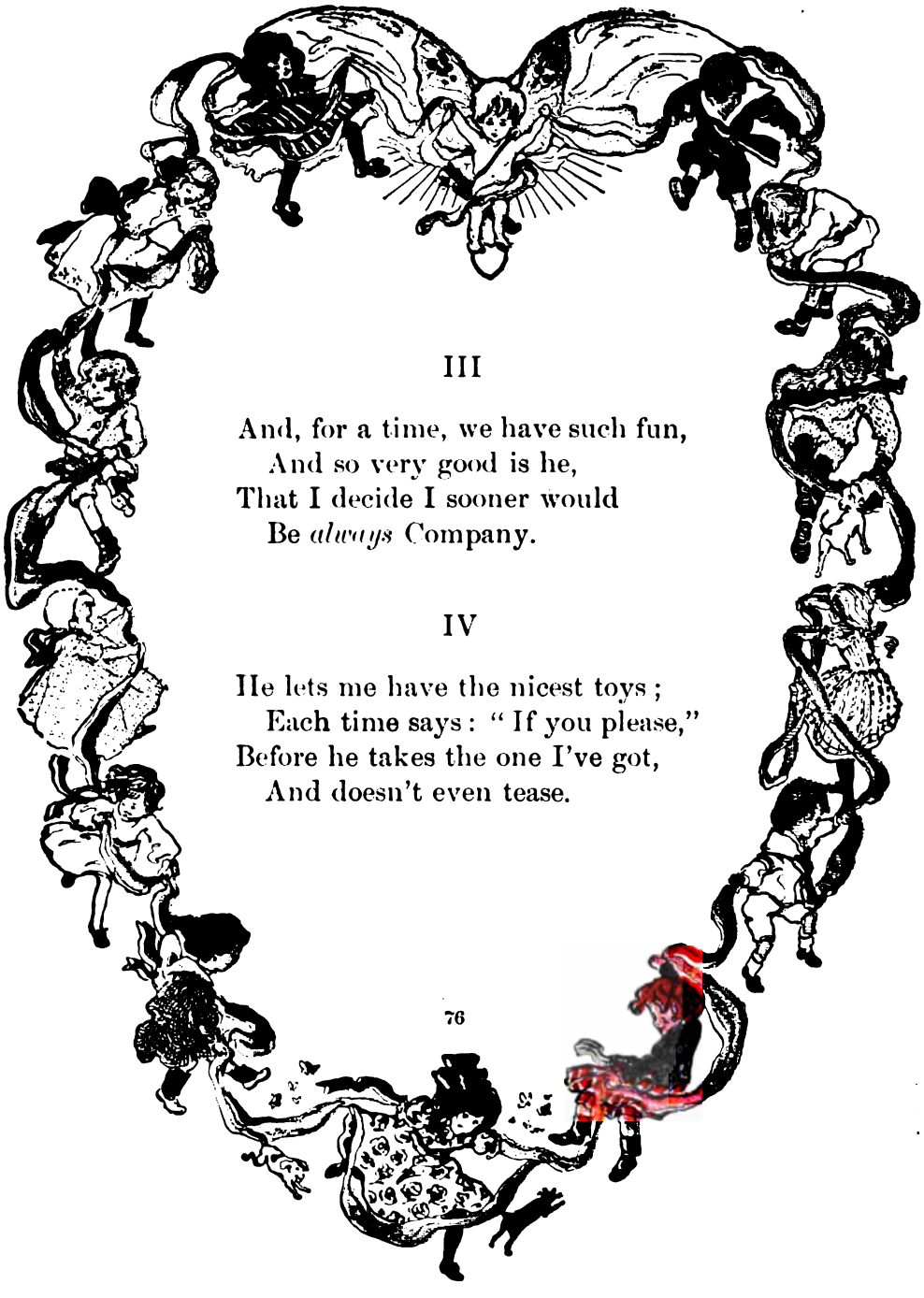


Company

Company has the best of time, wherever it may go;
Company always gets the best to eat;
Company always occupies the best of rooms, and so
Company's always pretty hard to beat!

II

Brother and I, we sometimes play
What we call Company,
And he's the one that stays at home
The visitor to see;

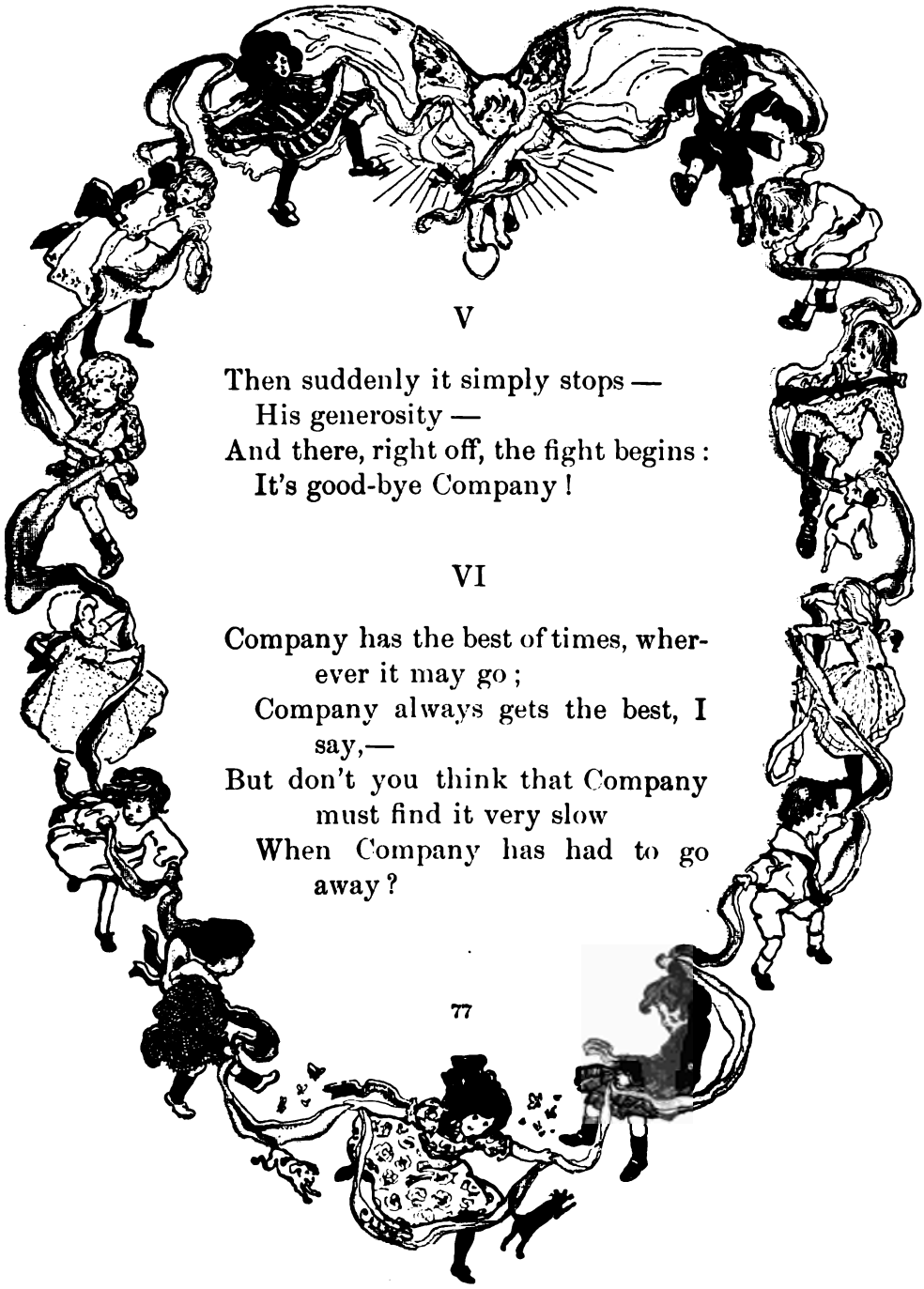


III

And, for a time, we have such fun,
  And so very good is he,
That I decide I sooner would
  Be *always* Company.

IV

He lets me have the nicest toys;
  Each time says: "If you please,"
Before he takes the one I've got,
  And doesn't even tease.

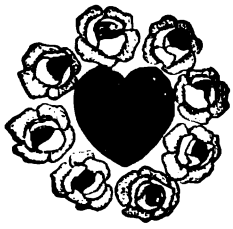


V

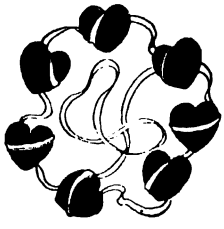
Then suddenly it simply stops —
His generosity —
And there, right off, the fight begins:
It's good-bye Company!

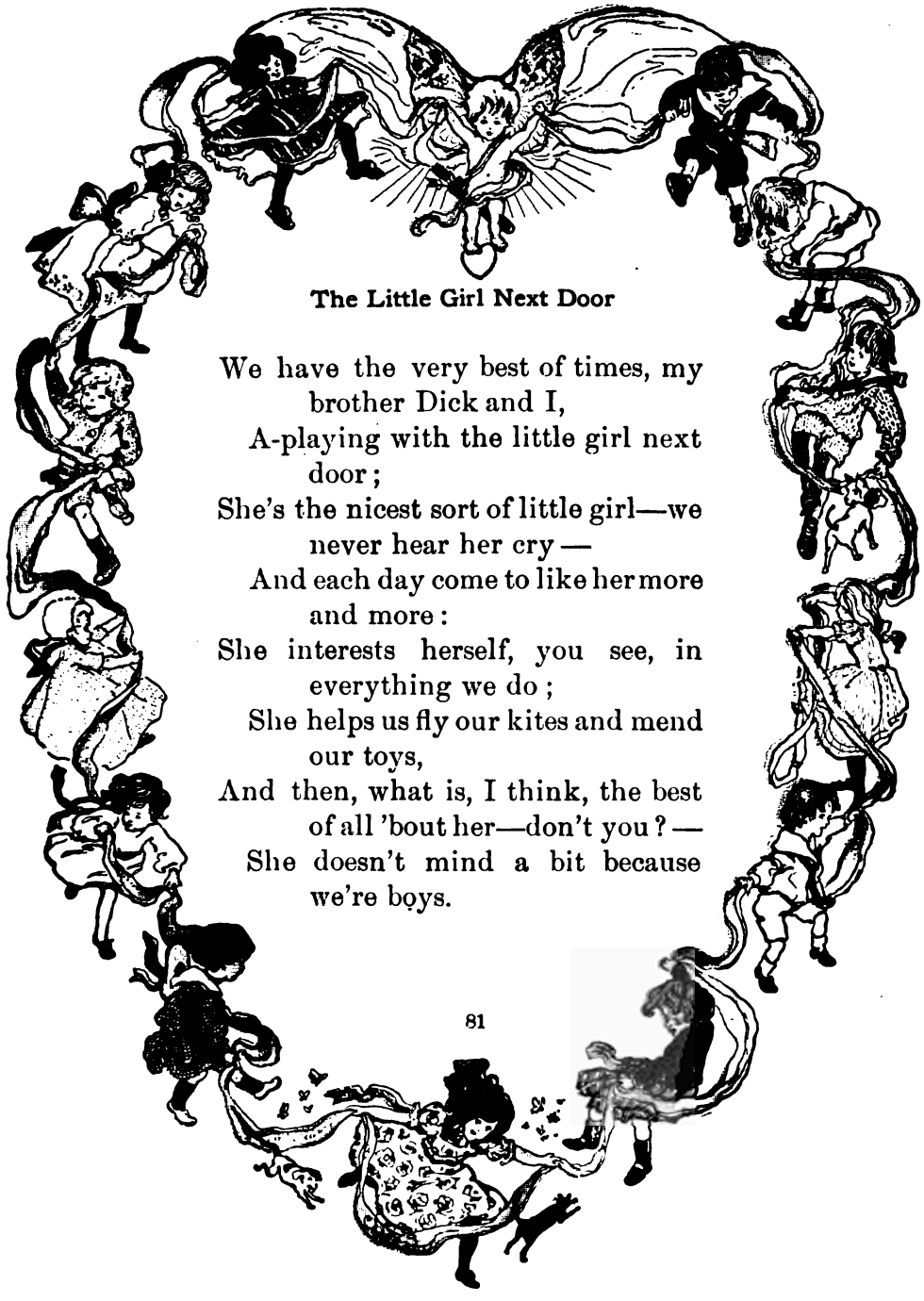
VI

Company has the best of times, wherever it may go;
Company always gets the best, I say,—
But don't you think that Company must find it very slow
When Company has had to go away?



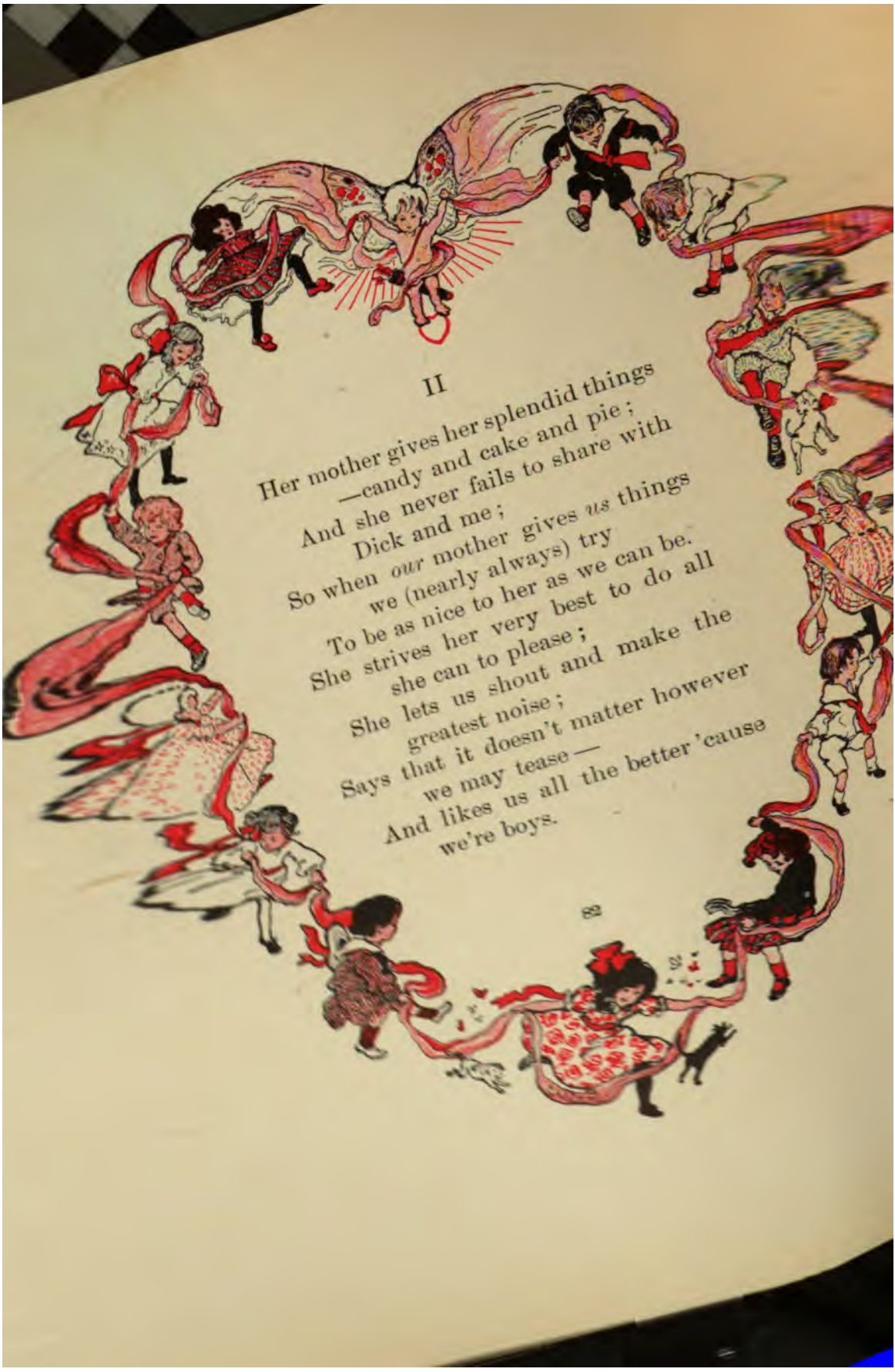
The Little Girl Next Door





The Little Girl Next Door

We have the very best of times, my
brother Dick and I,
A-playing with the little girl next
door;
She's the nicest sort of little girl—we
never hear her cry—
And each day come to like her more
and more:
She interests herself, you see, in
everything we do;
She helps us fly our kites and mend
our toys,
And then, what is, I think, the best
of all 'bout her—don't you?—
She doesn't mind a bit because
we're boys.



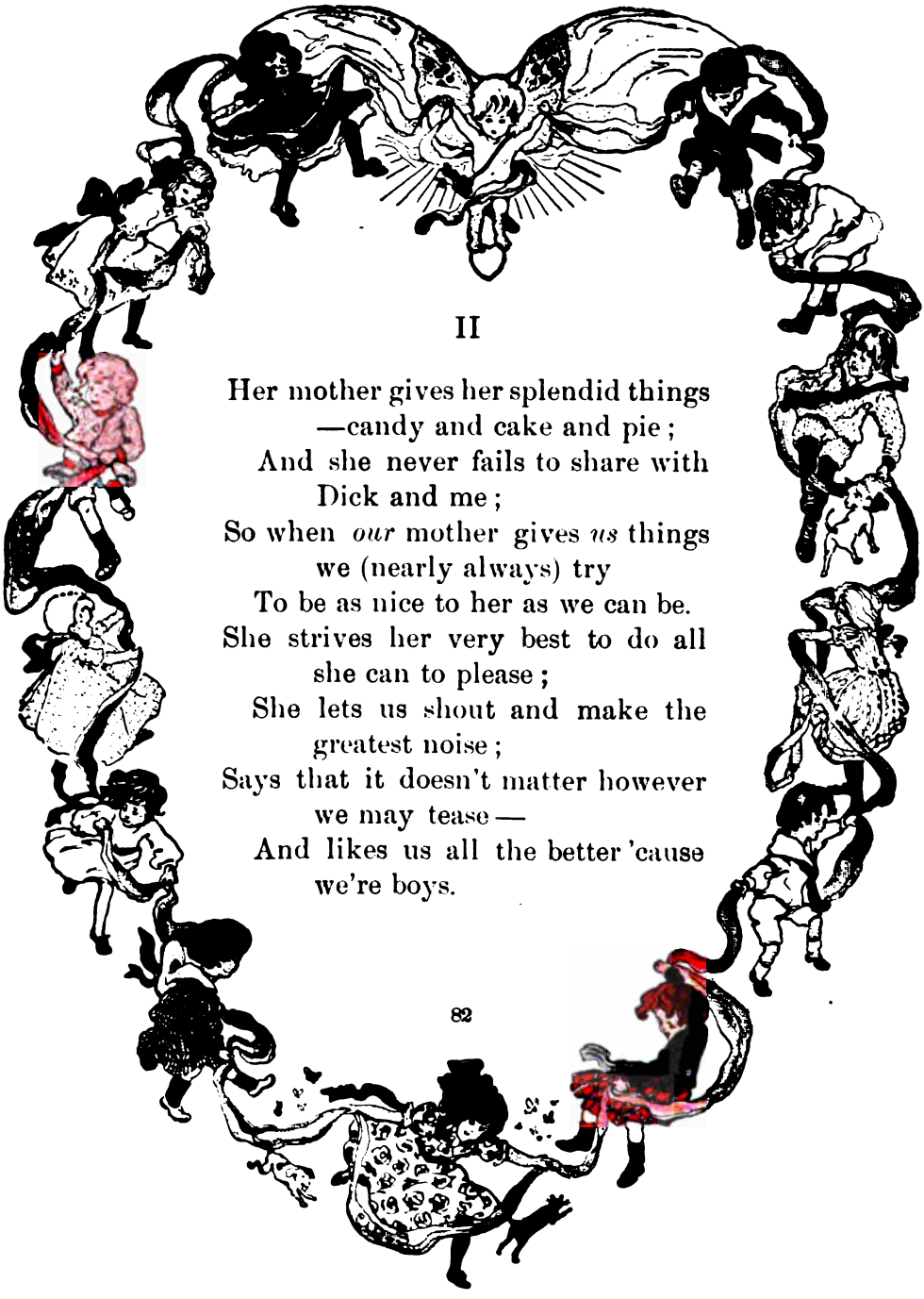
II

Her mother gives her splendid things
—candy and cake and pie;
And she never fails to share with
Dick and me;
So when *our* mother gives *us* things
we (nearly always) try
To be as nice to her as we can be.
She strives her very best to do all
she can to please;
She lets us shout and make the
greatest noise;
Says that it doesn't matter however
we may tease—
And likes us all the better 'cause
we're boys.



Disobedience





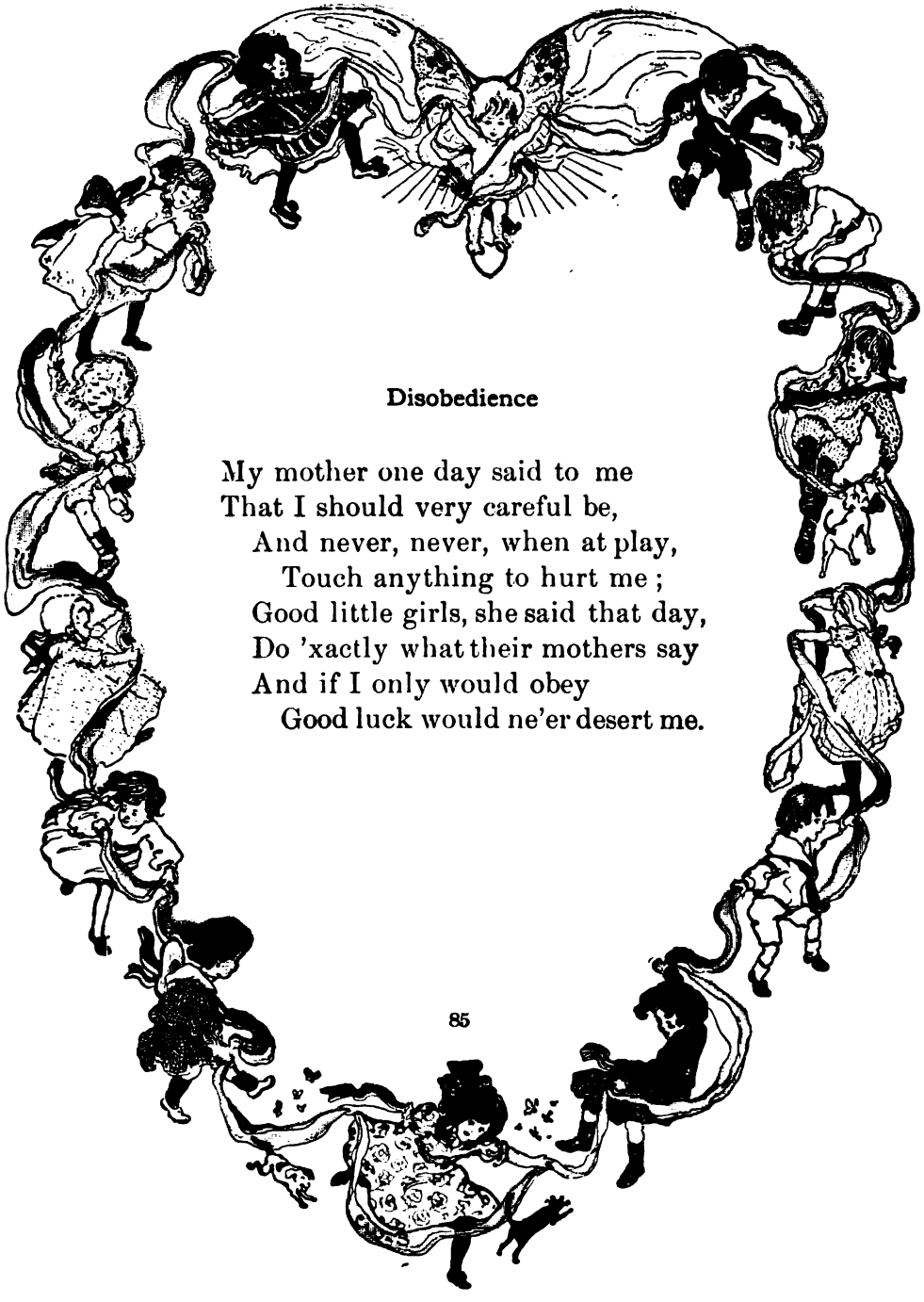
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So when *our* mother gives *us* things
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And likes us all the better 'cause
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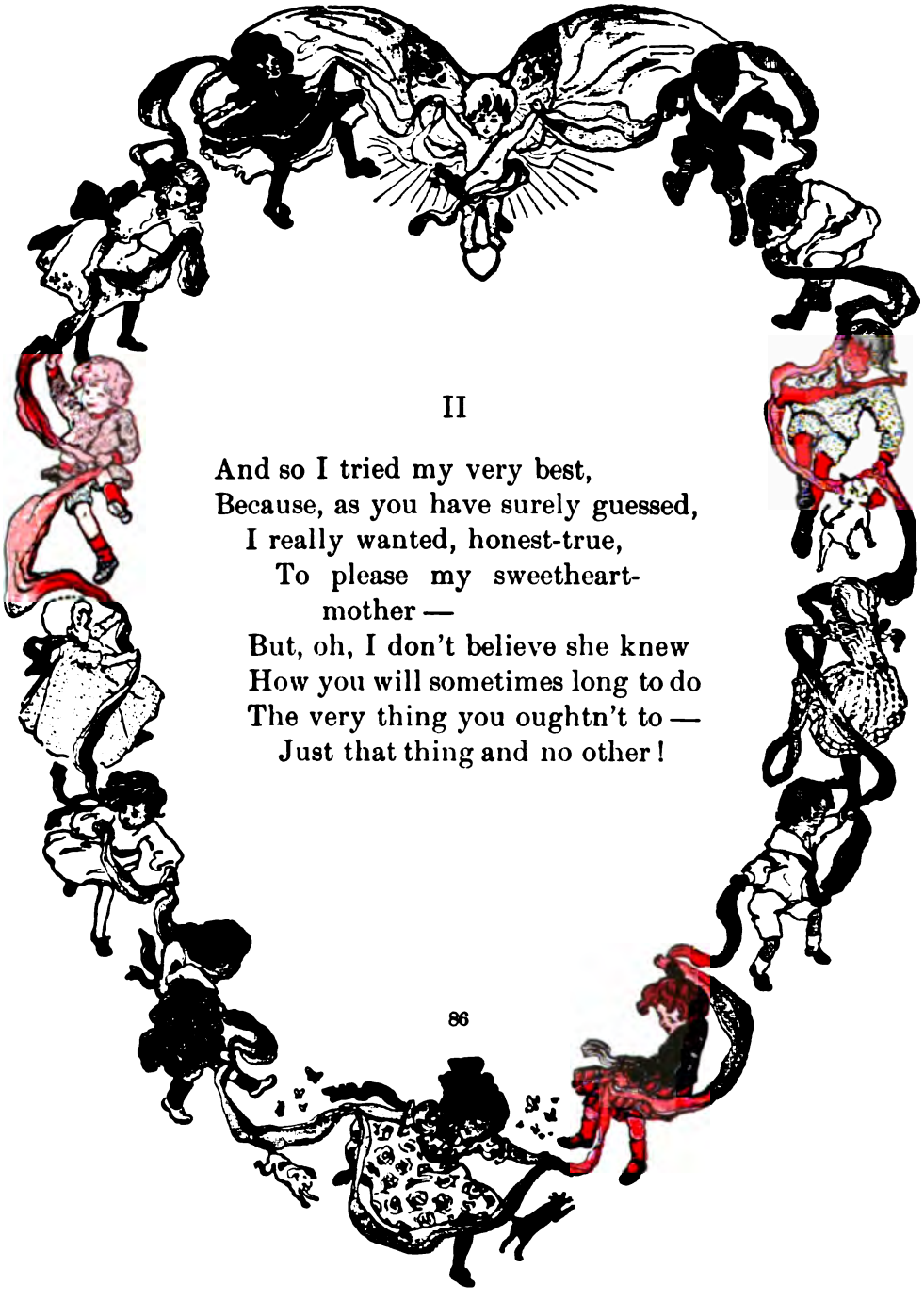
Disobedience





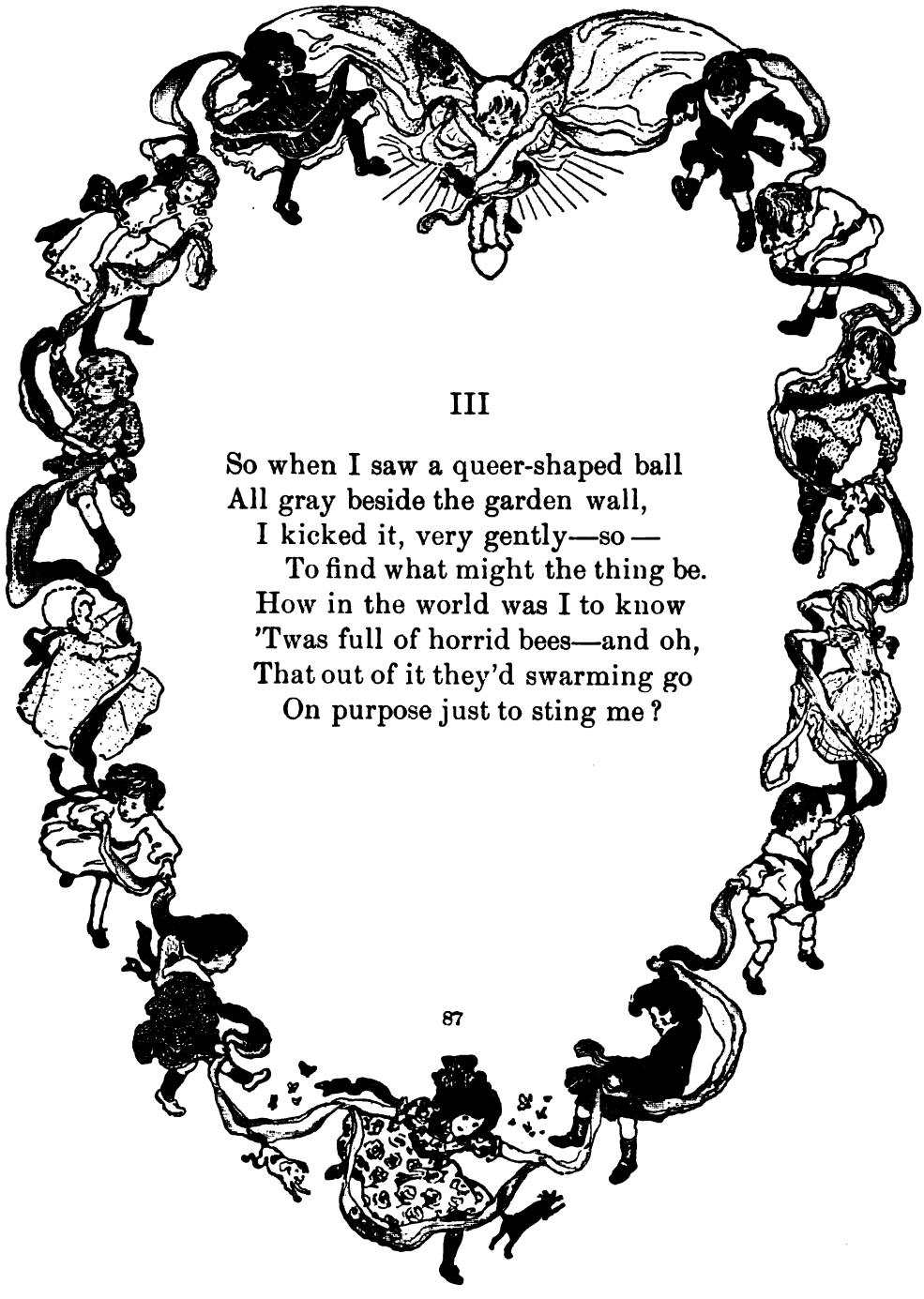
Disobedience

My mother one day said to me
That I should very careful be,
And never, never, when at play,
Touch anything to hurt me;
Good little girls, she said that day,
Do 'xactly what their mothers say
And if I only would obey
Good luck would ne'er desert me.



II

And so I tried my very best,
Because, as you have surely guessed,
I really wanted, honest-true,
To please my sweetheart-
mother —
But, oh, I don't believe she knew
How you will sometimes long to do
The very thing you oughtn't to —
Just that thing and no other!



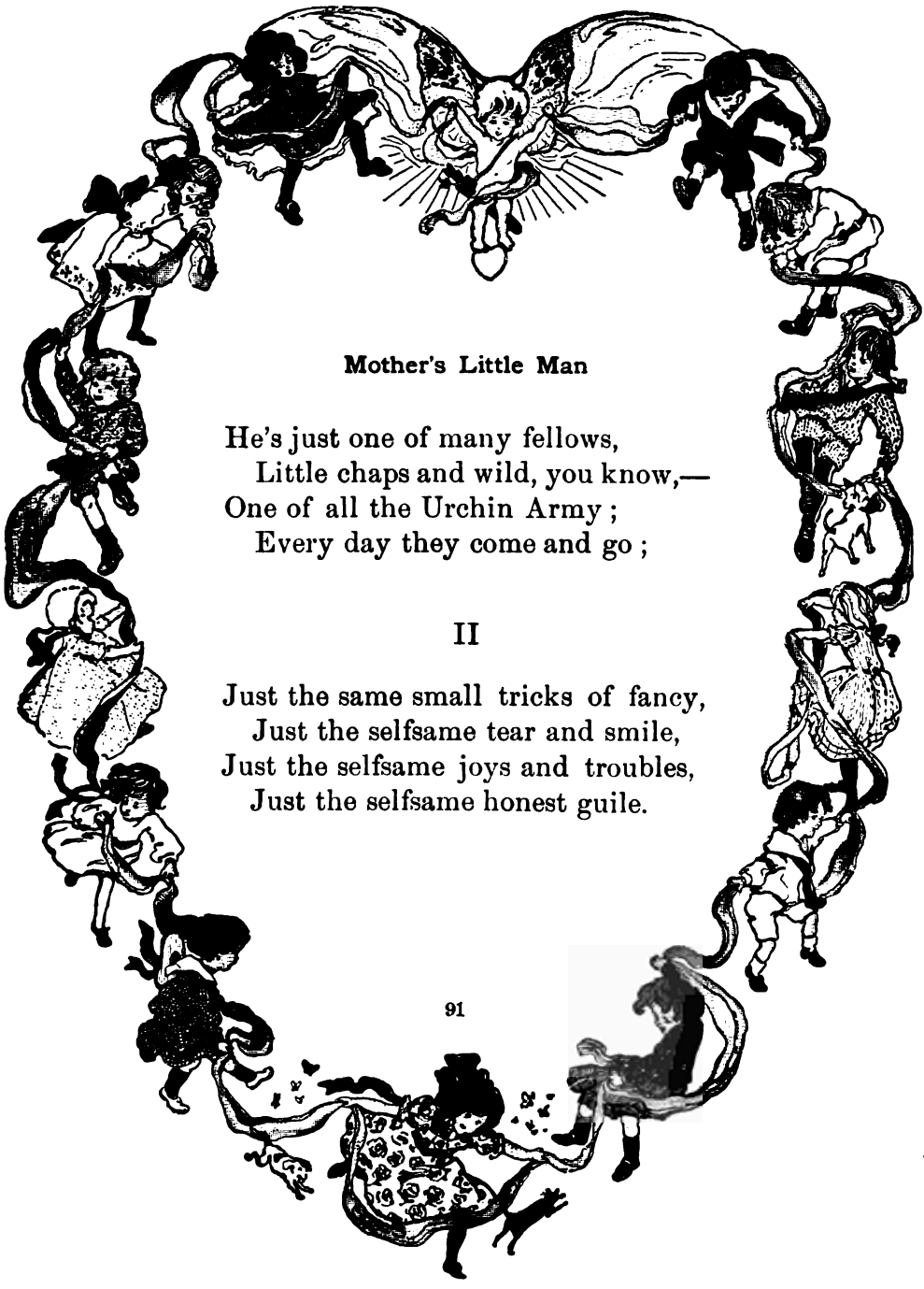
III

So when I saw a queer-shaped ball
All gray beside the garden wall,
I kicked it, very gently—so—
To find what might the thing be.
How in the world was I to know
'Twas full of horrid bees—and oh,
That out of it they'd swarming go
On purpose just to sting me?



Mother's Little Man



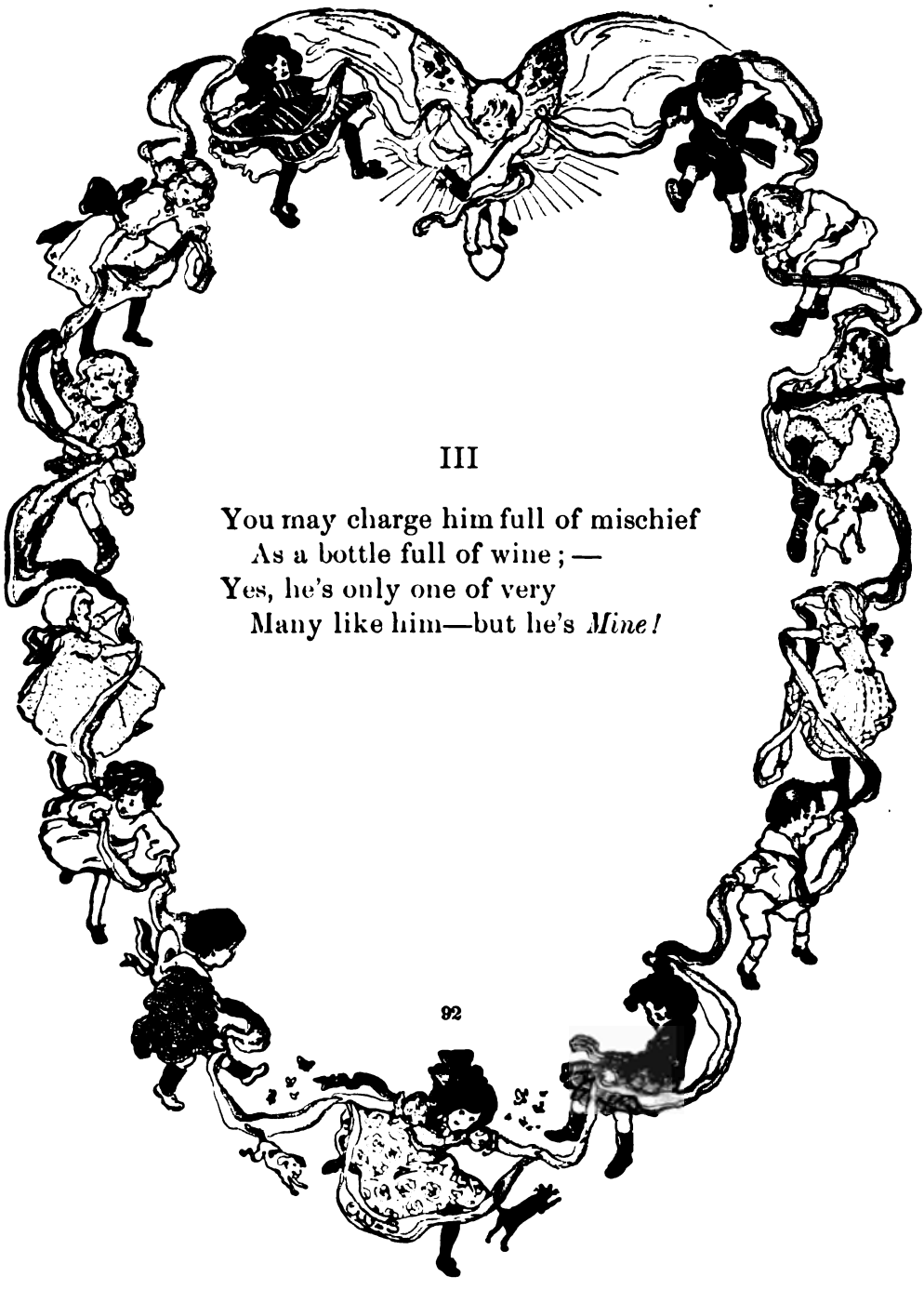


Mother's Little Man

He's just one of many fellows,
  Little chaps and wild, you know,—
One of all the Urchin Army ;
  Every day they come and go ;

II

Just the same small tricks of fancy,
  Just the selfsame tear and smile,
Just the selfsame joys and troubles,
  Just the selfsame honest guile.



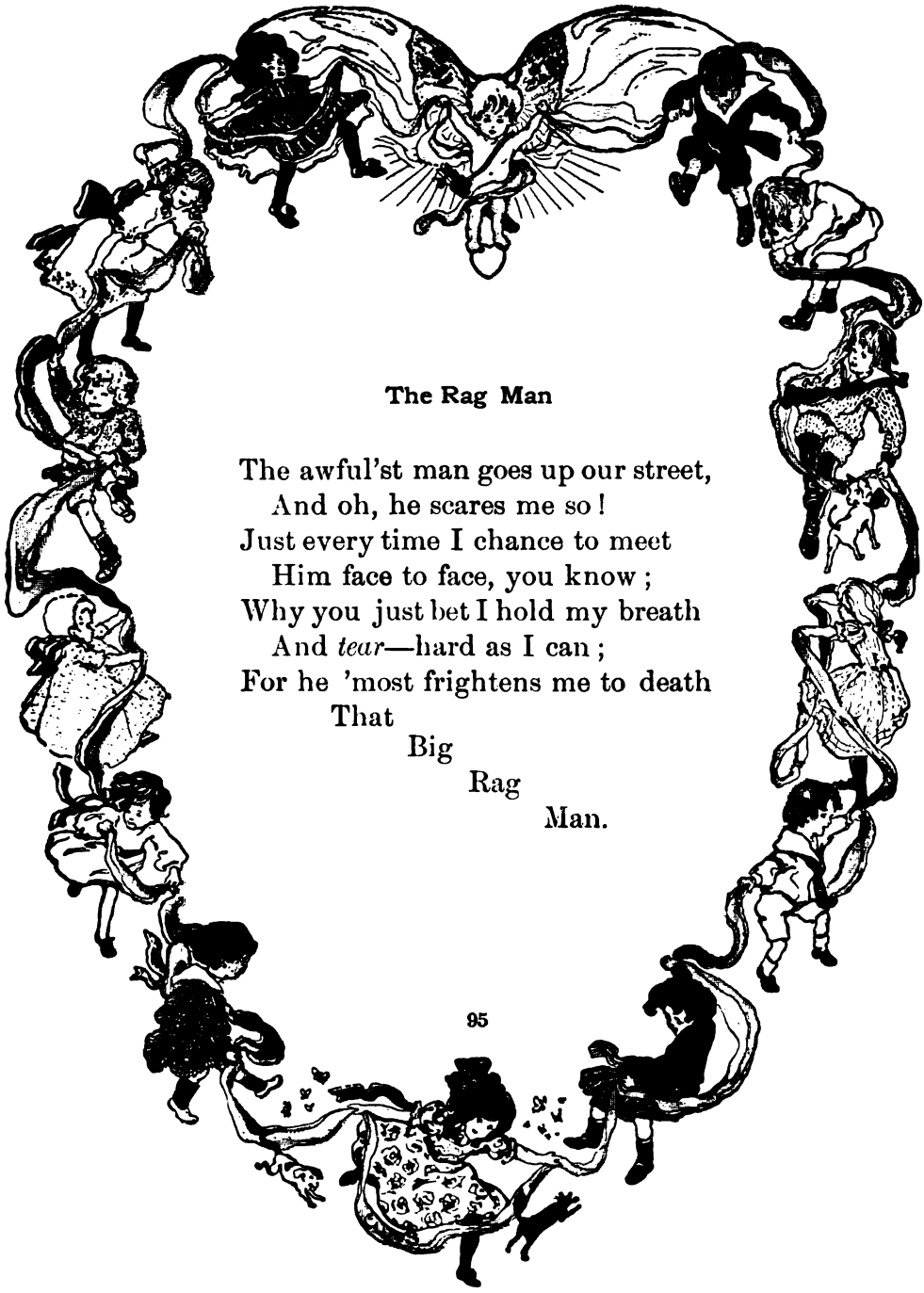
III

You may charge him full of mischief
As a bottle full of wine; —
Yes, he's only one of very
Many like him—but he's *Mine!*



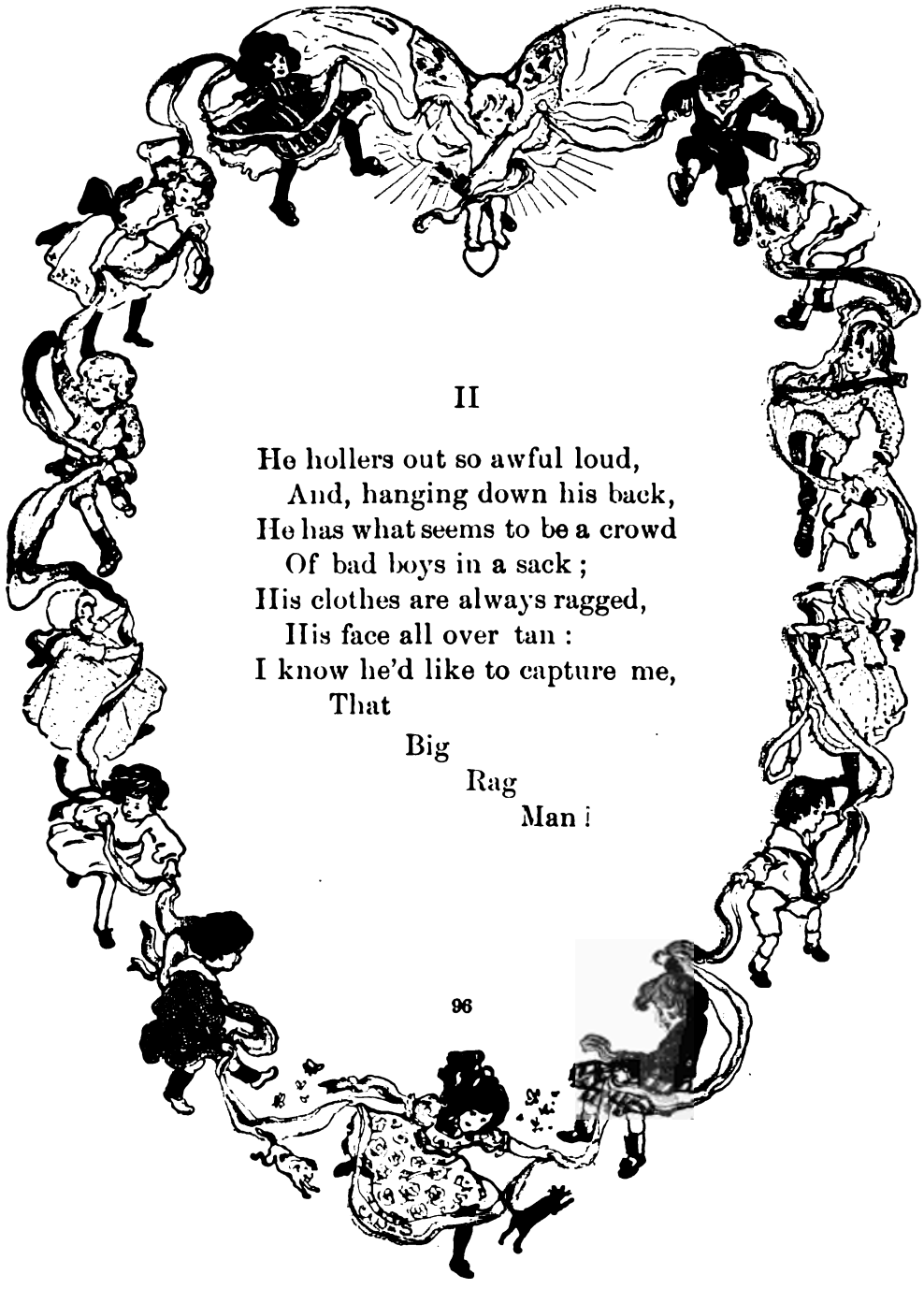
The Rag Man





The Rag Man

The awful'st man goes up our street,
And oh, he scares me so!
Just every time I chance to meet
Him face to face, you know;
Why you just bet I hold my breath
And *tear*—hard as I can;
For he 'most frightens me to death
That
Big
Rag
Man.



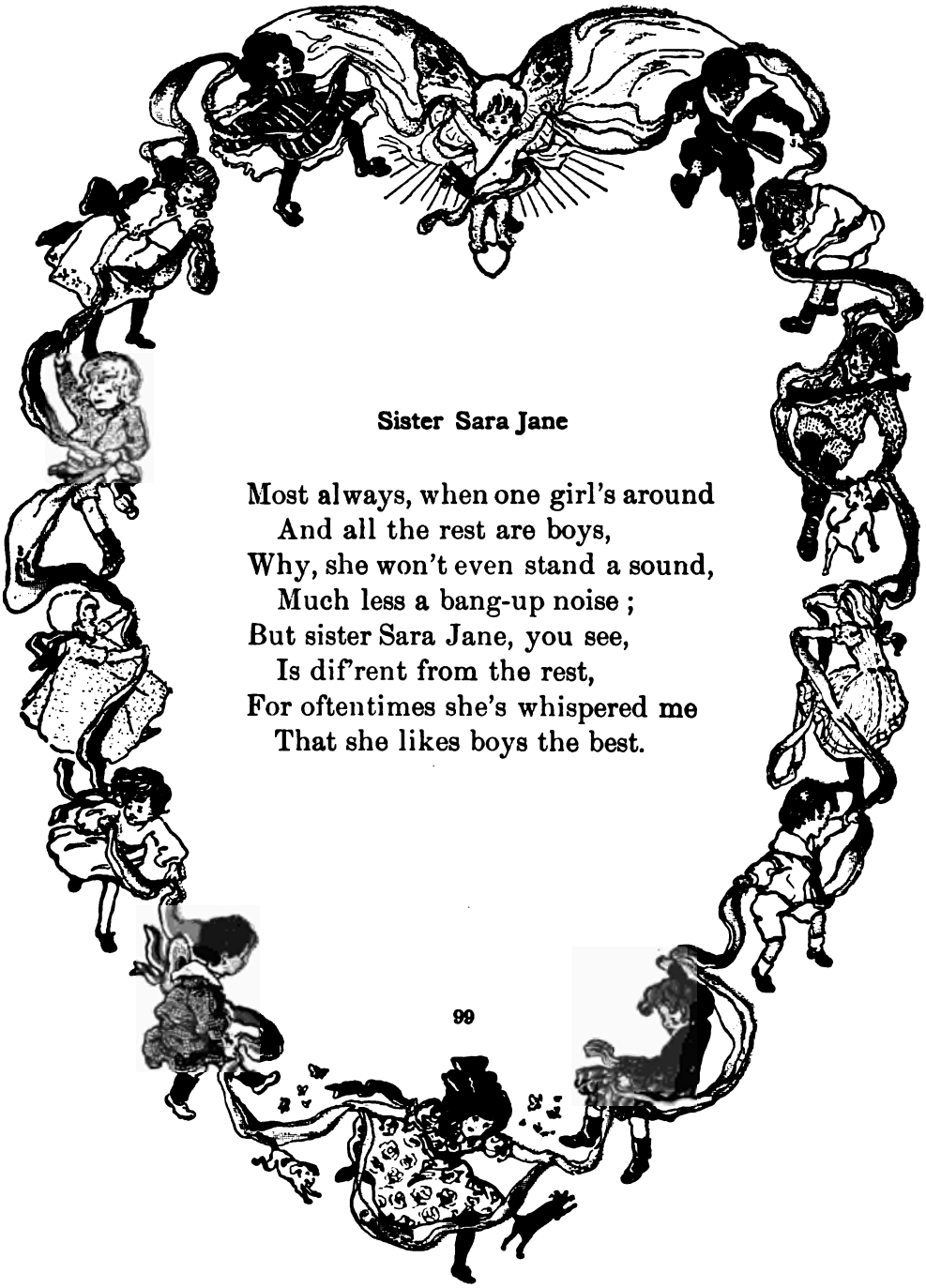
II

He hollers out so awful loud,
And, hanging down his back,
He has what seems to be a crowd
Of bad boys in a sack;
His clothes are always ragged,
His face all over tan:
I know he'd like to capture me,
That
Big
Rag
Man!



Sister Sara Jane

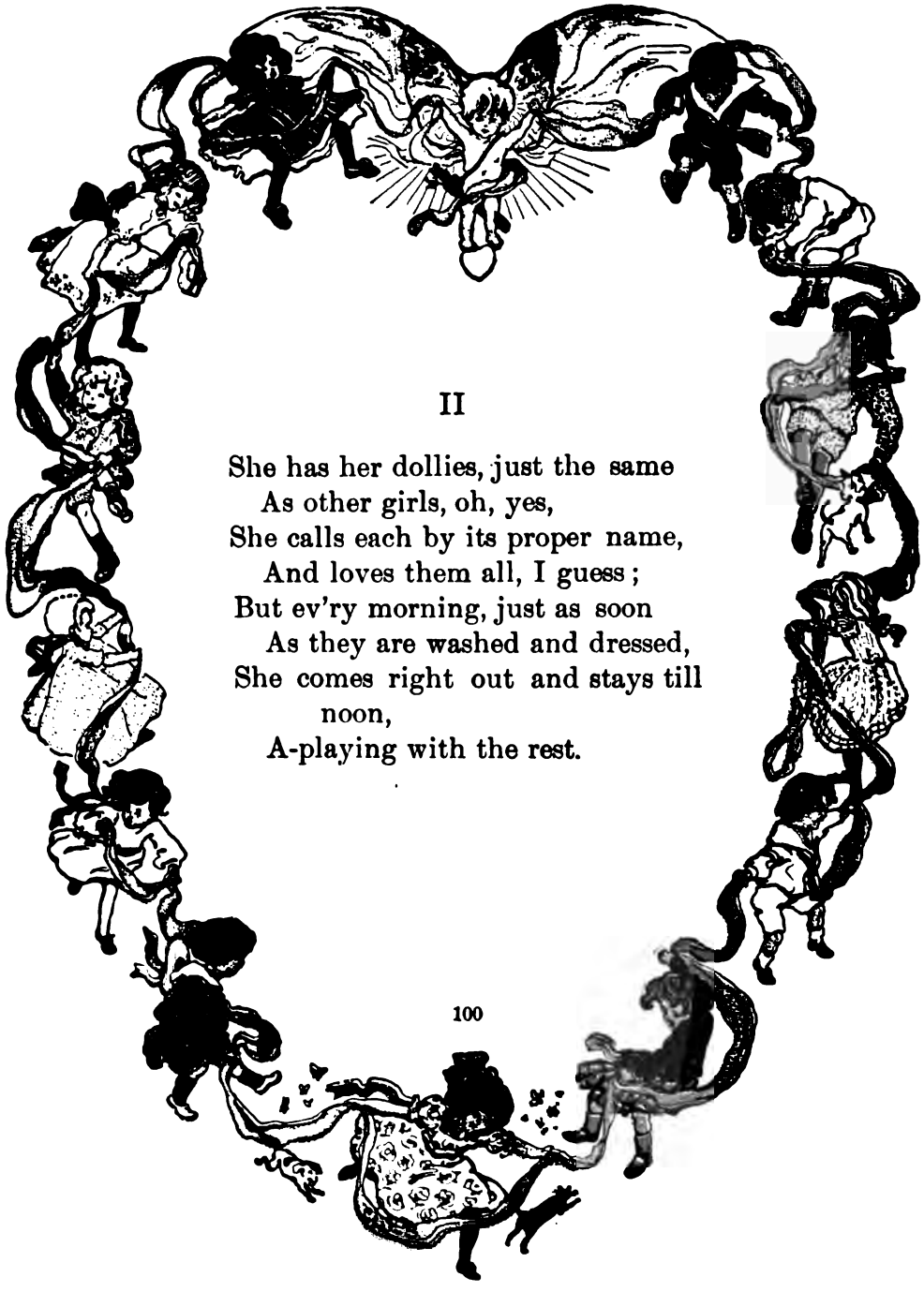




Sister Sara Jane

Most always, when one girl's around
  And all the rest are boys,
Why, she won't even stand a sound,
  Much less a bang-up noise ;
But sister Sara Jane, you see,
  Is dif'rent from the rest,
For oftentimes she's whispered me
  That she likes boys the best.

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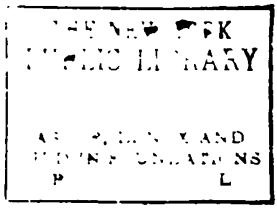


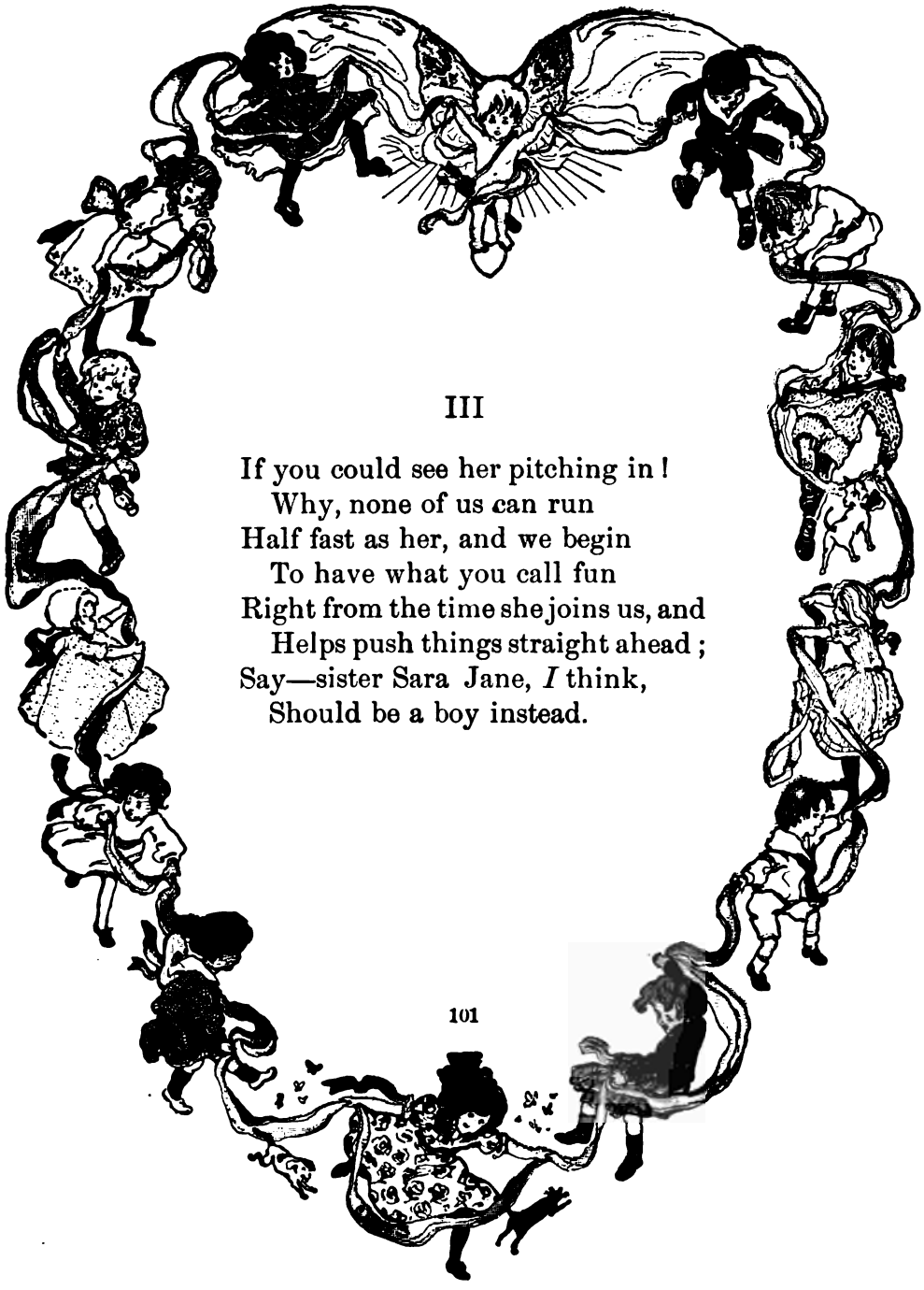
II

She has her dollies, just the same
As other girls, oh, yes,
She calls each by its proper name,
And loves them all, I guess;
But ev'ry morning, just as soon
As they are washed and dressed,
She comes right out and stays till noon,
A-playing with the rest.



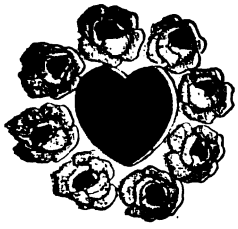
SHE COMES RIGHT OUT AND STAYS TILL NOON.


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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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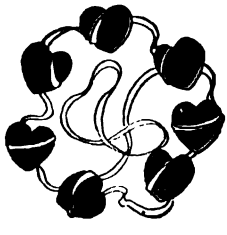


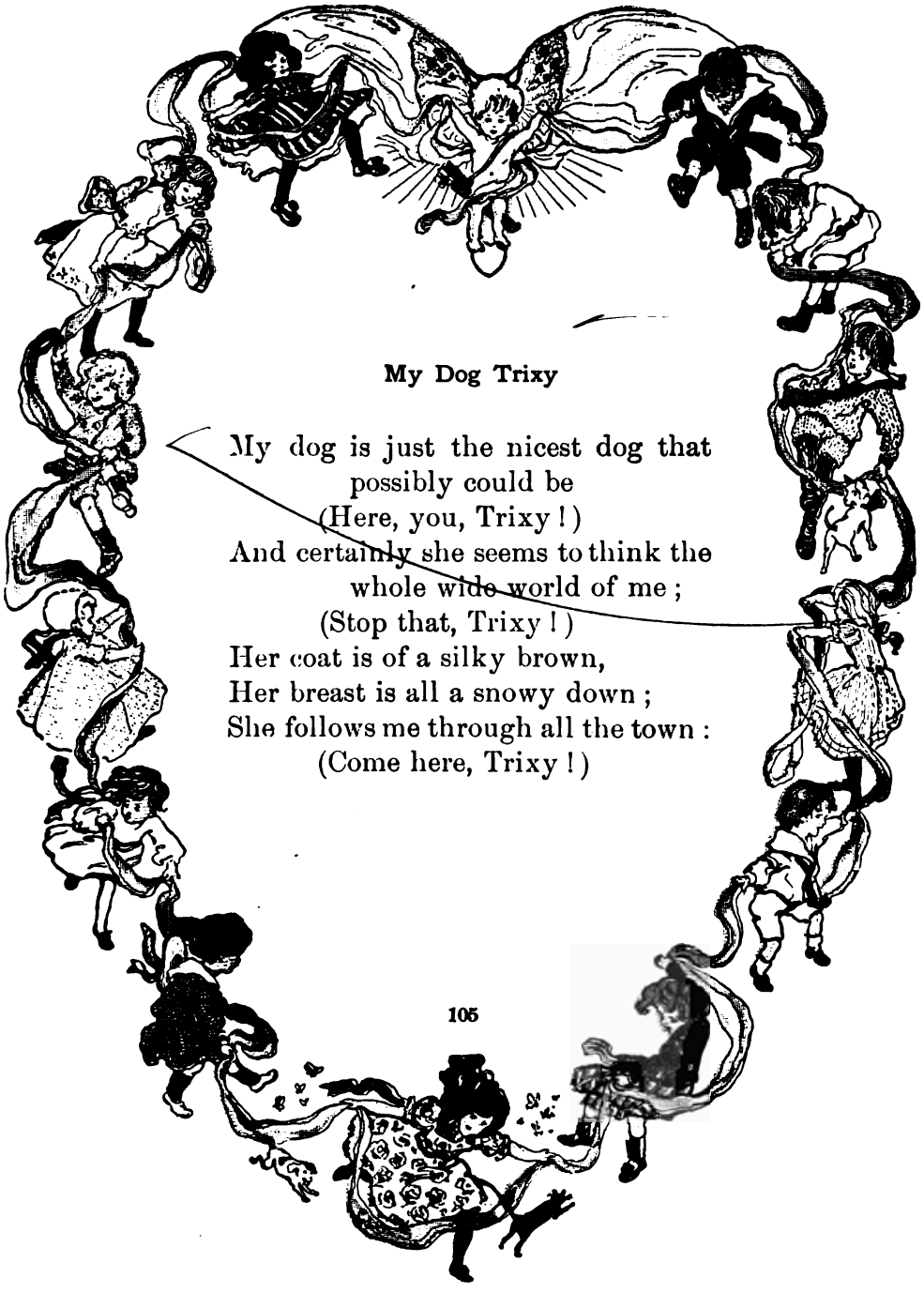
III

If you could see her pitching in!
  Why, none of us can run
Half fast as her, and we begin
  To have what you call fun
Right from the time she joins us, and
  Helps push things straight ahead;
Say—sister Sara Jane, *I* think,
  Should be a boy instead.



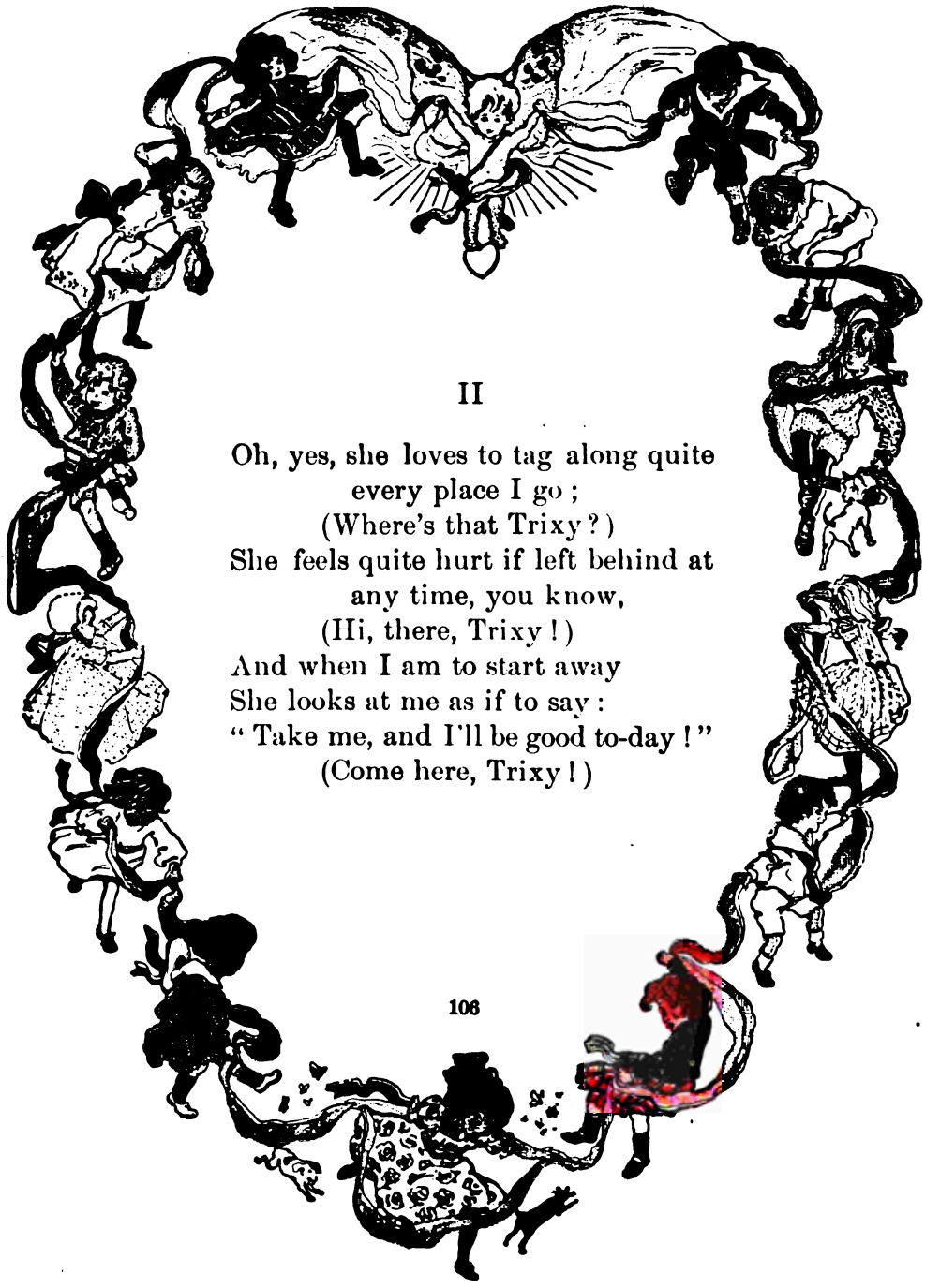
My Dog Trixy





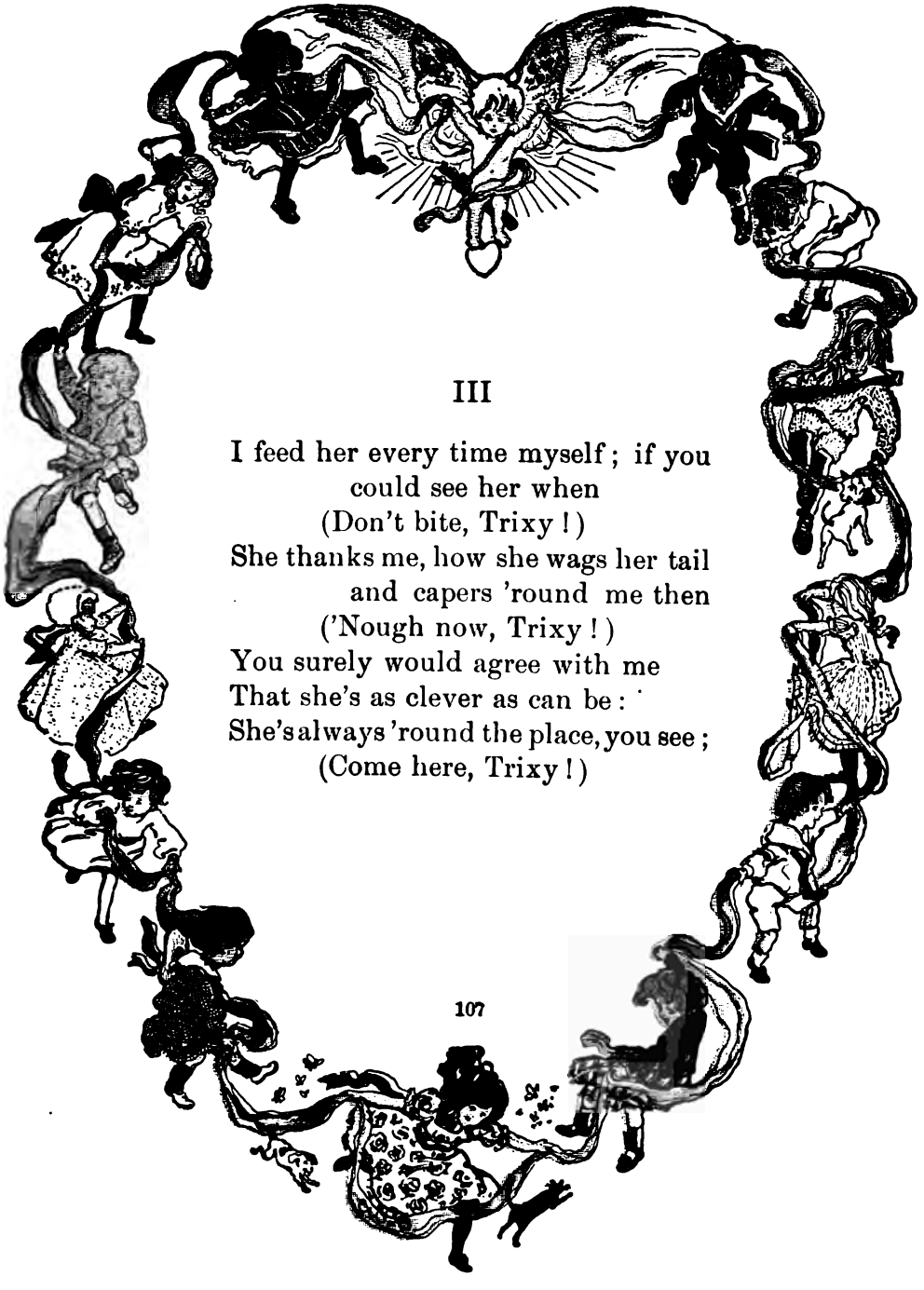
My Dog Trixy

My dog is just the nicest dog that
possibly could be
(Here, you, Trixy!)
And certainly she seems to think the
whole wide world of me;
(Stop that, Trixy!)
Her coat is of a silky brown,
Her breast is all a snowy down;
She follows me through all the town:
(Come here, Trixy!)



II

Oh, yes, she loves to tag along quite
every place I go ;
(Where's that Trixy ?)
She feels quite hurt if left behind at
any time, you know,
(Hi, there, Trixy !)
And when I am to start away
She looks at me as if to say :
" Take me, and I'll be good to-day ! "
(Come here, Trixy !)



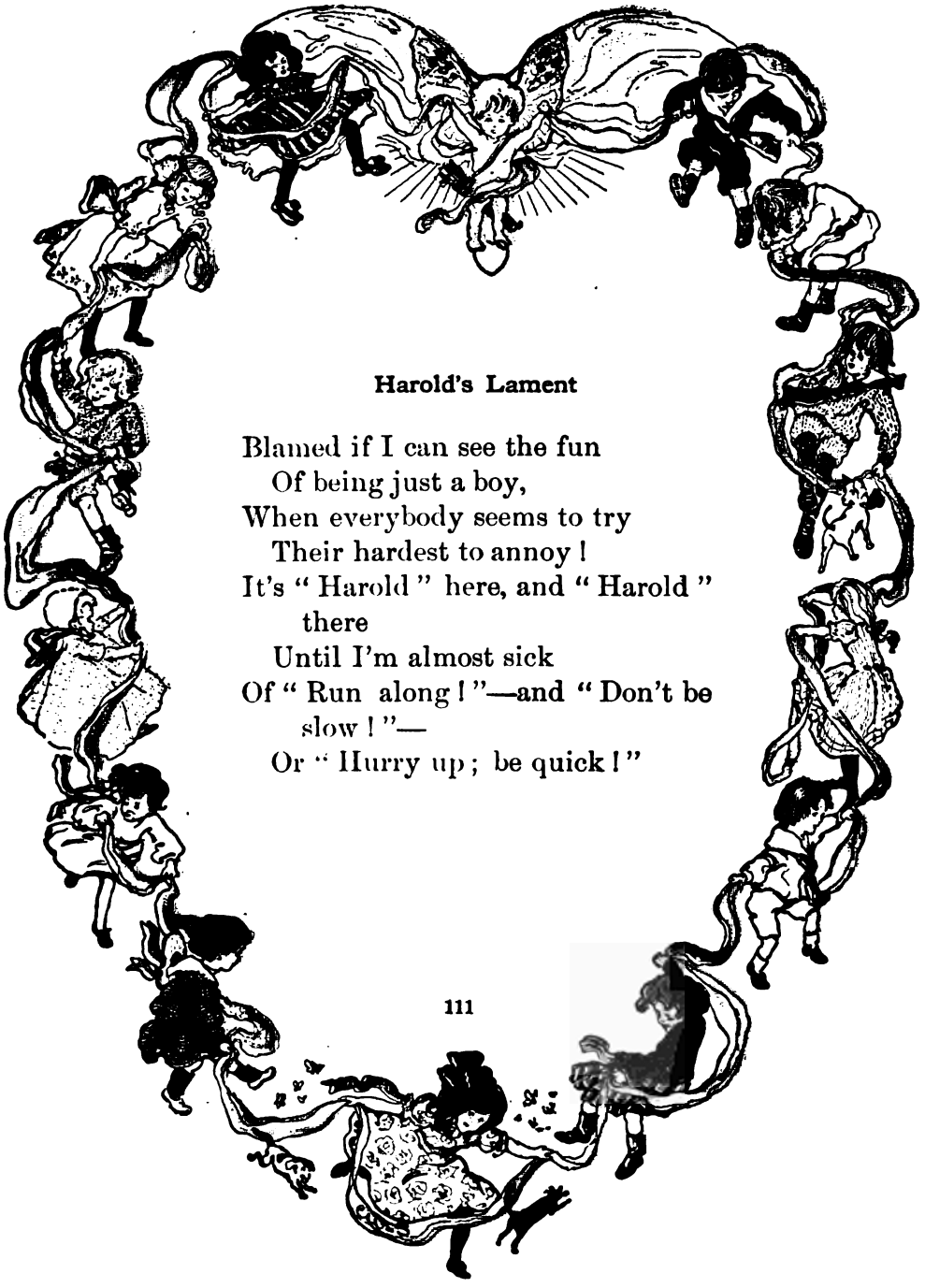
III

I feed her every time myself; if you
could see her when
(Don't bite, Trixy!)
She thanks me, how she wags her tail
and capers 'round me then
('Nough now, Trixy!)
You surely would agree with me
That she's as clever as can be:
She's always 'round the place, you see;
(Come here, Trixy!)



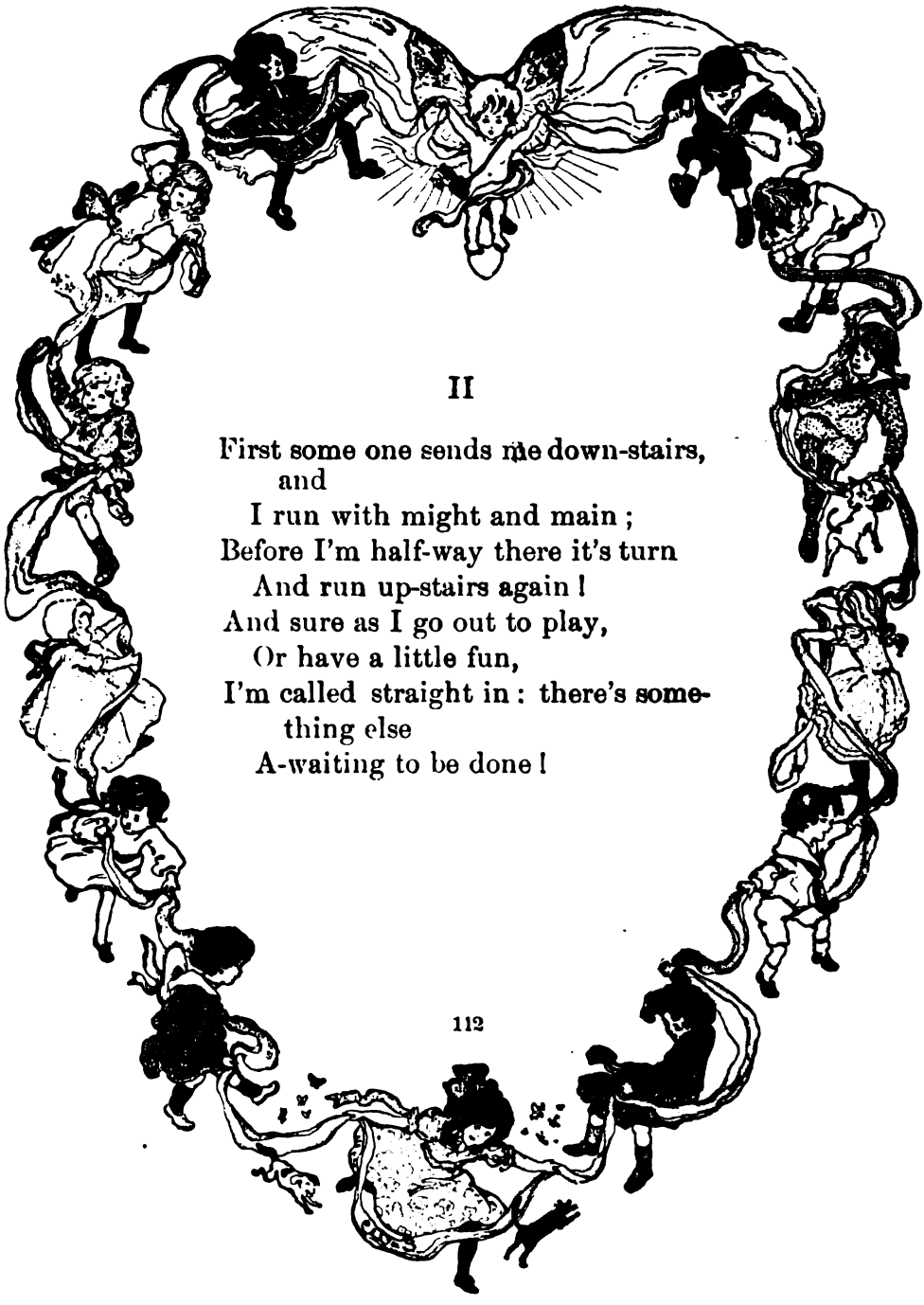
Harold's Lament





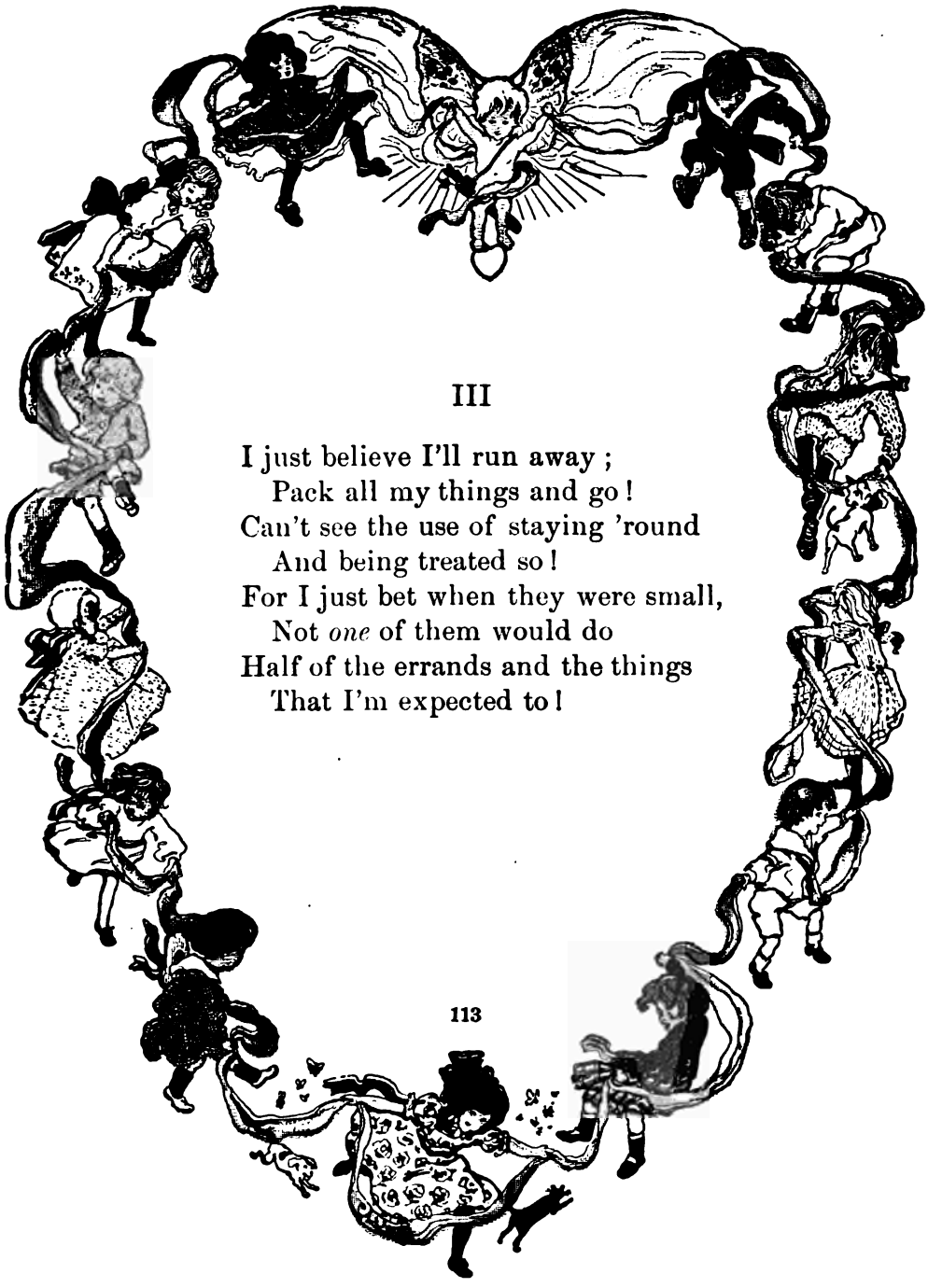
Harold's Lament

Blamed if I can see the fun
  Of being just a boy,
When everybody seems to try
  Their hardest to annoy!
It's "Harold" here, and "Harold" there
  Until I'm almost sick
Of "Run along!"—and "Don't be slow!"—
  Or "Hurry up; be quick!"



II

First some one sends me down-stairs,
and
I run with might and main;
Before I'm half-way there it's turn
And run up-stairs again!
And sure as I go out to play,
Or have a little fun,
I'm called straight in: there's some-
thing else
A-waiting to be done!



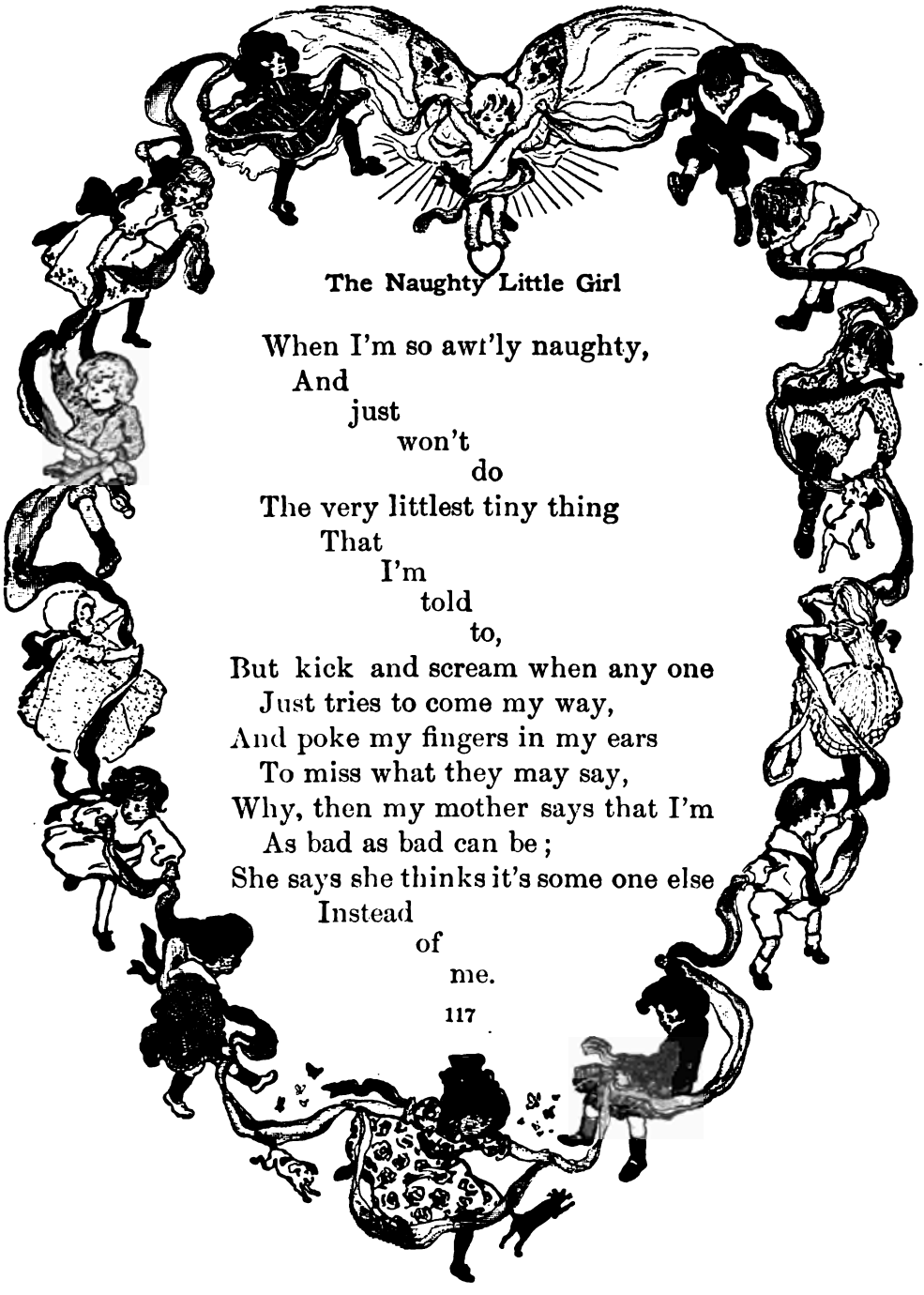
III

I just believe I'll run away ;
  Pack all my things and go !
Can't see the use of staying 'round
  And being treated so !
For I just bet when they were small,
  Not *one* of them would do
Half of the errands and the things
  That I'm expected to !



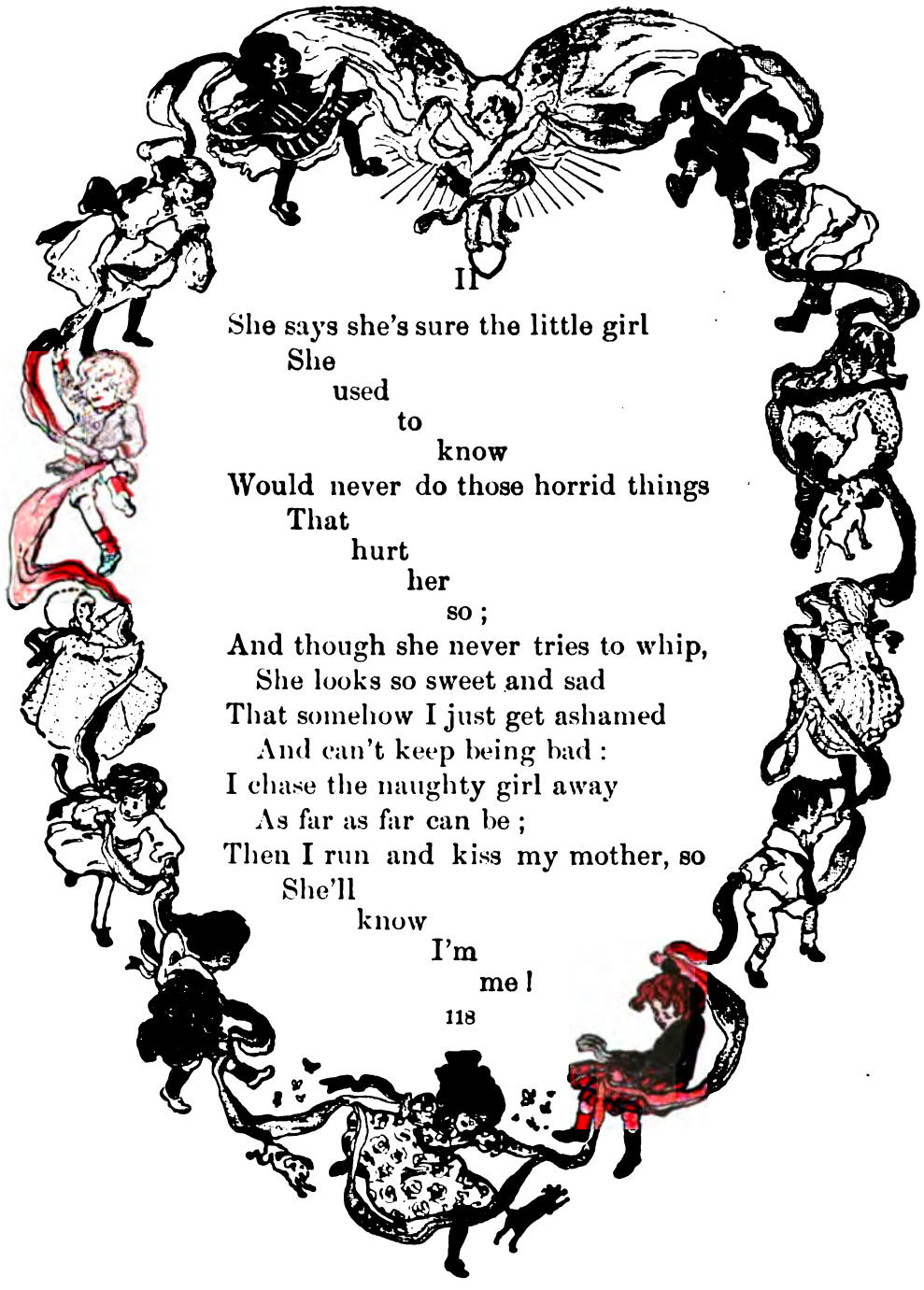
The Naughty Little Girl





The Naughty Little Girl

When I'm so awf'ly naughty,
And
just
won't
do
The very littlest tiny thing
That
I'm
told
to,
But kick and scream when any one
Just tries to come my way,
And poke my fingers in my ears
To miss what they may say,
Why, then my mother says that I'm
As bad as bad can be;
She says she thinks it's some one else
Instead
of
me.



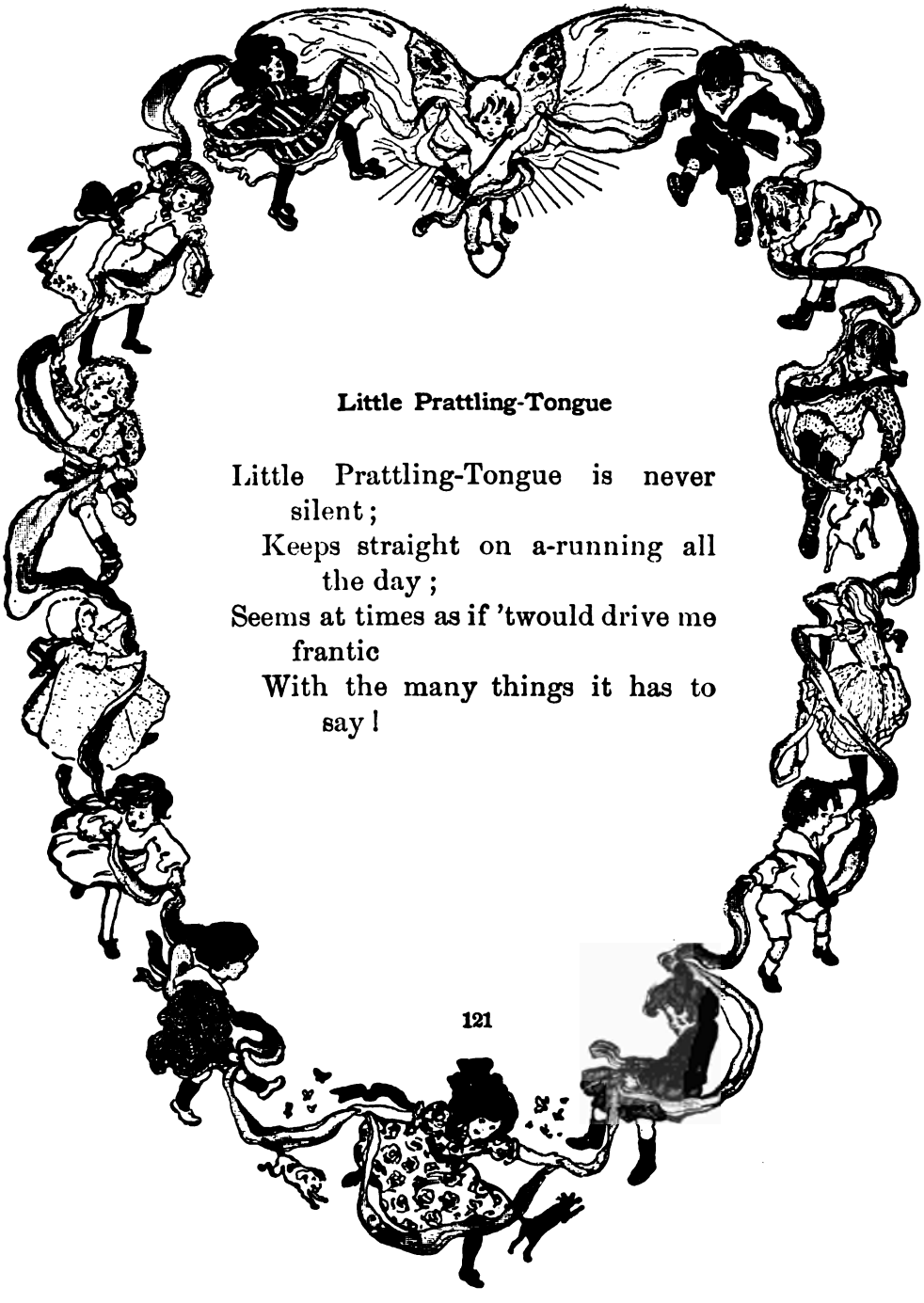
II

She says she's sure the little girl
She
used
to
know
Would never do those horrid things
That
hurt
her
so ;
And though she never tries to whip,
She looks so sweet and sad
That somehow I just get ashamed
And can't keep being bad :
I chase the naughty girl away
As far as far can be ;
Then I run and kiss my mother, so
She'll
know
I'm
me !



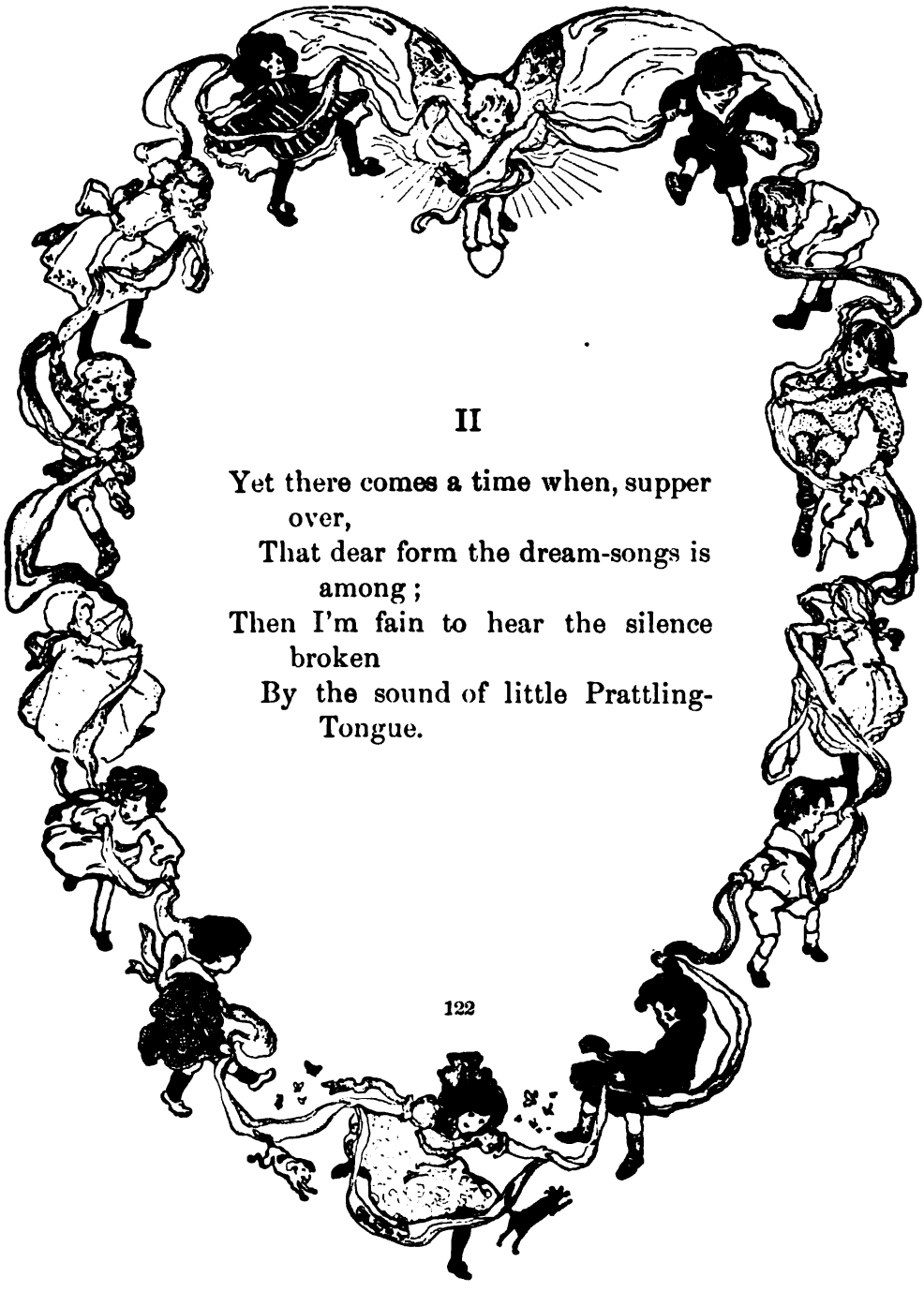
Little Prattling-Tongue





Little Prattling-Tongue

Little Prattling-Tongue is never silent;
Keeps straight on a-running all the day;
Seems at times as if 'twould drive me frantic
With the many things it has to say!



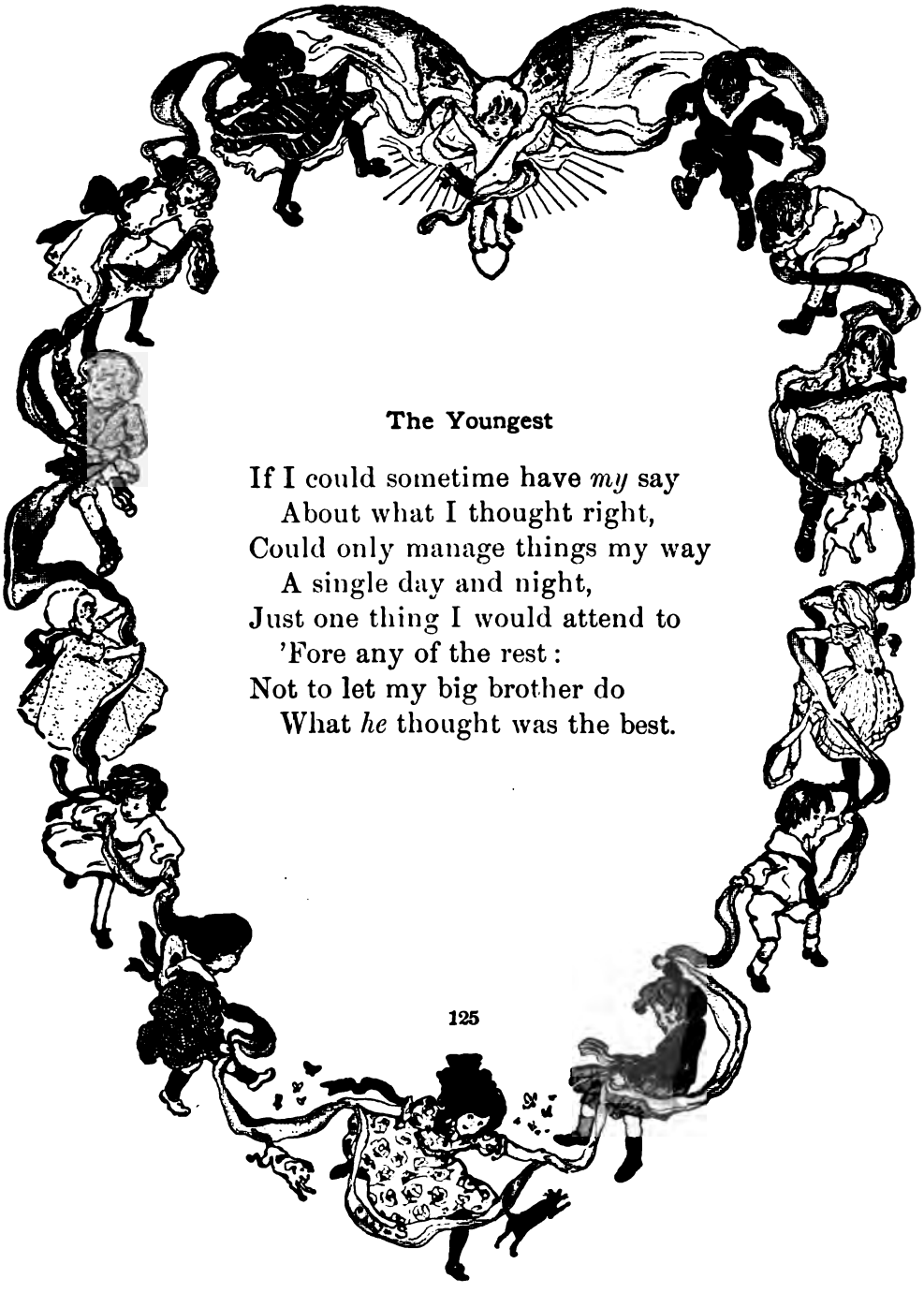
II

Yet there comes a time when, supper over,
That dear form the dream-songs is among;
Then I'm fain to hear the silence broken
By the sound of little Prattling-Tongue.



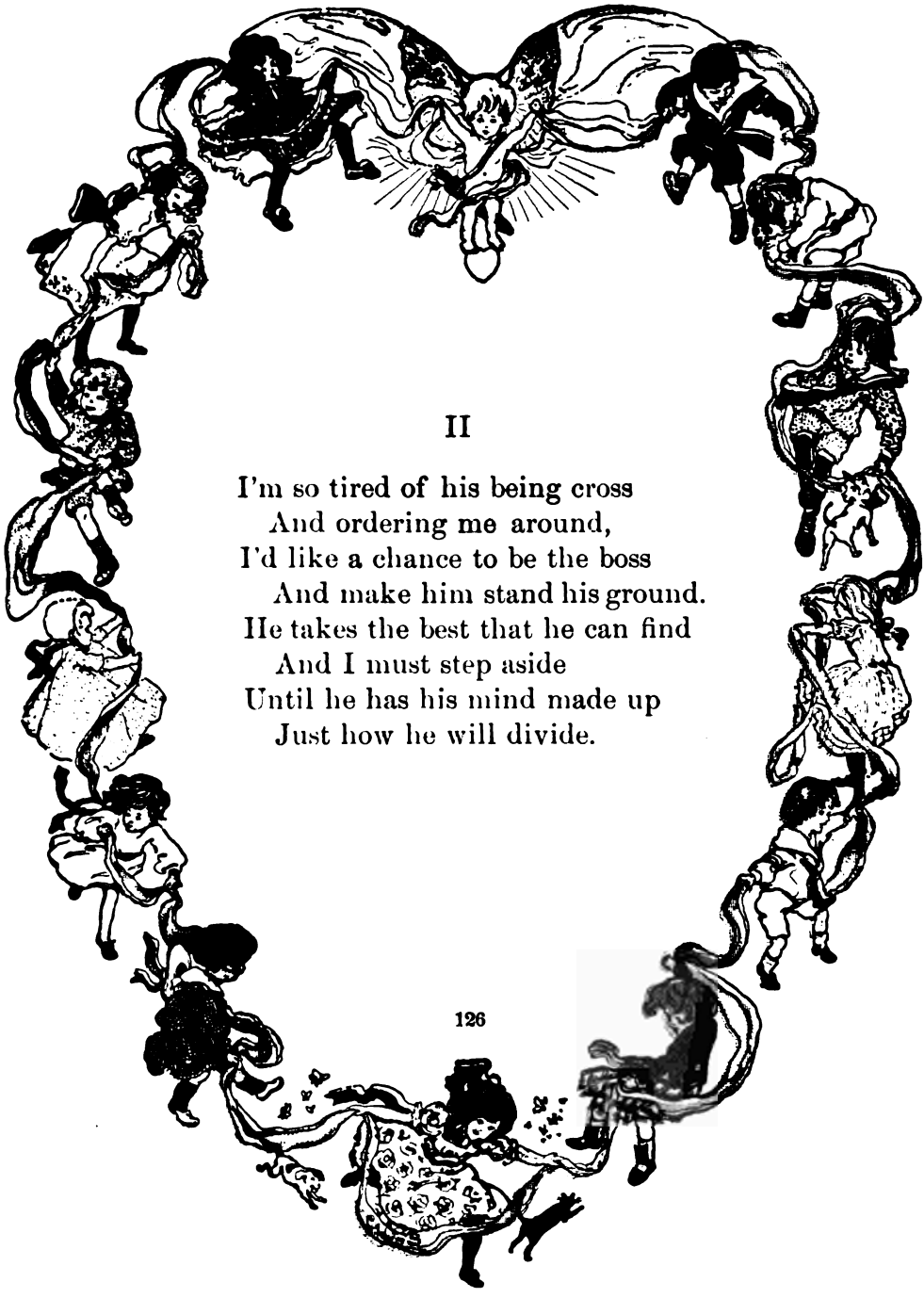
The Youngest





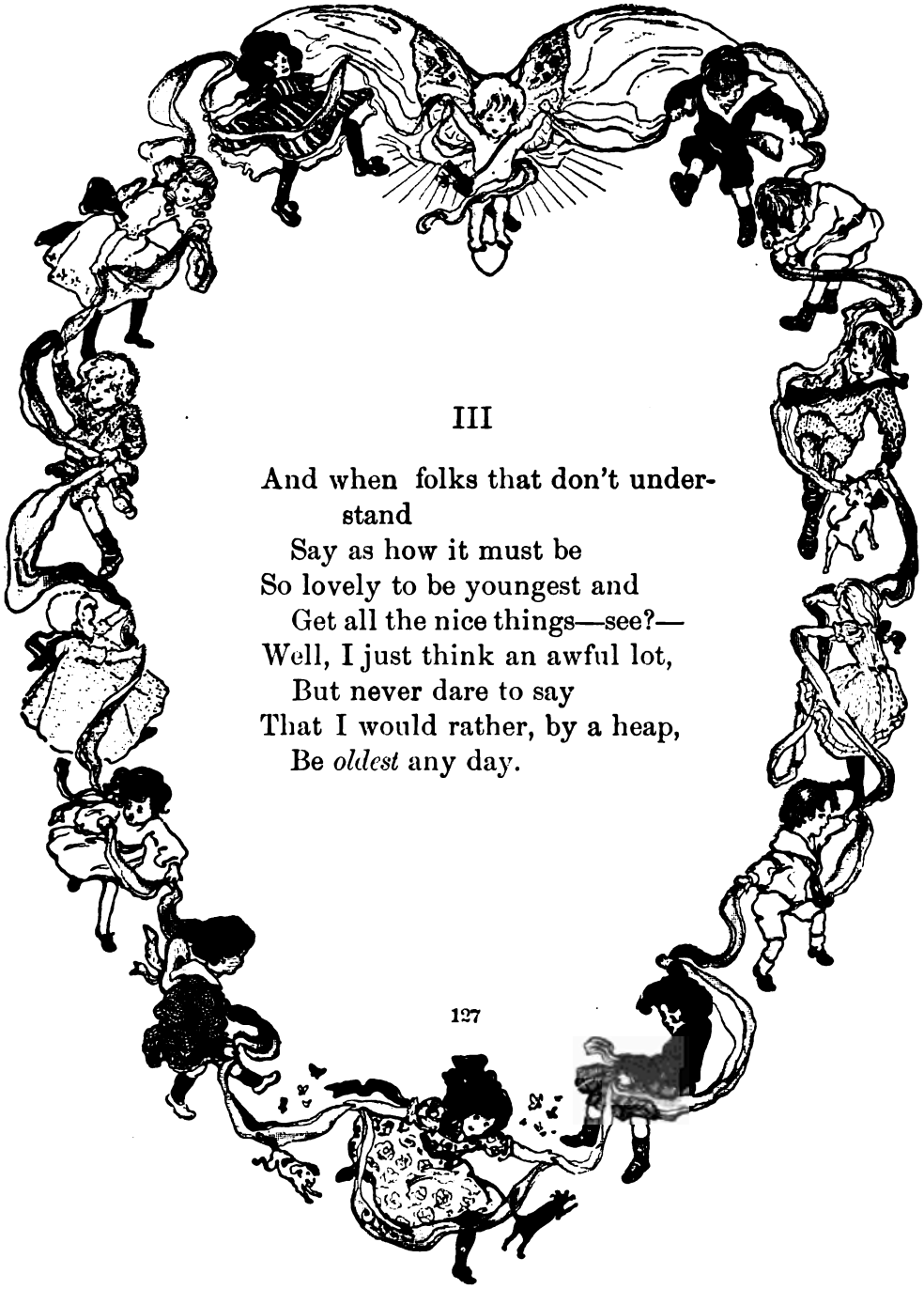
The Youngest

If I could sometime have *my* say
About what I thought right,
Could only manage things my way
A single day and night,
Just one thing I would attend to
'Fore any of the rest:
Not to let my big brother do
What *he* thought was the best.



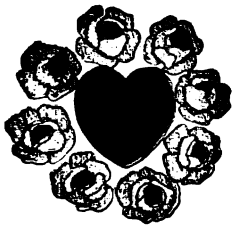
II

I'm so tired of his being cross
And ordering me around,
I'd like a chance to be the boss
And make him stand his ground.
He takes the best that he can find
And I must step aside
Until he has his mind made up
Just how he will divide.

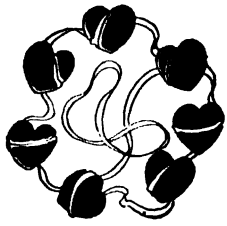


III

And when folks that don't under-
stand
Say as how it must be
So lovely to be youngest and
Get all the nice things—see?—
Well, I just think an awful lot,
But never dare to say
That I would rather, by a heap,
Be *oldest* any day.

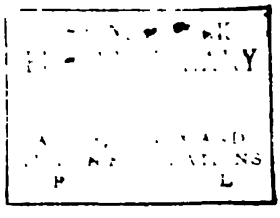


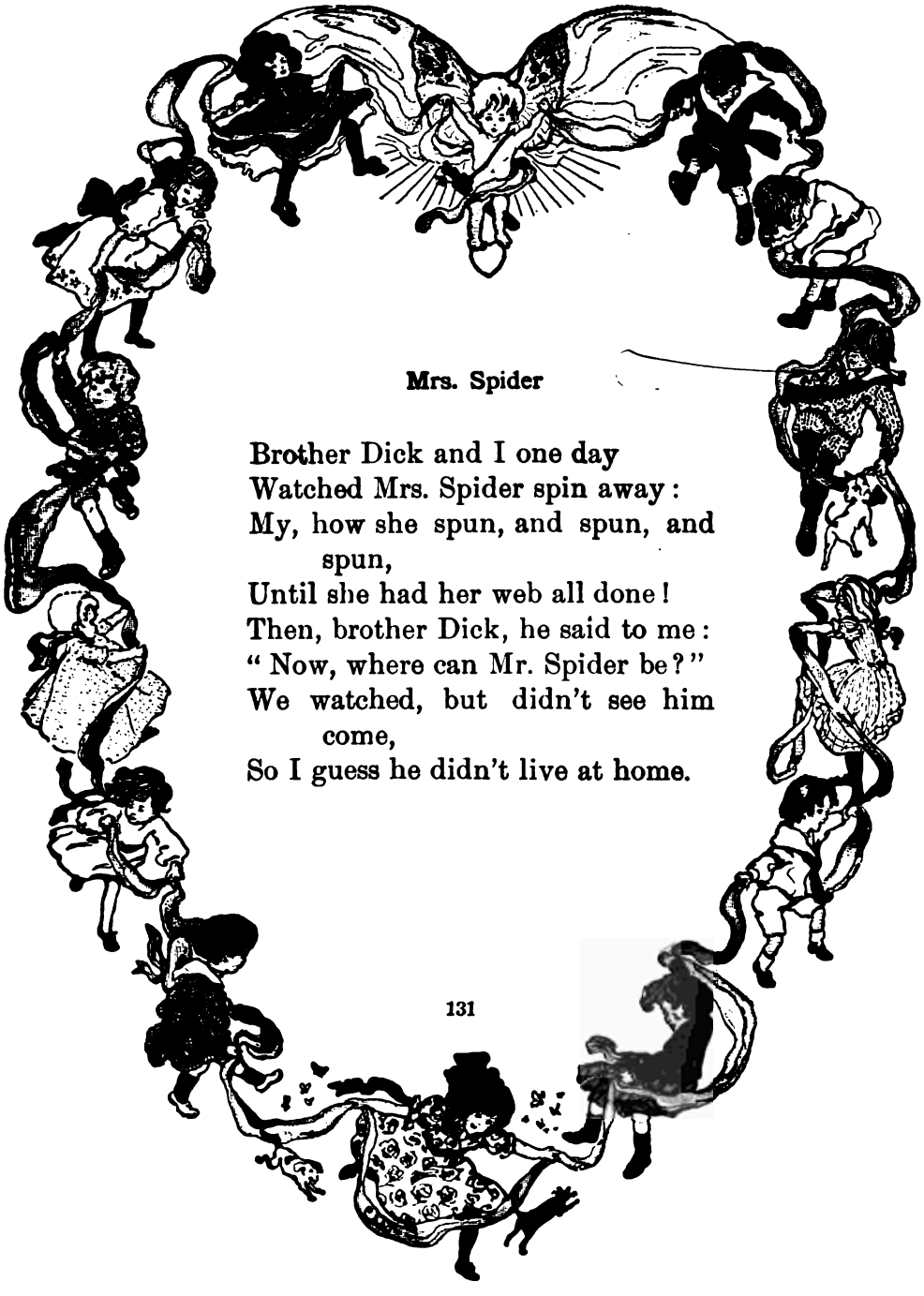
Mrs. Spider





WE WATCHED BUT DIDN'T SEE HIM COME.





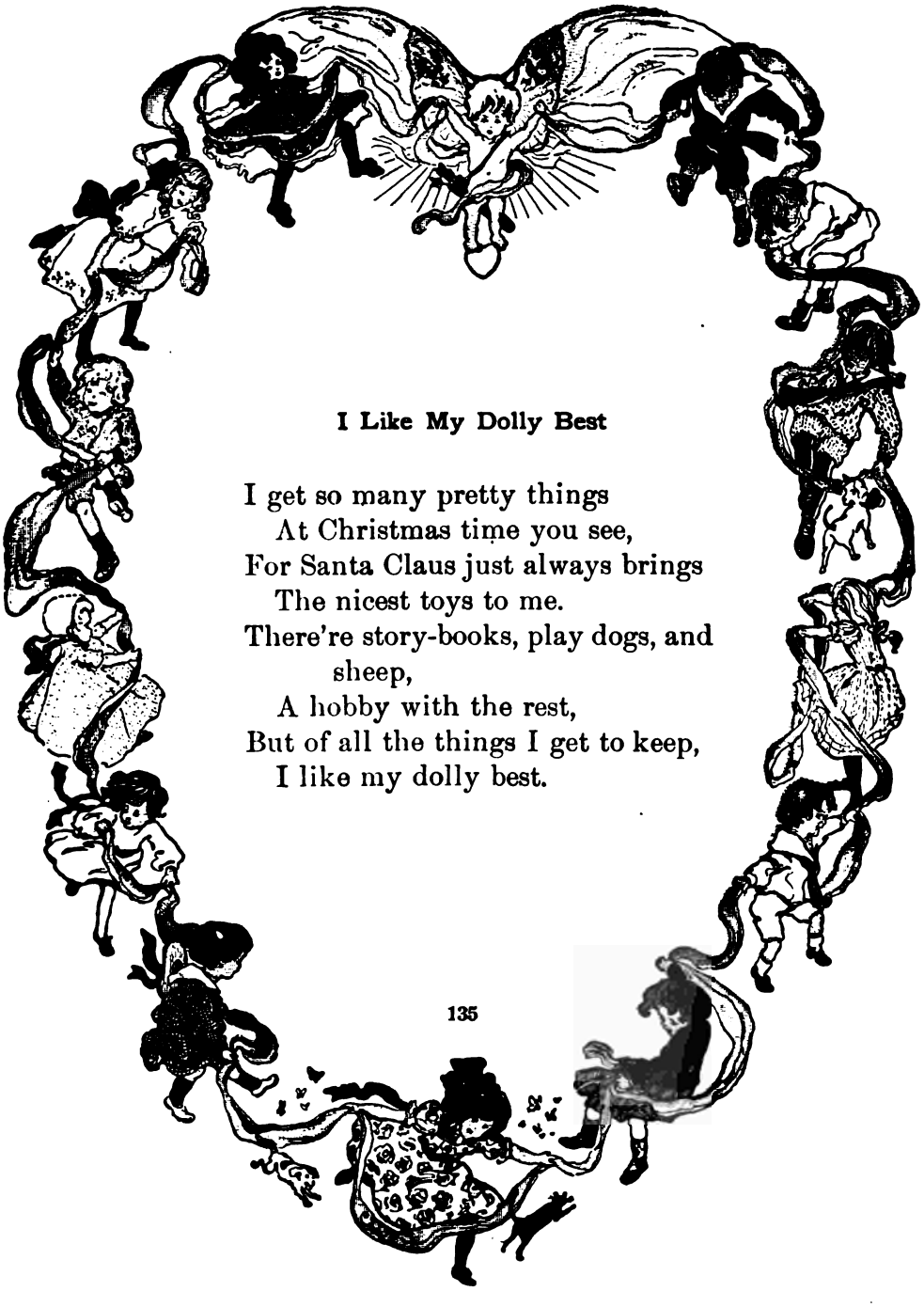
Mrs. Spider

Brother Dick and I one day
Watched Mrs. Spider spin away:
My, how she spun, and spun, and spun,
Until she had her web all done!
Then, brother Dick, he said to me:
"Now, where can Mr. Spider be?"
We watched, but didn't see him come,
So I guess he didn't live at home.



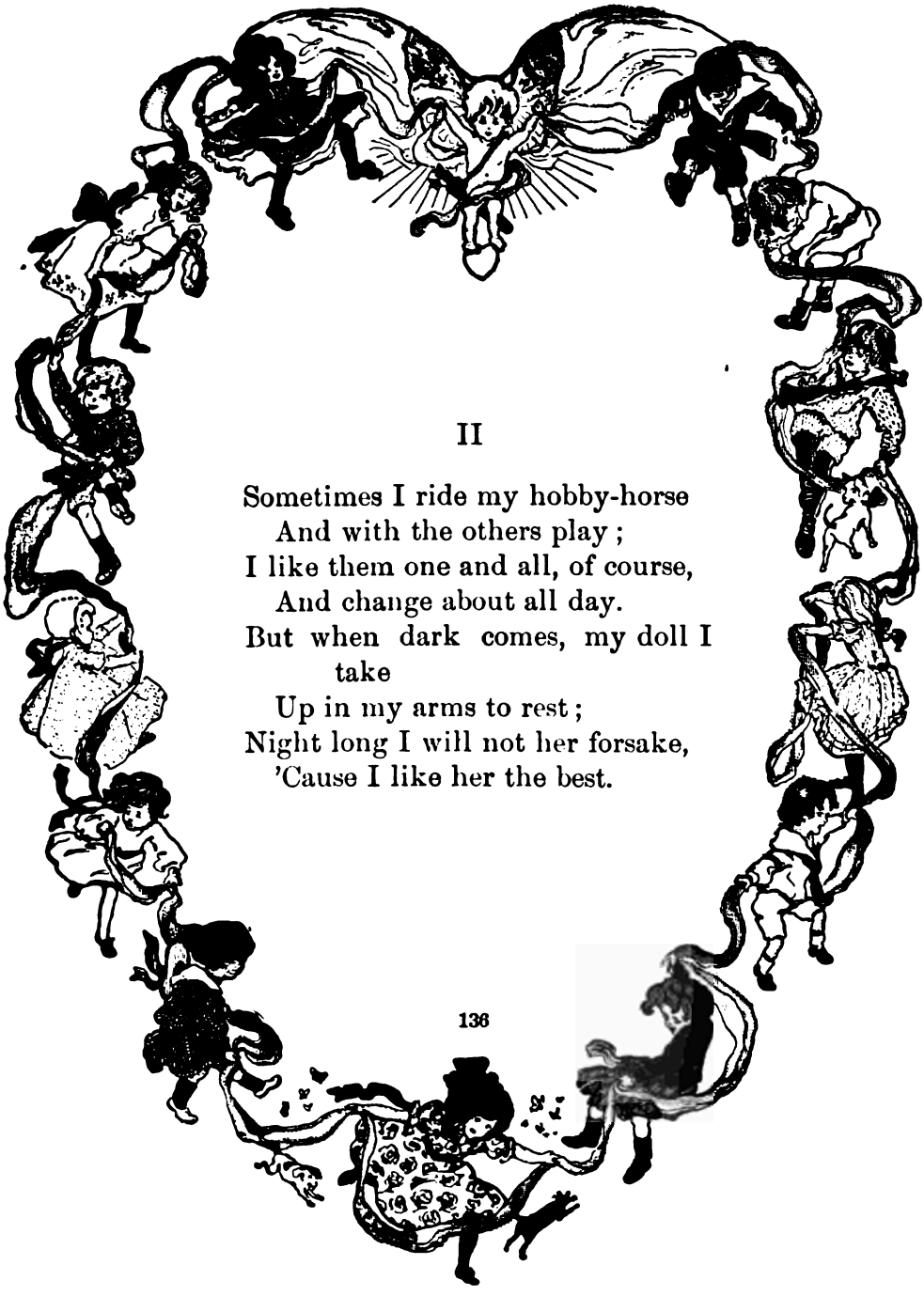
I Like My Dolly Best





I Like My Dolly Best

I get so many pretty things
  At Christmas time you see,
For Santa Claus just always brings
  The nicest toys to me.
There're story-books, play dogs, and
    sheep,
  A hobby with the rest,
But of all the things I get to keep,
  I like my dolly best.



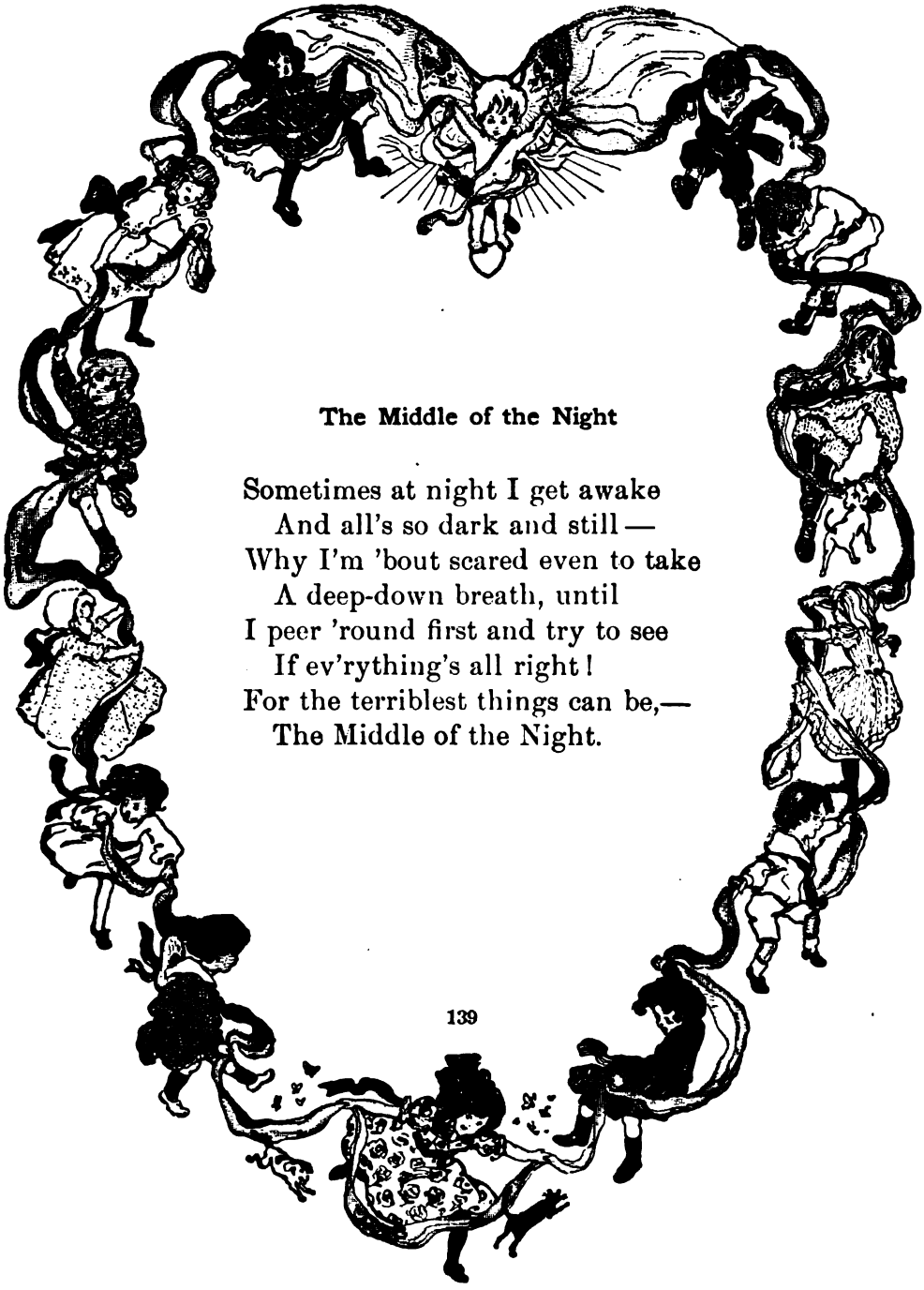
II

Sometimes I ride my hobby-horse
And with the others play;
I like them one and all, of course,
And change about all day.
But when dark comes, my doll I take
Up in my arms to rest;
Night long I will not her forsake,
'Cause I like her the best.



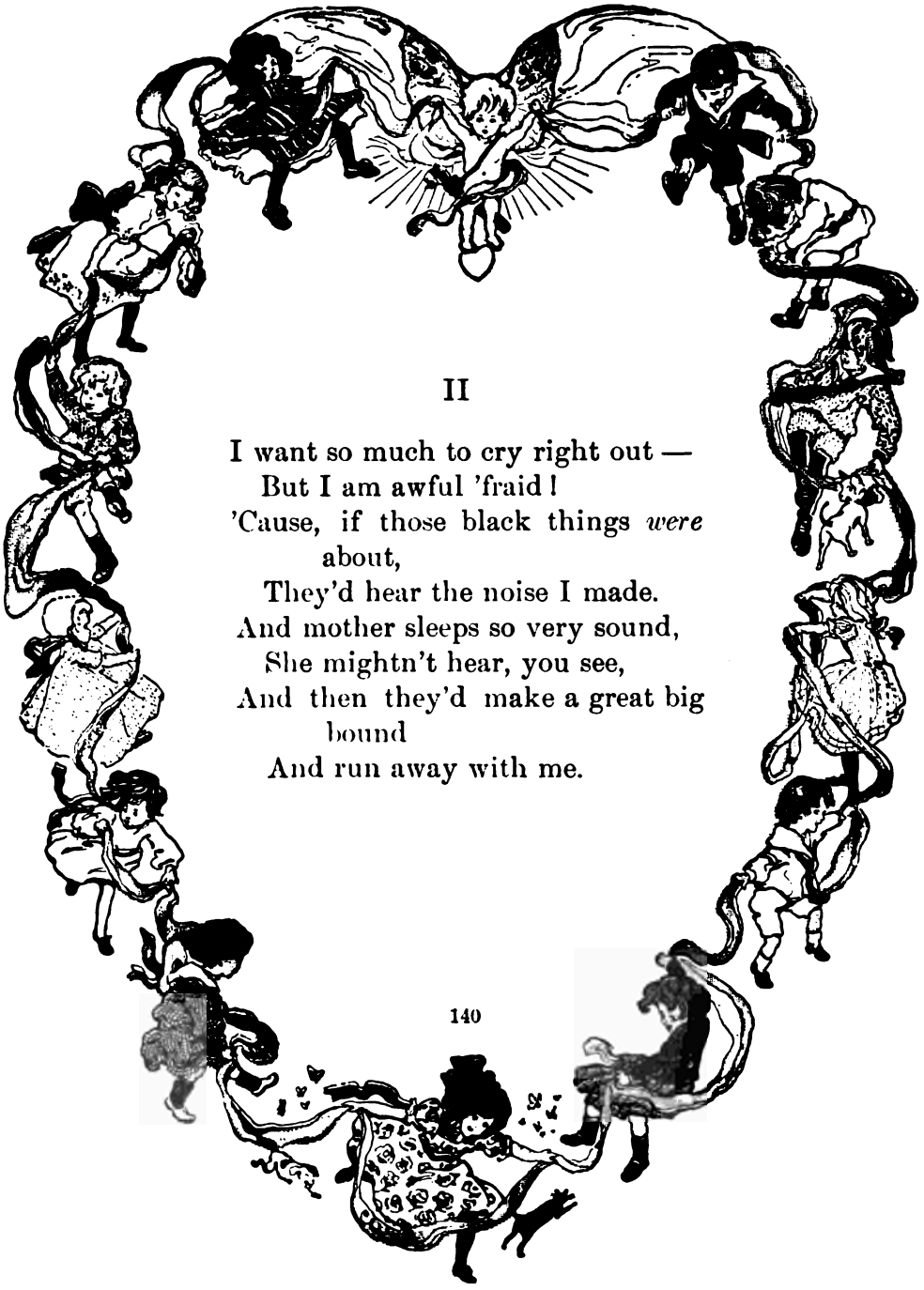
The Middle of the Night





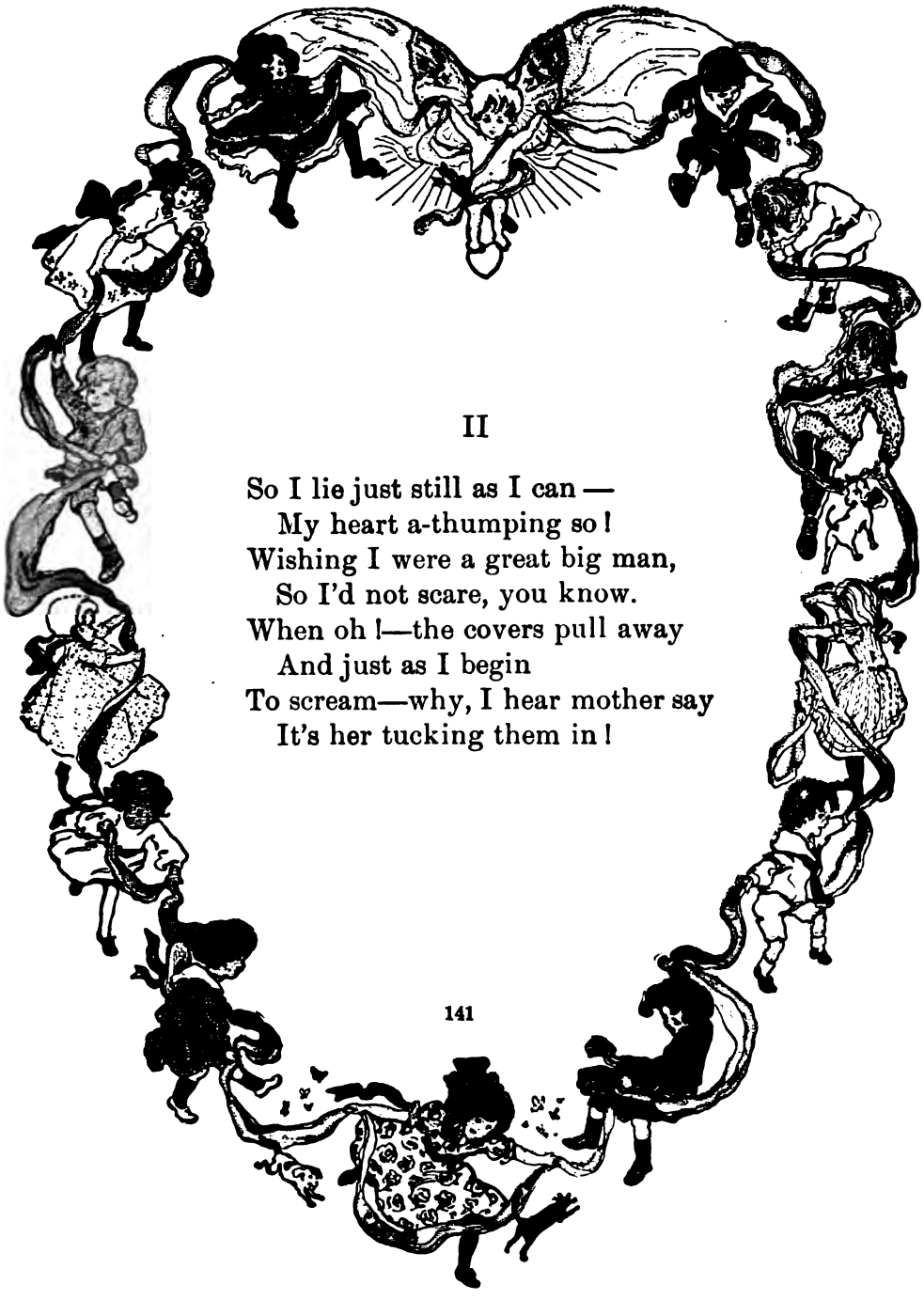
The Middle of the Night

Sometimes at night I get awake
  And all's so dark and still —
Why I'm 'bout scared even to take
  A deep-down breath, until
I peer 'round first and try to see
  If ev'rything's all right!
For the terriblest things can be,—
  The Middle of the Night.



II

I want so much to cry right out —
But I am awful 'fraid!
'Cause, if those black things *were* about,
They'd hear the noise I made.
And mother sleeps so very sound,
She mightn't hear, you see,
And then they'd make a great big bound
And run away with me.



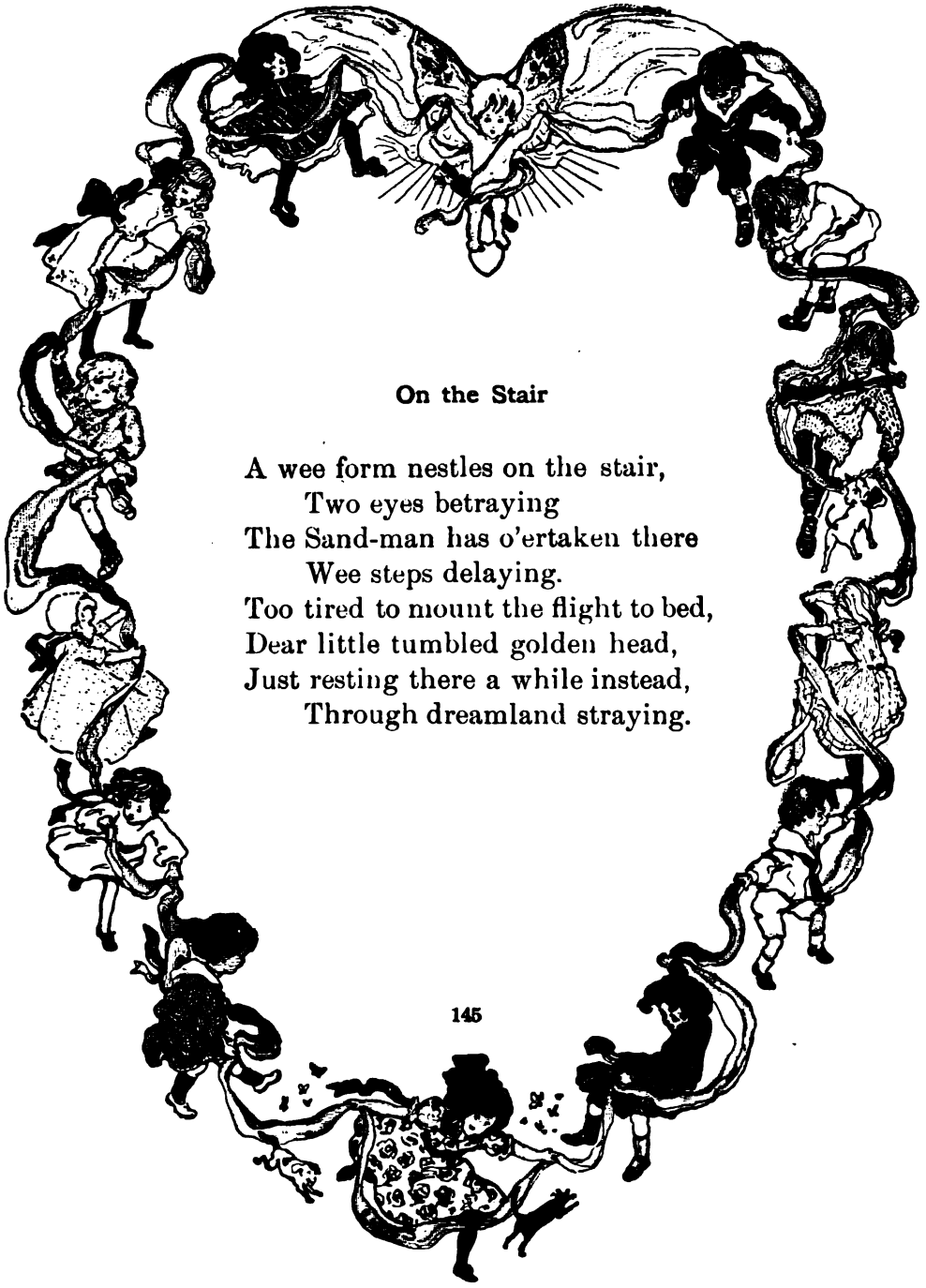
II

So I lie just still as I can —
  My heart a-thumping so!
Wishing I were a great big man,
  So I'd not scare, you know.
When oh!—the covers pull away
  And just as I begin
To scream—why, I hear mother say
  It's her tucking them in!



On the Stair





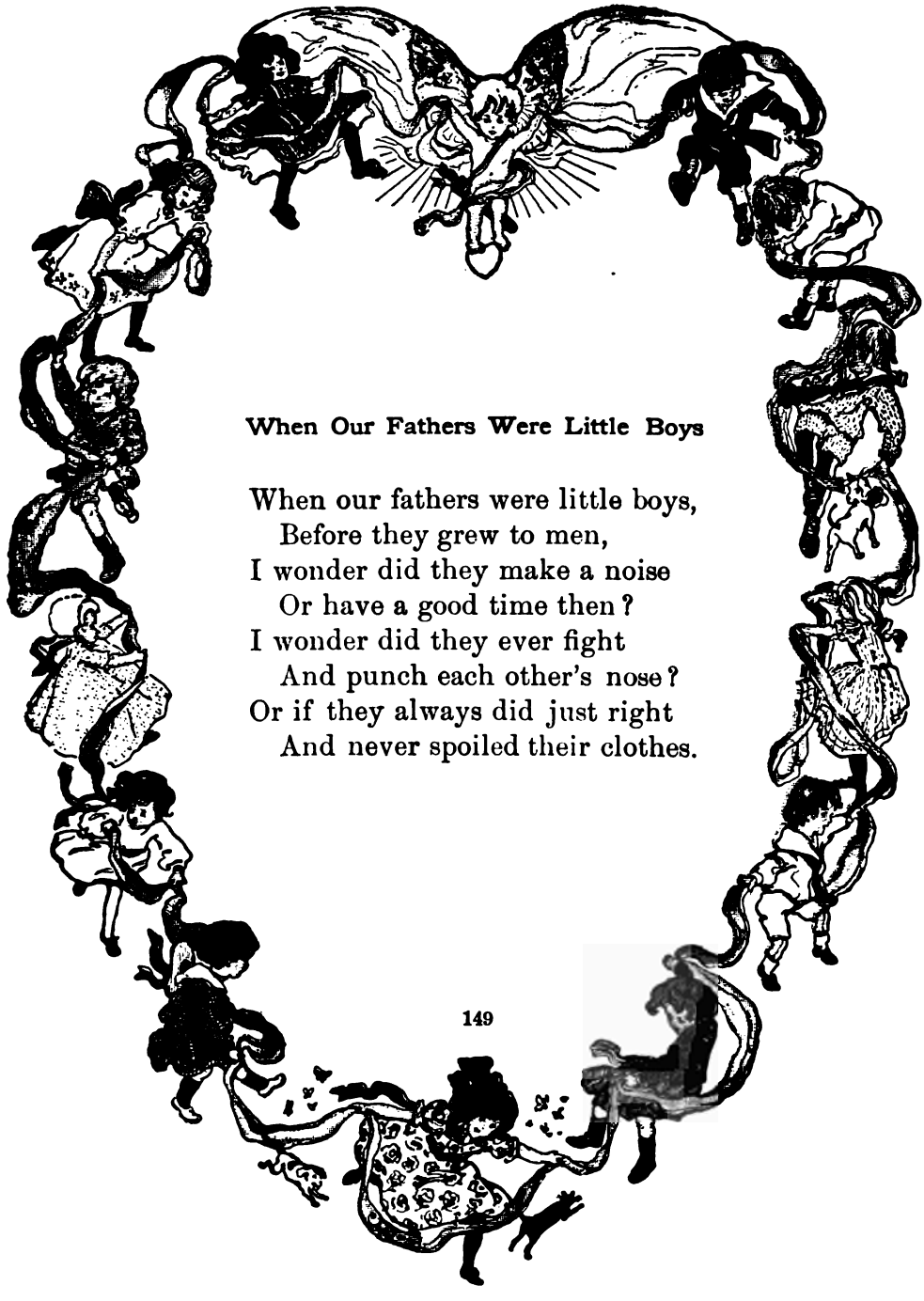
On the Stair

A wee form nestles on the stair,
Two eyes betraying
The Sand-man has o'ertaken there
Wee steps delaying.
Too tired to mount the flight to bed,
Dear little tumbled golden head,
Just resting there a while instead,
Through dreamland straying.



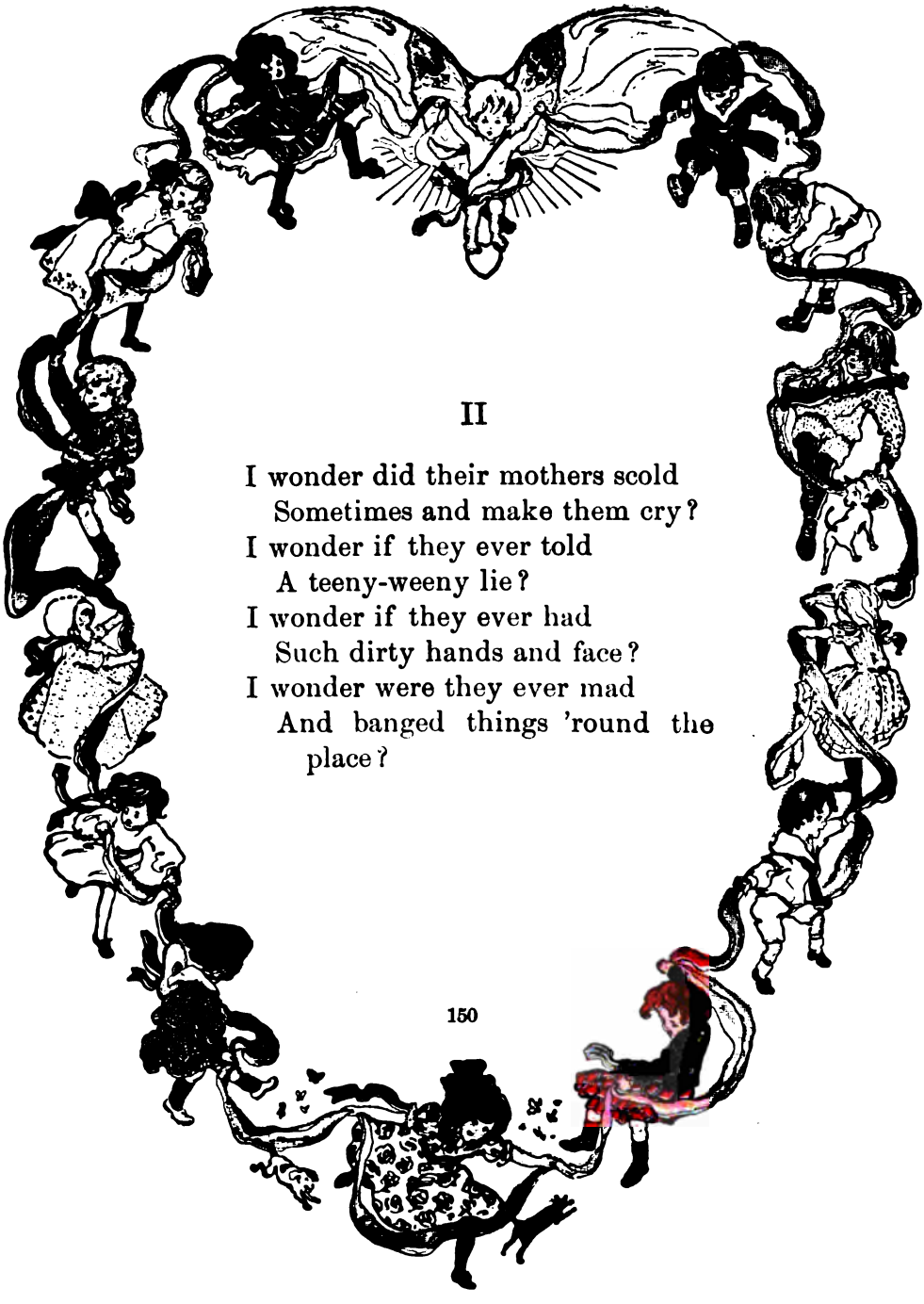
When Our Fathers Were Little Boys





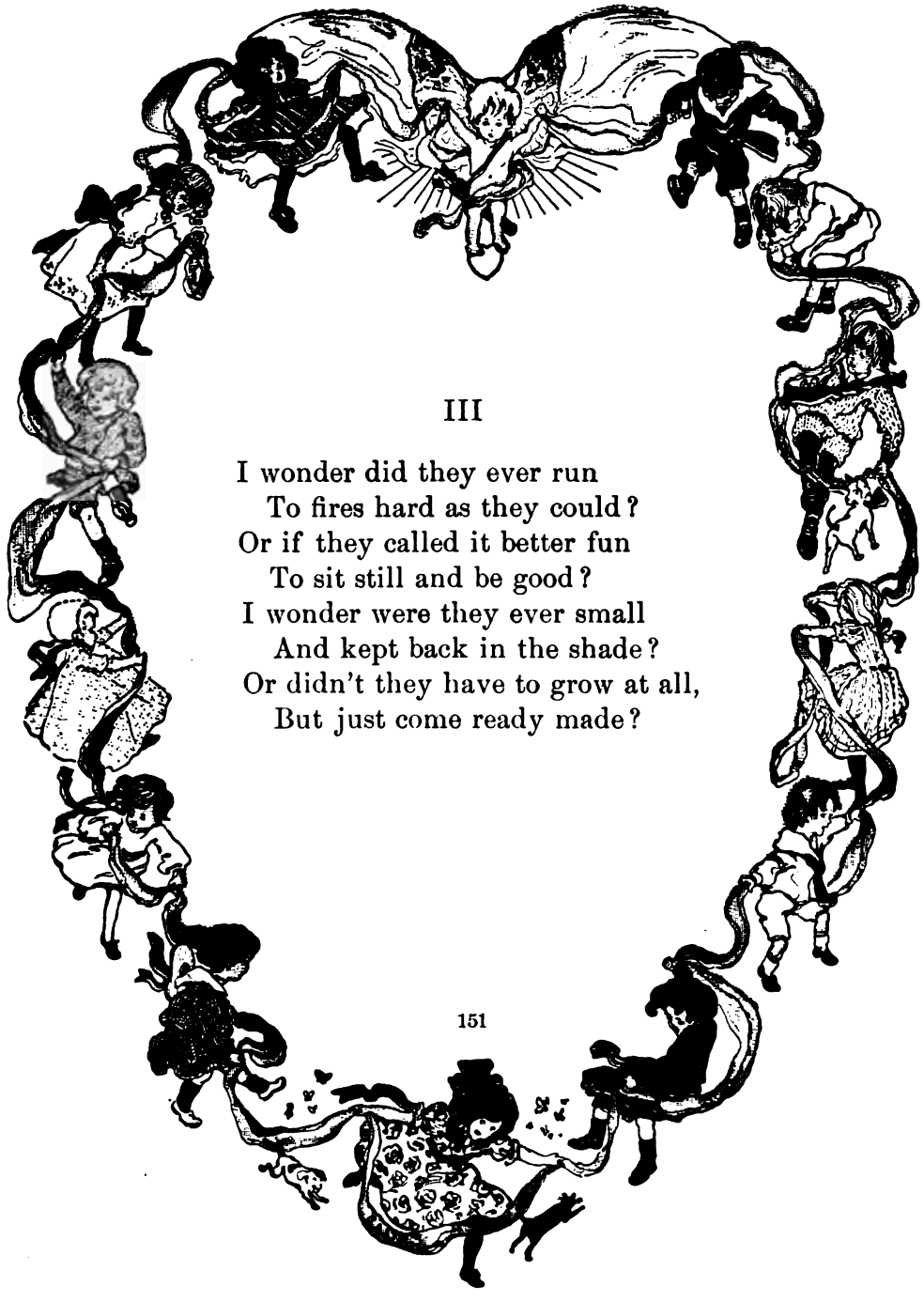
When Our Fathers Were Little Boys

When our fathers were little boys,
  Before they grew to men,
I wonder did they make a noise
  Or have a good time then?
I wonder did they ever fight
  And punch each other's nose?
Or if they always did just right
  And never spoiled their clothes.



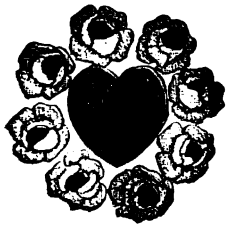
II

I wonder did their mothers scold
Sometimes and make them cry?
I wonder if they ever told
A teeny-weeny lie?
I wonder if they ever had
Such dirty hands and face?
I wonder were they ever mad
And banged things 'round the place?

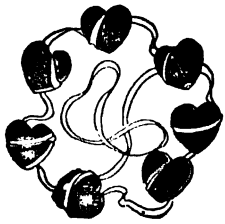


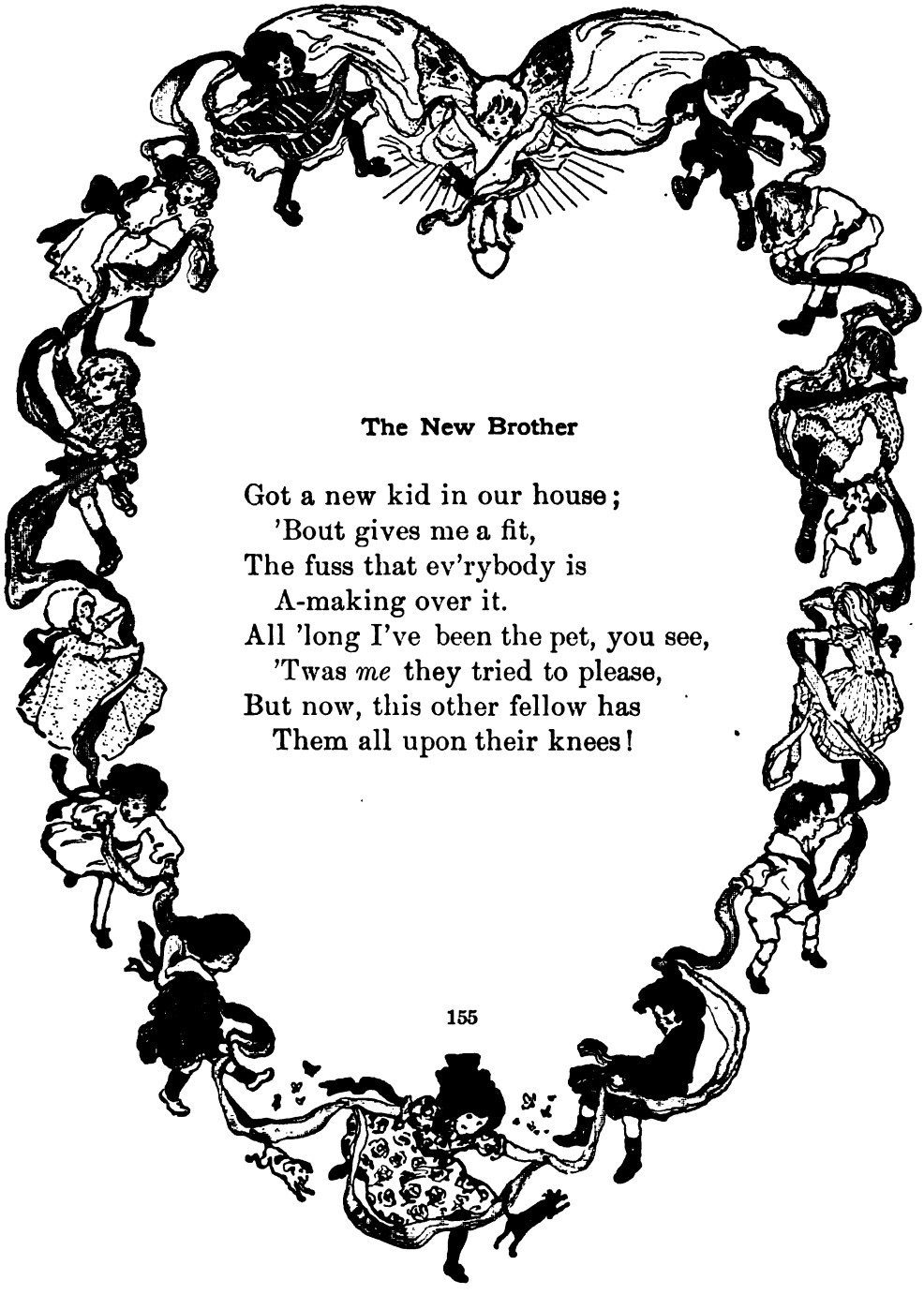
III

I wonder did they ever run
To fires hard as they could?
Or if they called it better fun
To sit still and be good?
I wonder were they ever small
And kept back in the shade?
Or didn't they have to grow at all,
But just come ready made?



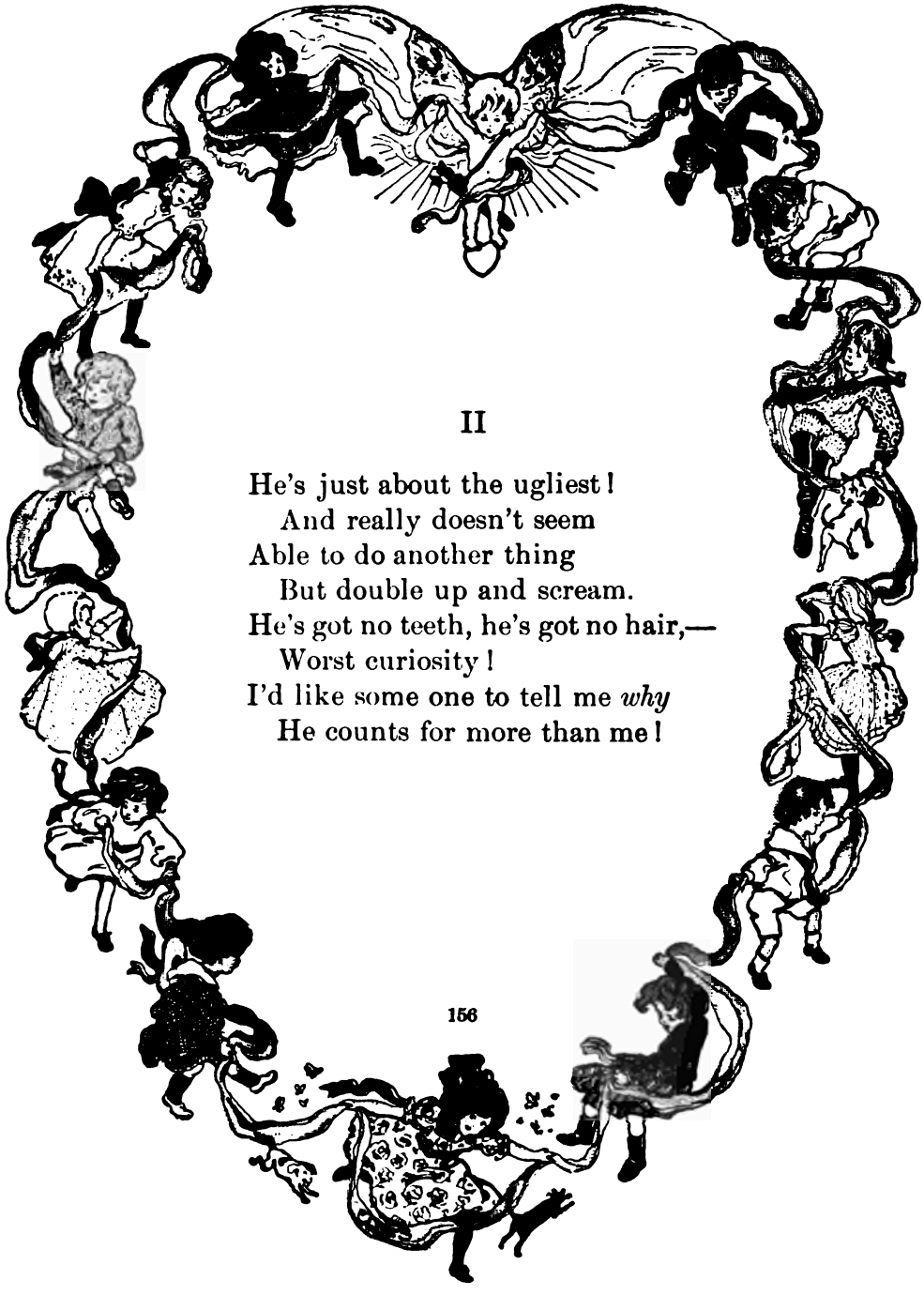
The New Brother





The New Brother

Got a new kid in our house;
'Bout gives me a fit,
The fuss that ev'rybody is
A-making over it.
All 'long I've been the pet, you see,
'Twas *me* they tried to please,
But now, this other fellow has
Them all upon their knees!



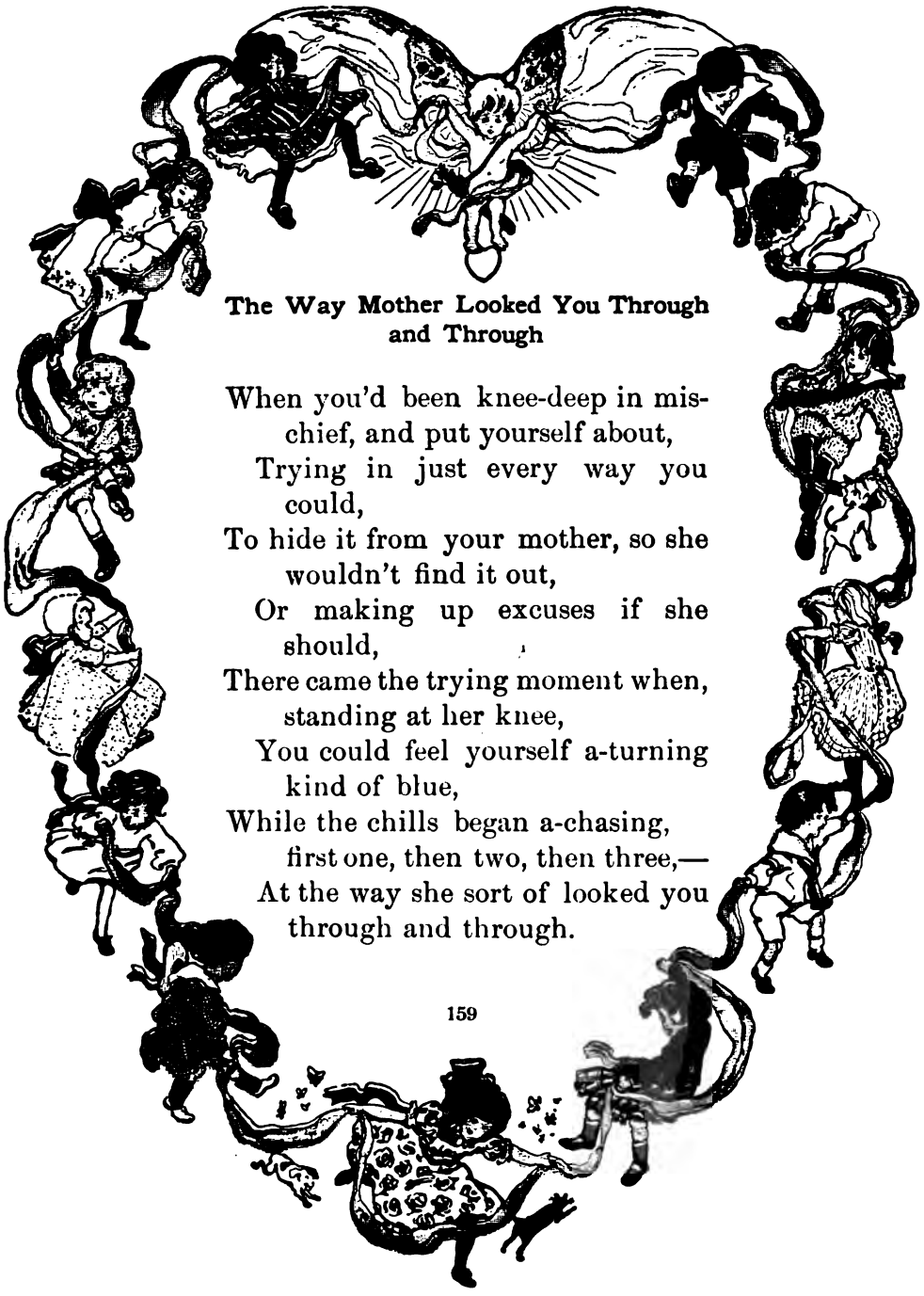
II

He's just about the ugliest!
  And really doesn't seem
Able to do another thing
  But double up and scream.
He's got no teeth, he's got no hair,—
  Worst curiosity!
I'd like some one to tell me *why*
  He counts for more than me!



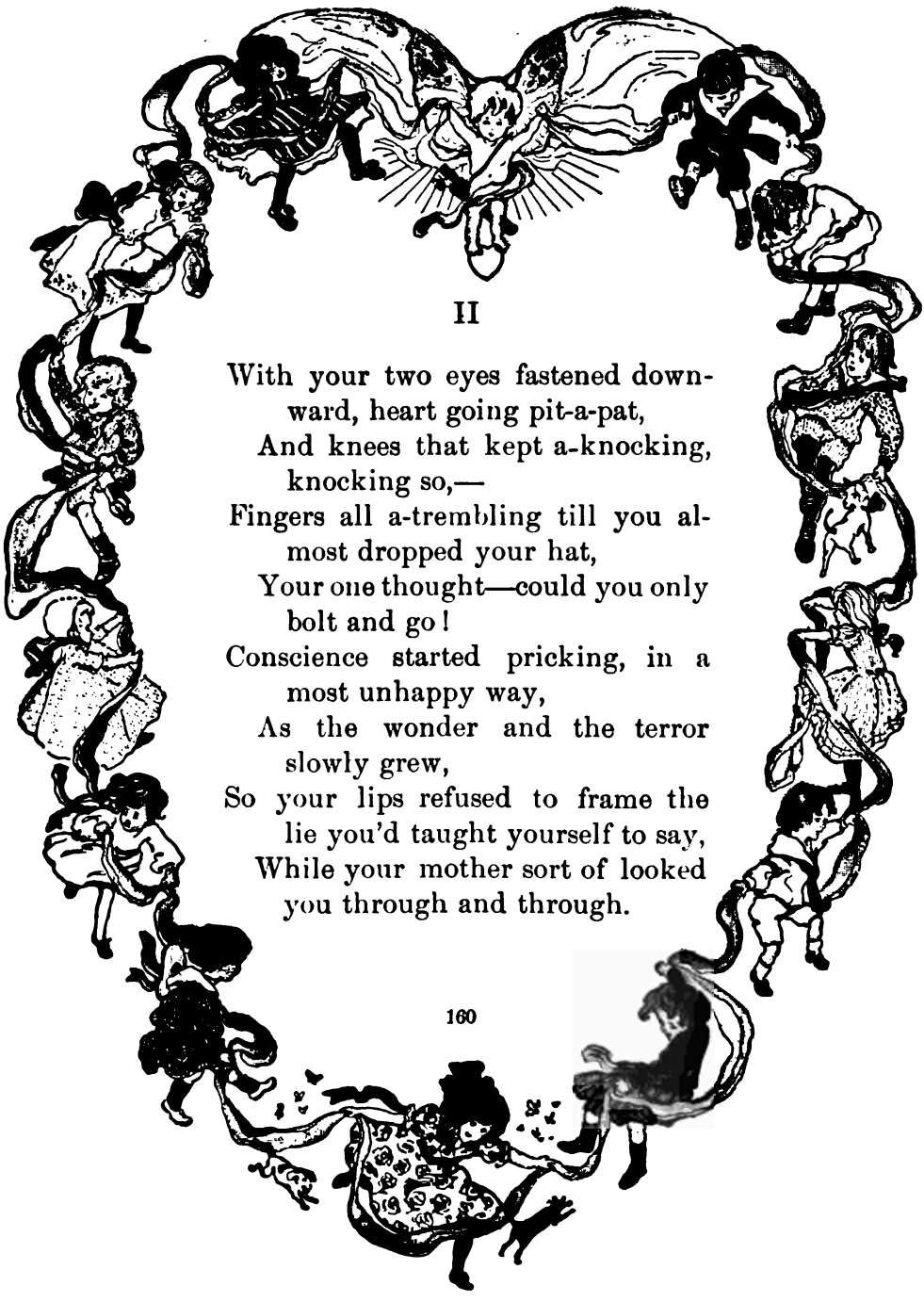
The Way Mother Looked You
Through and Through





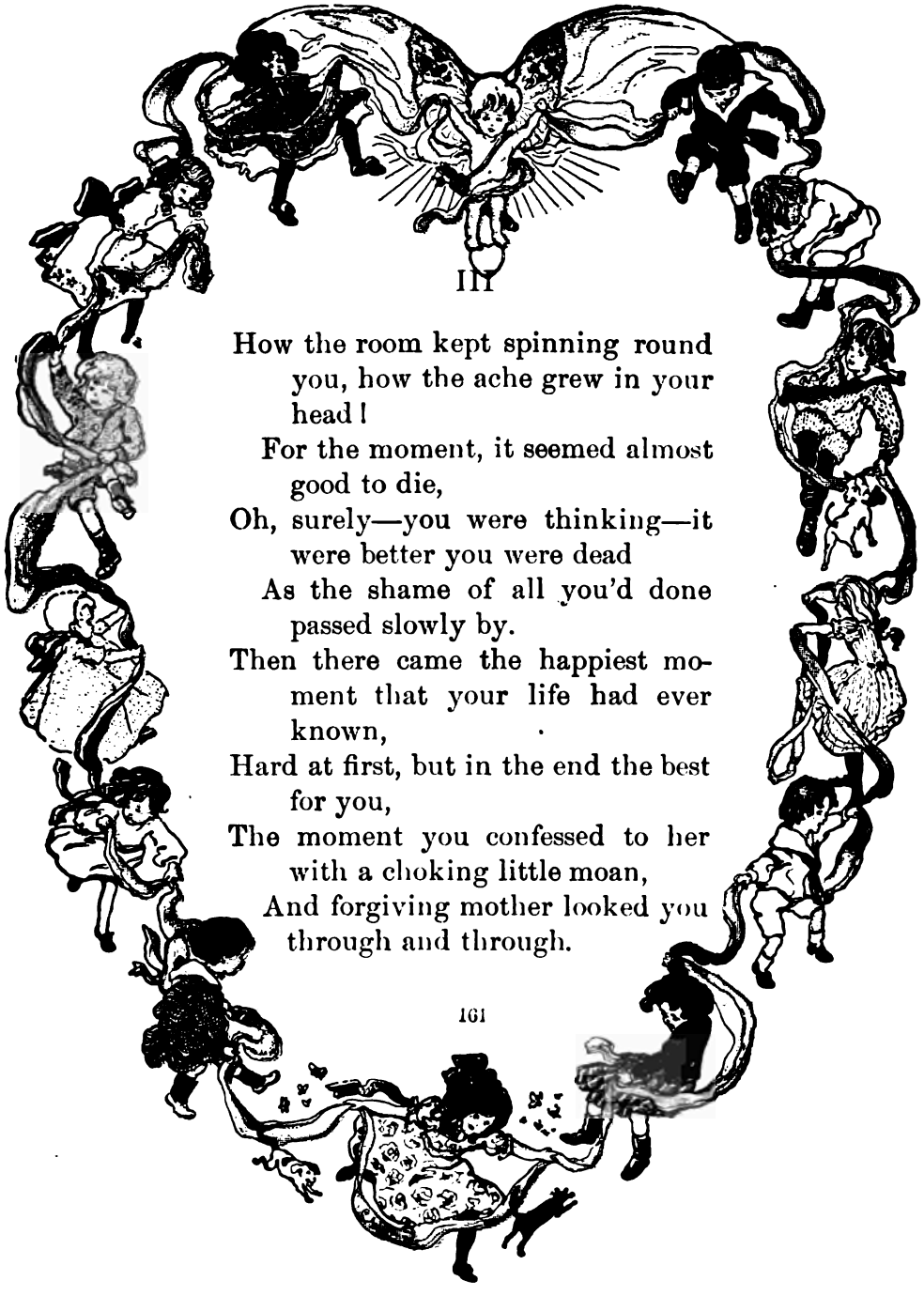
The Way Mother Looked You Through and Through

When you'd been knee-deep in mischief, and put yourself about,
Trying in just every way you could,
To hide it from your mother, so she wouldn't find it out,
Or making up excuses if she should,
There came the trying moment when, standing at her knee,
You could feel yourself a-turning kind of blue,
While the chills began a-chasing, first one, then two, then three,—
At the way she sort of looked you through and through.



II

With your two eyes fastened downward, heart going pit-a-pat,
And knees that kept a-knocking, knocking so,—
Fingers all a-trembling till you almost dropped your hat,
Your one thought—could you only bolt and go!
Conscience started pricking, in a most unhappy way,
As the wonder and the terror slowly grew,
So your lips refused to frame the lie you'd taught yourself to say,
While your mother sort of looked you through and through.



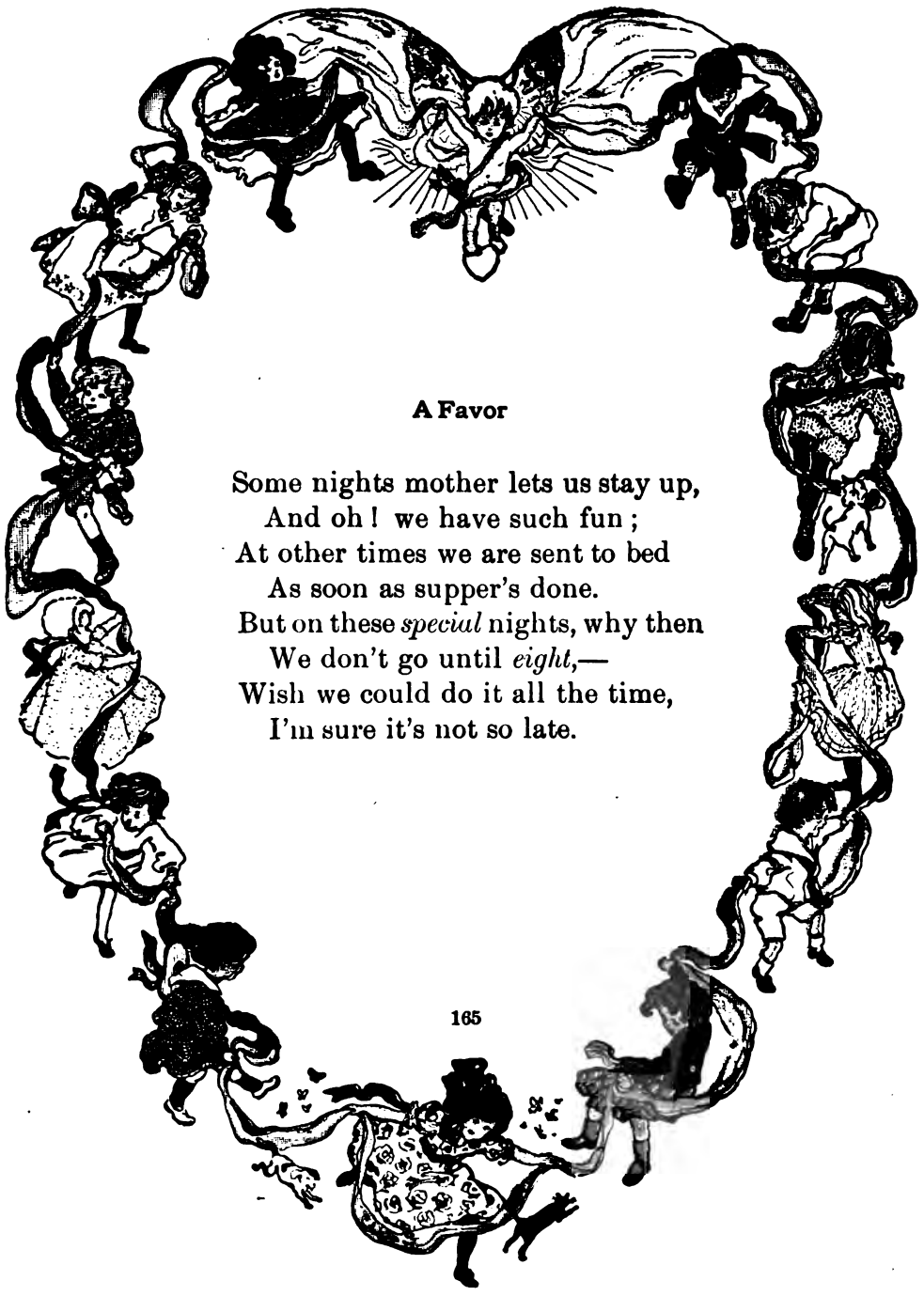
III

How the room kept spinning round
you, how the ache grew in your
head!
For the moment, it seemed almost
good to die,
Oh, surely—you were thinking—it
were better you were dead
As the shame of all you'd done
passed slowly by.
Then there came the happiest mo-
ment that your life had ever
known,
Hard at first, but in the end the best
for you,
The moment you confessed to her
with a choking little moan,
And forgiving mother looked you
through and through.



A Favor





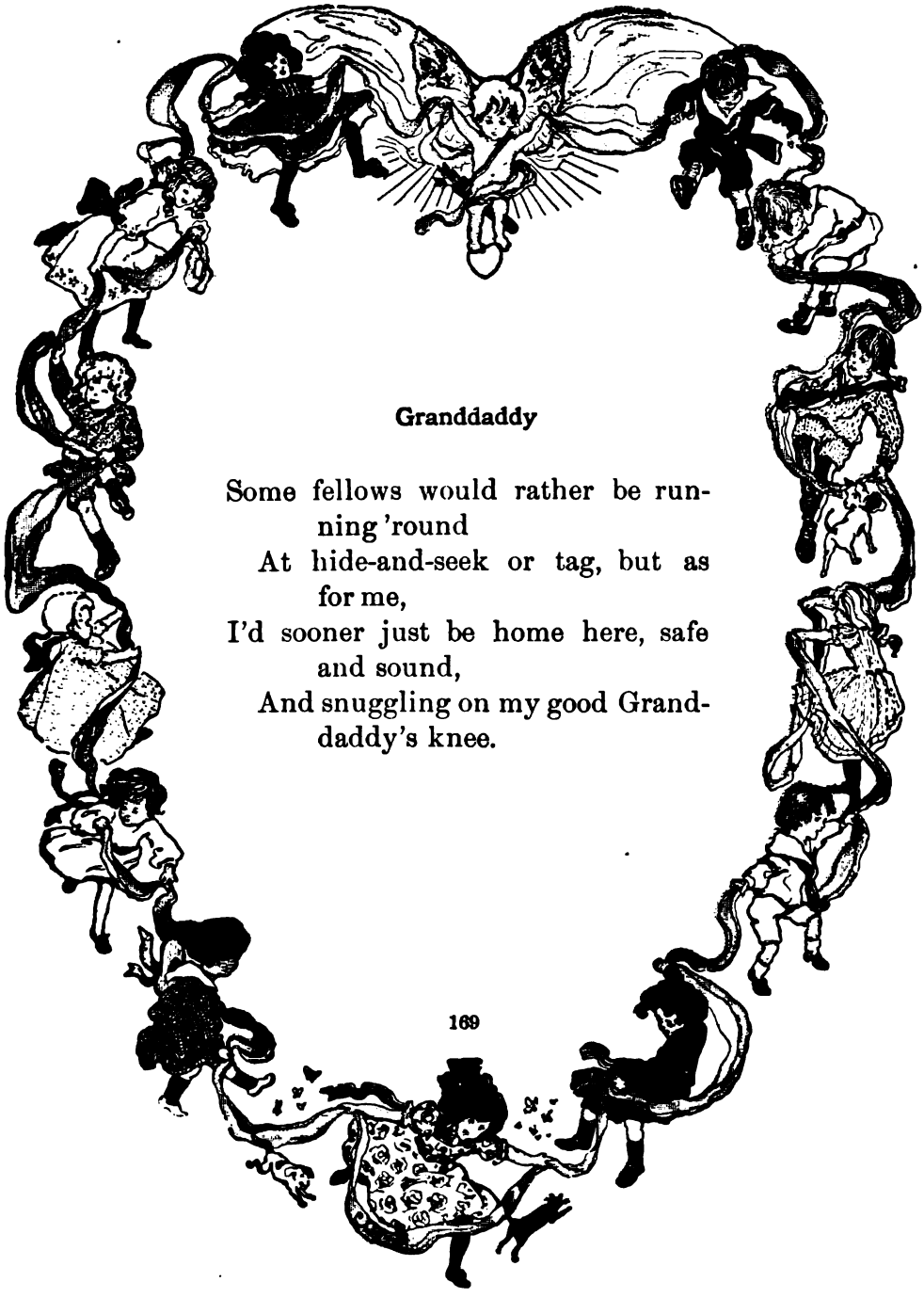
A Favor

Some nights mother lets us stay up,
And oh! we have such fun;
At other times we are sent to bed
As soon as supper's done.
But on these *special* nights, why then
We don't go until *eight*,—
Wish we could do it all the time,
I'm sure it's not so late.



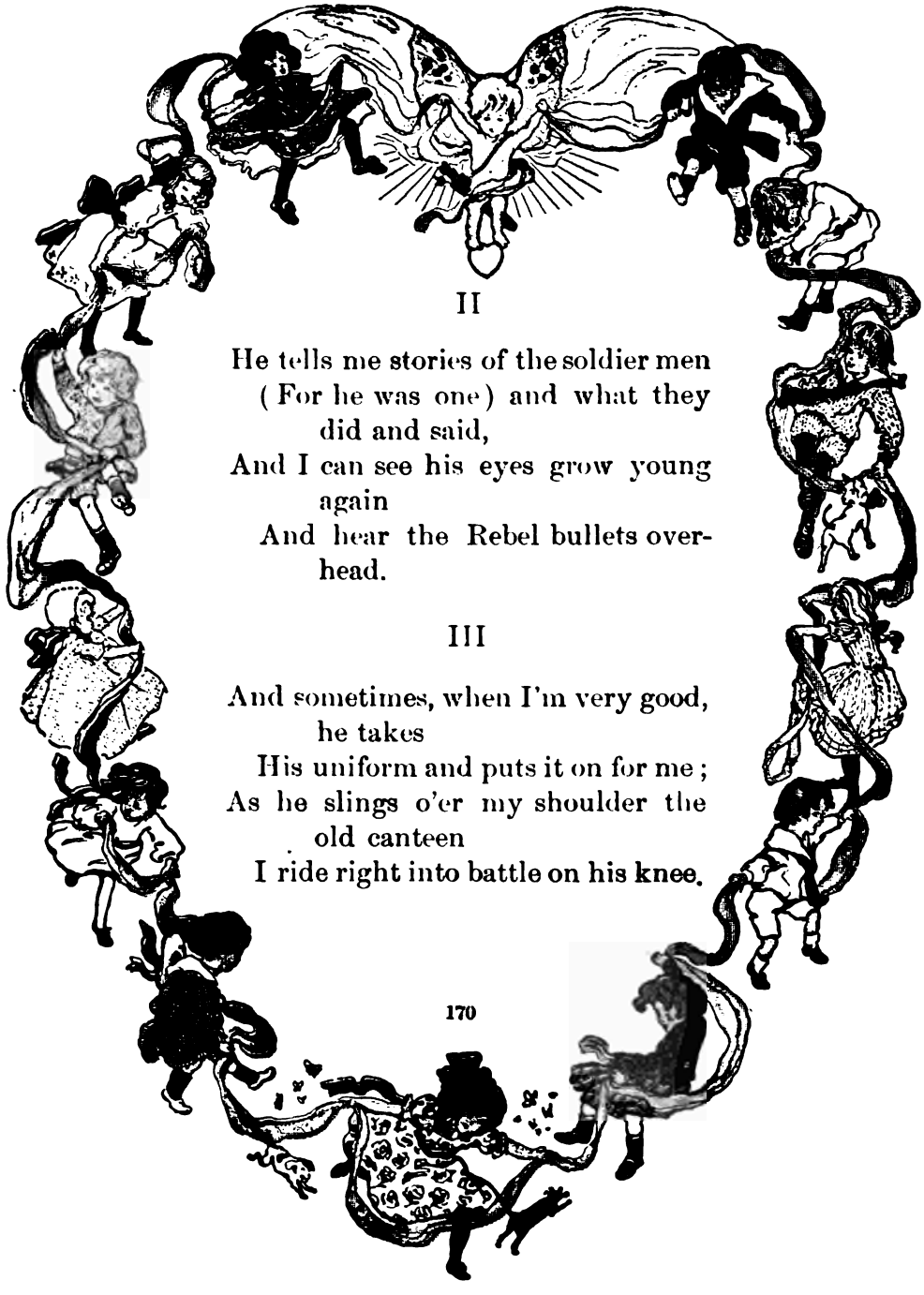
Granddaddy





Granddaddy

Some fellows would rather be running 'round
At hide-and-seek or tag, but as for me,
I'd sooner just be home here, safe and sound,
And snuggling on my good Granddaddy's knee.



II

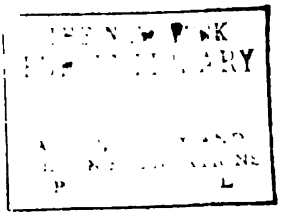
He tells me stories of the soldier men
(For he was one) and what they
did and said,
And I can see his eyes grow young
again
And hear the Rebel bullets over-
head.

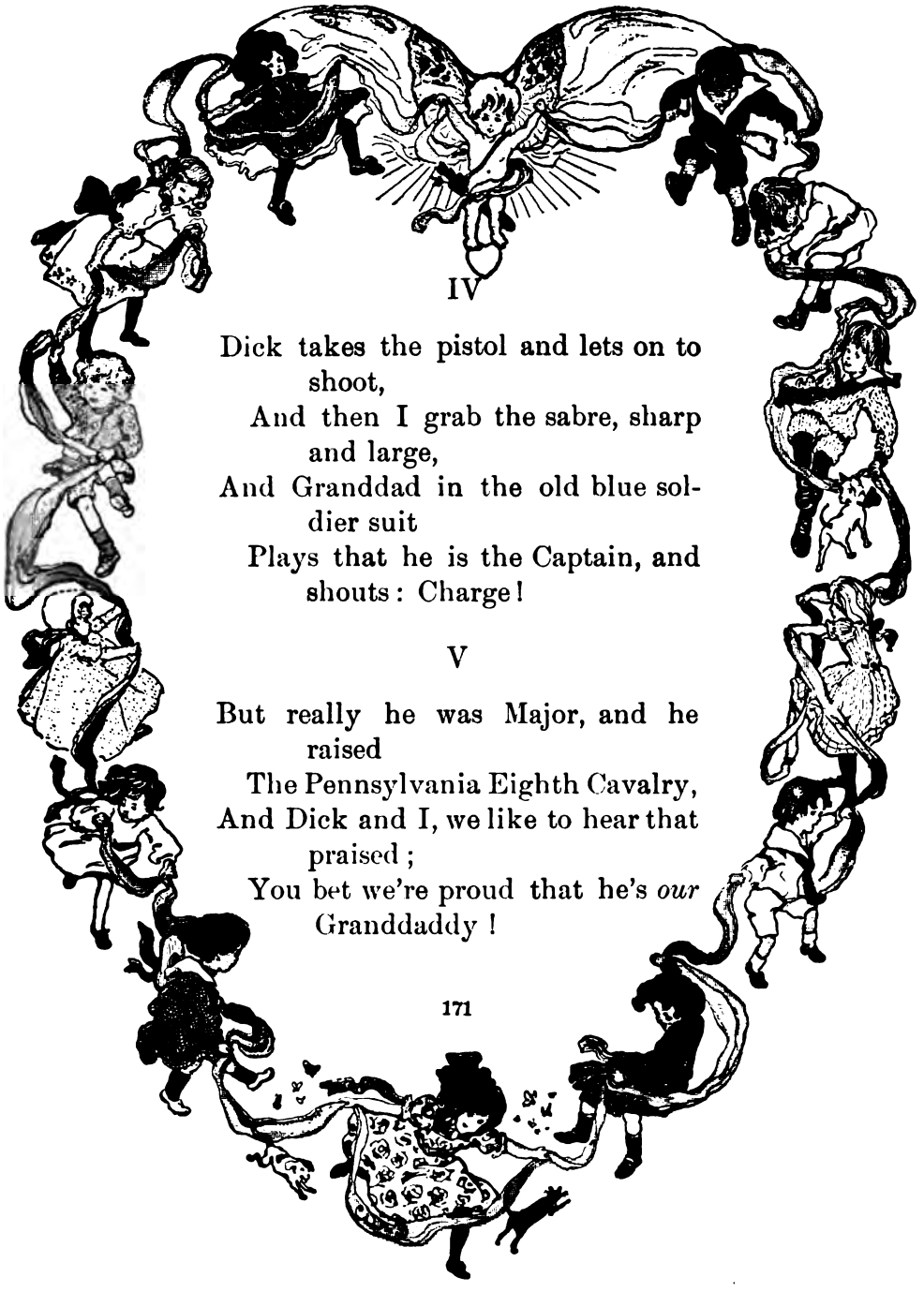
III

And sometimes, when I'm very good,
he takes
His uniform and puts it on for me;
As he slings o'er my shoulder the
old canteen
I ride right into battle on his knee.



AS HE SLINGS O'ER MY SHOULDER THE OLD CANTEEN.





IV

Dick takes the pistol and lets on to shoot,
And then I grab the sabre, sharp and large,
And Granddad in the old blue soldier suit
Plays that he is the Captain, and shouts: Charge!

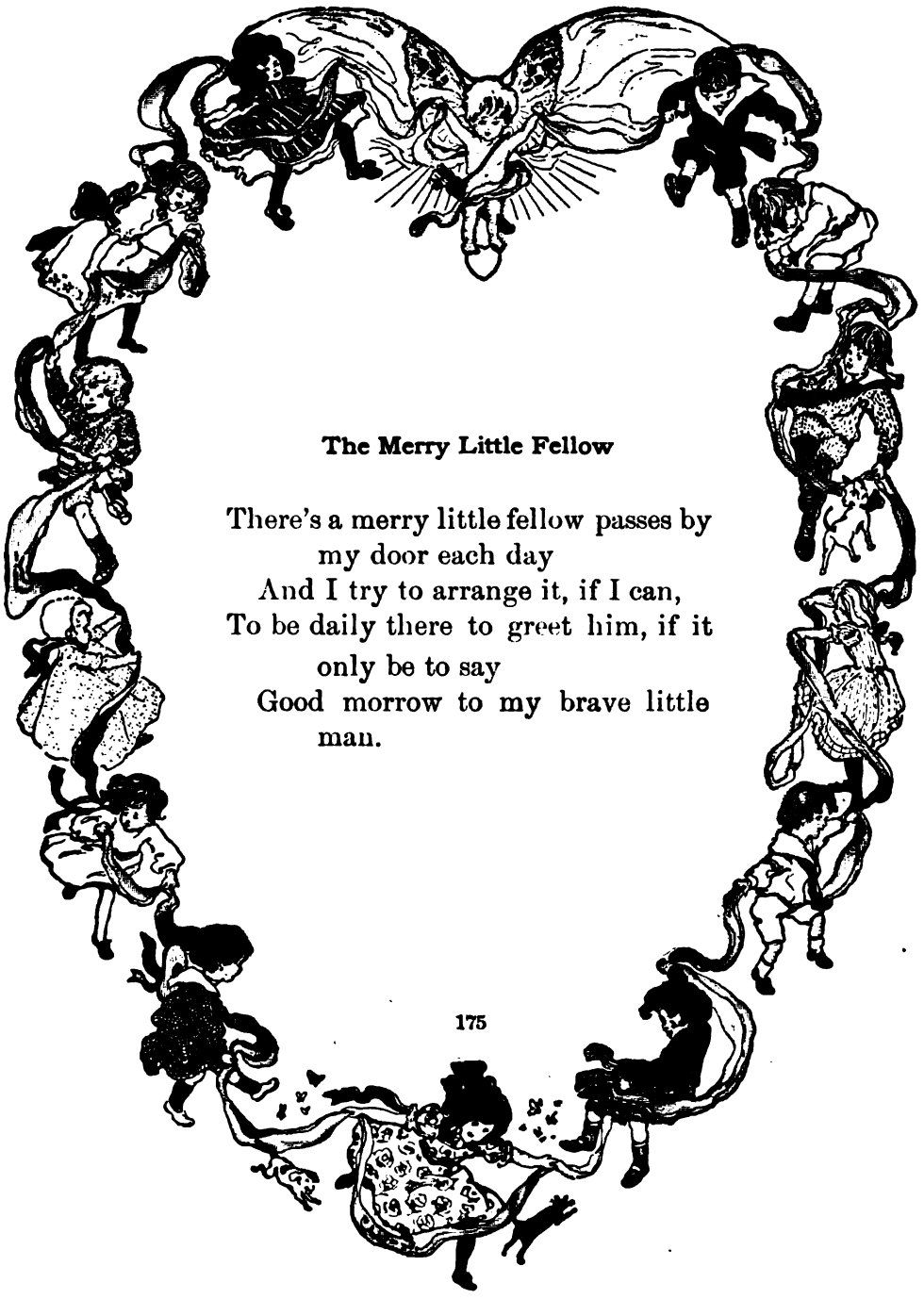
V

But really he was Major, and he raised
The Pennsylvania Eighth Cavalry,
And Dick and I, we like to hear that praised;
You bet we're proud that he's *our* Granddaddy!



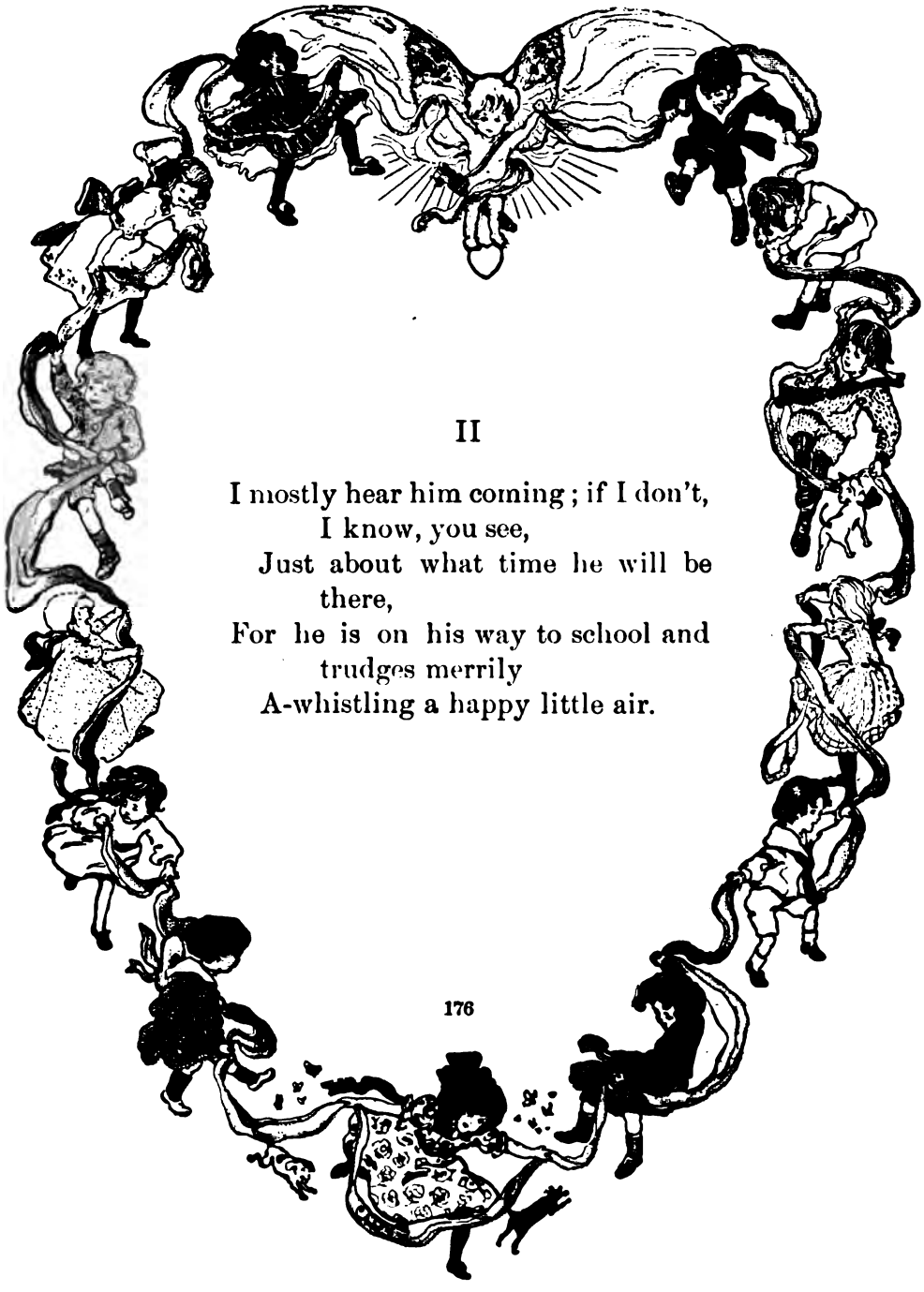
The Merry Little Fellow





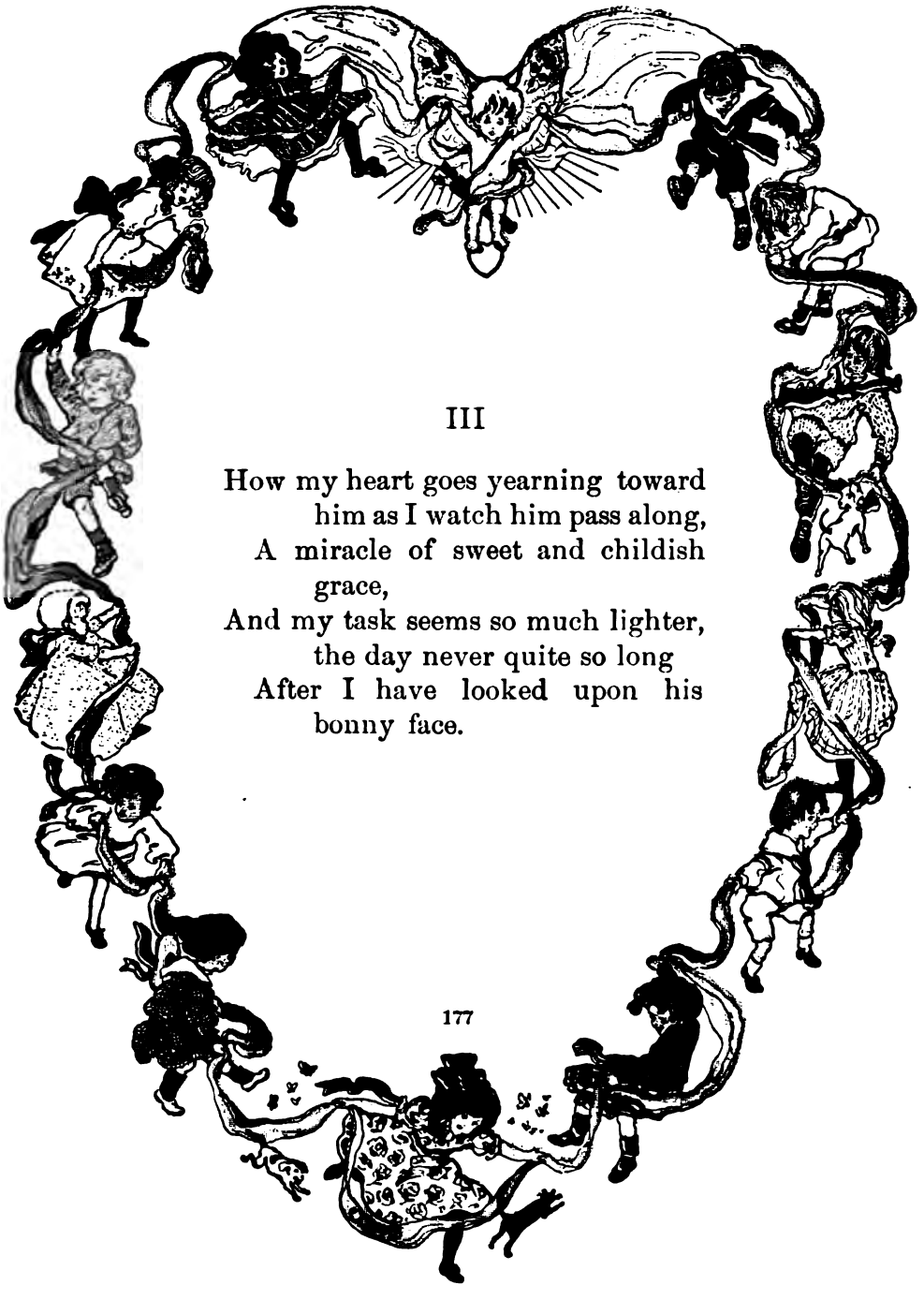
The Merry Little Fellow

There's a merry little fellow passes by
my door each day
And I try to arrange it, if I can,
To be daily there to greet him, if it
only be to say
Good morrow to my brave little
man.



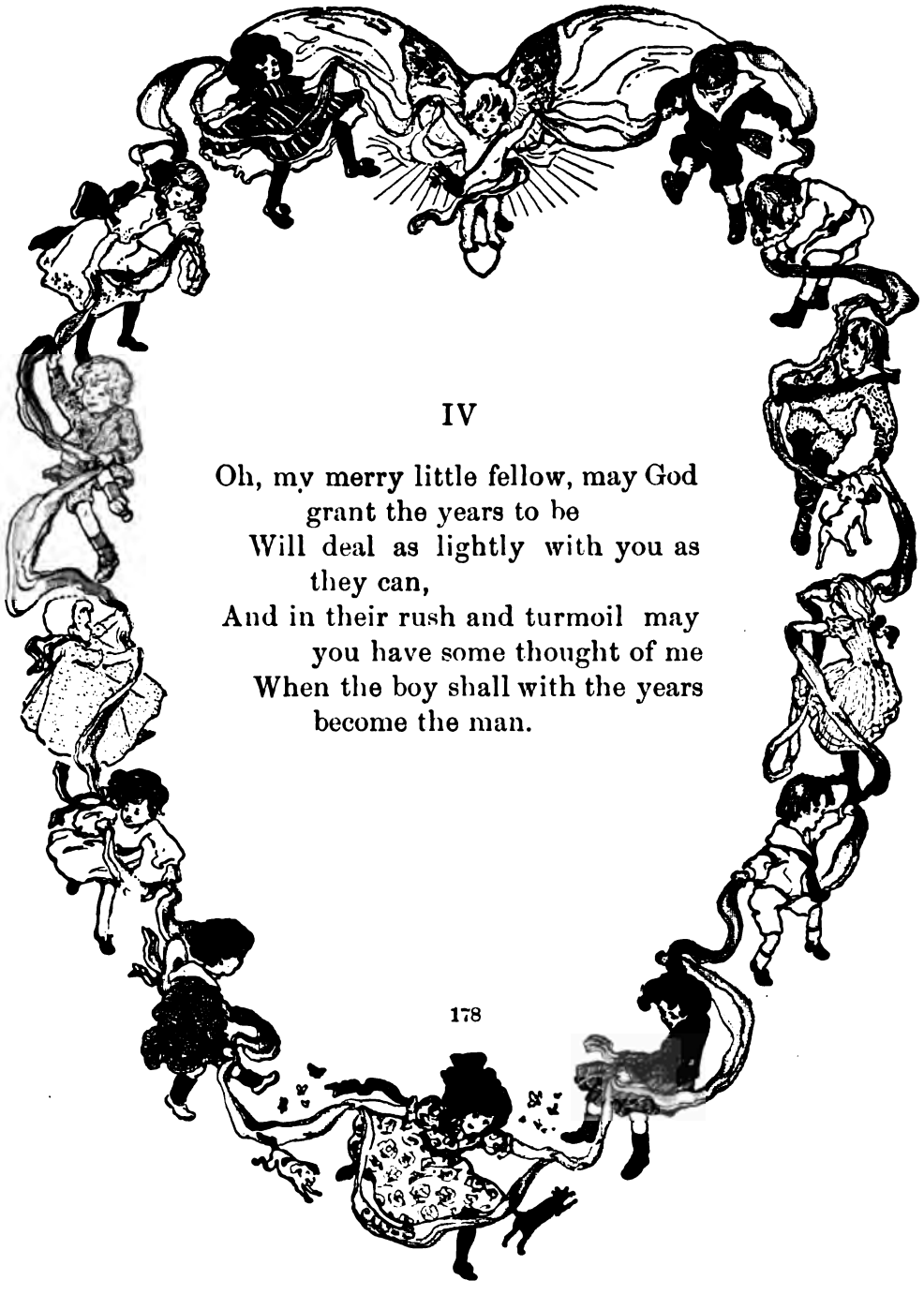
II

I mostly hear him coming; if I don't,
I know, you see,
Just about what time he will be
there,
For he is on his way to school and
trudges merrily
A-whistling a happy little air.



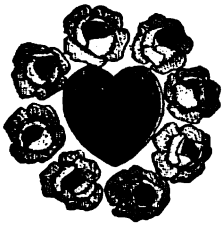
III

How my heart goes yearning toward
him as I watch him pass along,
A miracle of sweet and childish
grace,
And my task seems so much lighter,
the day never quite so long
After I have looked upon his
bonny face.

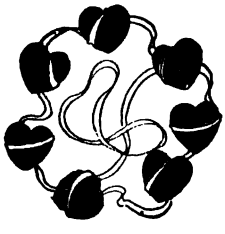


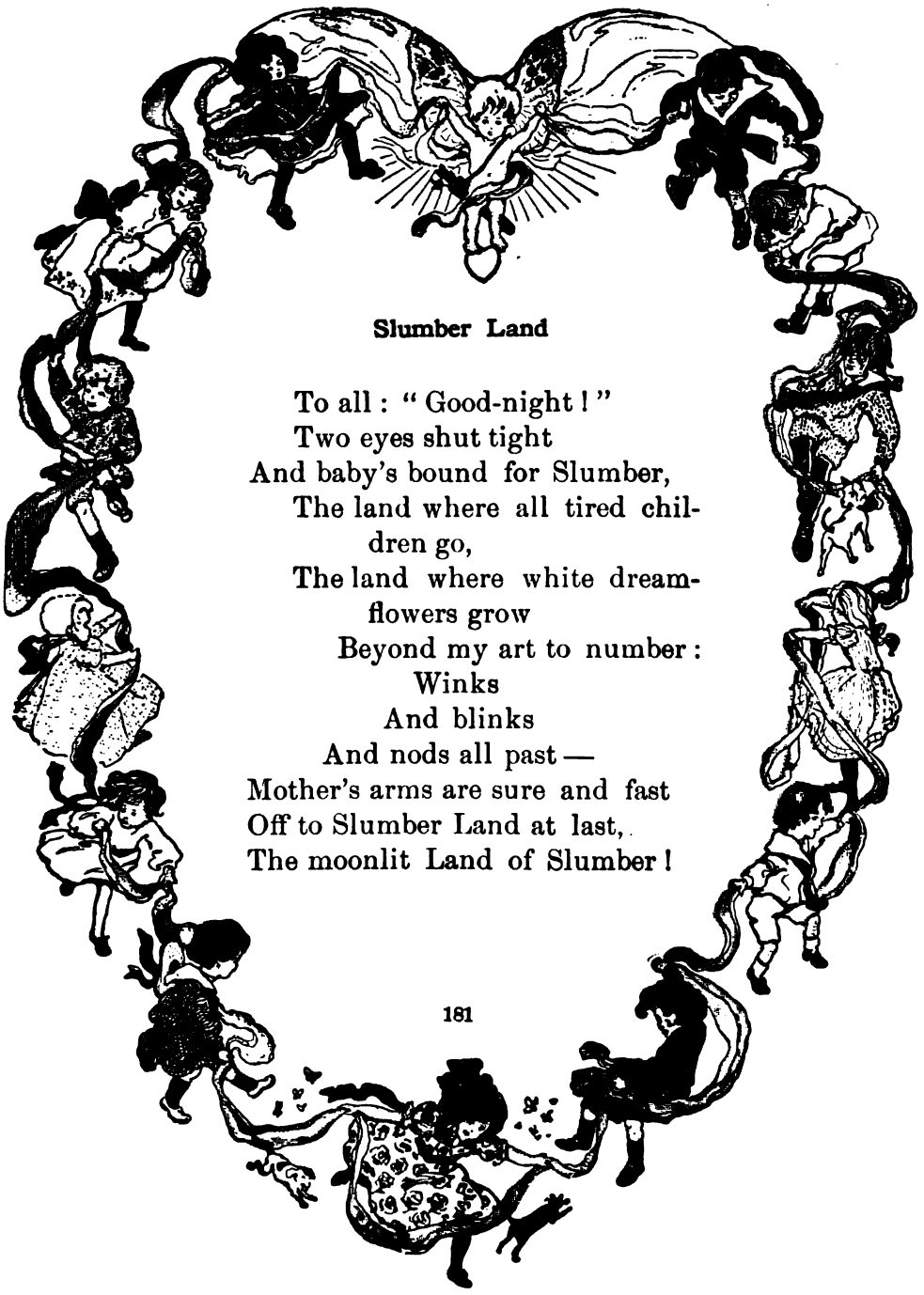
IV

Oh, my merry little fellow, may God
grant the years to be
Will deal as lightly with you as
they can,
And in their rush and turmoil may
you have some thought of me
When the boy shall with the years
become the man.



Slumber Land

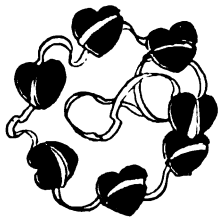


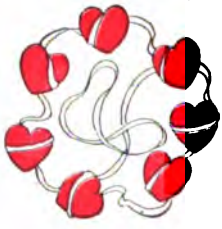


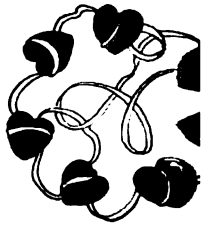
Slumber Land

To all: "Good-night!"
Two eyes shut tight
And baby's bound for Slumber,
The land where all tired children go,
The land where white dream-flowers grow
Beyond my art to number:
Winks
And blinks
And nods all past —
Mother's arms are sure and fast
Off to Slumber Land at last,
The moonlit Land of Slumber!



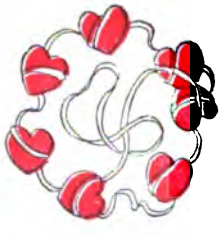


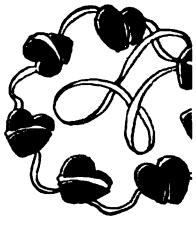
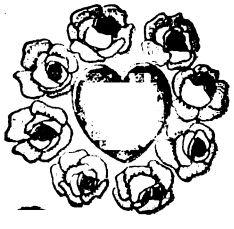



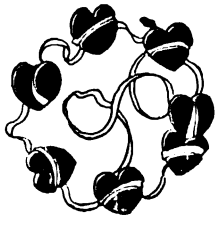













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